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THE POLITICAL PREDESTINATION OF WOODROW WILSON

BY THE EDITOR

Whether predestination is absolute or conditional is a cardinal point of controversy between the Calvinists and the Arminians whose determination is not essential to the purpose of the following argument. Equally foreign to need in welding the chain of reasoning is decision of the question of dominance over the world—whether of a personal God or of the powers of Nature. But two assumptions on the part of the reader are requisite to understanding: (1) That the laws of logic, growing out of conditions and circumstances, are irrefragable as applied to human affairs, and (2) that, even so, irrespective election of an individual, without reference to the use he may make of his moral agency, cannot be maintained.

Upon this hypothesis we confidently base the prediction that, barring accidents of a physical nature, the two chief opposing candidates for the Presidency of the United States in 1912 will be William Howard Taft, Republican, and Woodrow Wilson, Democrat. We do not presume to impute to dialectics the nomination of the former. That, frankly, must be taken for granted. The reasons for its assumption, however, are sufficiently obvious. (1) He is a candidate. (2) He controls the Federal patronage. (3)

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He has won the confidence and respect of the people in large measure and is gaining favor daily. (4) He is gradually acquiring the active friendship of the inevitably conservative business men, without whose support no candidate has been elected President since 1832. (5) He is and will be unopposed by Roosevelt for the very practical reason that defeat or election will spell the ending of his career as President, probably immediately, but surely at the expiration of four years. (6) His rejection by the National Convention would be unprecedented and would presage certain defeat of the party at the polls.

But one obstacle lies in his path—Insurgency. By a remote possibility the new and eager League of Radical Republicans may secure control of the Convention and nominate, not Cummins, the wheel horse, but La Follette, the resolute, imaginative, inspiring leader. In that event, the Democrats will nominate Judson Harmon in consequence of causes precisely analogous to those set forth below which render the choice of Woodrow Wilson as the opponent of President Taft a virtual certainty.

Logic predestines antithesis. Circumstances, Conditions, uncontrolled and uncontrollable, demand it. History decrees it. Invariably the opposing candidate has been named, not by the opposition itself, but by the party taking the lead—in all but three instances by the party in power.

Sift the records! Sharp alignment of political organizations was first made in 1840. Prior to that time the elements constituting general opposition had been segregated and their strength dissipated. Four candidates had entered the race against Van Buren in 1836 and each had received votes in the electoral college, but Jackson's representative had a majority over all.

1840.—Van Buren reaped where Jackson had sown and his administration was a failure. Nevertheless, his renomination was universally accepted as a certainty when representatives of the new Whig party assembled for the first time in National convention to designate a candidate for President. Much difficulty was experienced in reconciling the various discordant elements and great deliberation characterized the proceedings. Three days were consumed in conferences of committees representing the various delegations. Clay was recognized as the ablest man in the party, was the most popular, was the natural choice and, at the

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beginning, was a prime favorite. Even as late as the second day the aggregate informal vote of the committees was: For Clay, 103; for William Henry Harrison, 97; for Winfield Scott, 57. And yet on the succeeding day Harrison was nominated by acclamation. Clay, the intellectual leader, the idol of the masses, the experienced statesman, had been found to be "unavailable." Why? He was too like Van Buren. Both were skilled in statecraft and politics; both were civilians; both were dependent for public favor upon recognition of their mental gifts and shrewd practices. An opposite was the requirement of the opposition. Harrison, the rough-and-ready soldier, the military hero, met the unconscious demand.

1844.—Clay's star was in the ascendant and he received every vote in the Whig national convention. Van Buren, who had been beaten by Harrison, was the leading candidate for the Democratic nomination. On the first ballot he received 146 votes to 83 for Lewis Cass and 24 for R. M. Johnson and he held the lead till the fifth. The delegates sympathized with Van Buren's desire for vindication. He was still considered the most sagacious political manager within the party. But on the ninth ballot the unknown Polk was nominated. Why? For the same reasons that Clay was defeated for the Whig candidacy against Van Buren in 1840. The similarity had continued too marked. Both had just declared themselves opposed to the annexation of Texas. Both had long records in political service to uphold and defend. Both were affirmative. Polk was wholly negative. His views were unknown; his convictions adaptable. Polk was chosen.

1848.—The Democratic convention named Lewis Cass to succeed Polk. Although he bore a military title, the nominee was noted chiefly as a lawyer and an orator. The leading candidates before the Whig convention were Clay, Daniel Webster, Scott and Zachary Taylor. Clay was still the idol of his party and Webster its greatest statesman. Both were lawyers and famous orators. Both were rejected. Of the two remaining candidates, Scott and Taylor, both were heroes of the Mexican War. But Scott was the more cultivated, the more diplomatic, the more courtly, and the prize went to "Old Zach," the uncouth, the very antithesis of Cass.

1852.—Millard Fillmore had succeeded to the Presidency,

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upon the death of Taylor, in 1850. Clay had revived his famous compromise measures and secured their enactment, thereby so weakening the Whigs in the North without strengthening them in the South that the reunited Democrats aggressively demonstrated their confidence by holding their convention in advance of their opponents. On the forty-ninth ballot they nominated Franklin Pierce, an inconspicuous and inoffensive Governor of New Hampshire, who nevertheless embodied the spirit of the "young democracy." Two weeks later the Whigs assembled. Fillmore was the natural or "logical" candidate and led on the first ballot, but on the fifty-third General Winfield Scott, the opposite in all respects of the young civilian, Pierce, was nominated.

1856.—Pierce's administration was a failure and early in June the Democrats nominated James Buchanan, the experienced statesman and diplomat. The Whig party had perished and its successor, the Republican party, held its first convention in Philadelphia on June 17th, 1856. There was no expectation that a distinctive Republican could win. The only apparent possibility of success lay in finding a candidate who would draw the votes of both the Whigs and Americans. Such an one was the jurist, McLean, who received very strong support. But, as ever, when the time came for action McLean's similarity to the Democratic nominee proved fatal to his aspiration and the prize went to John C. Fremont, the dashing young general, "the millionaire without a dollar, the soldier who never fought a battle, the statesman who never made a speech," the man unlike Buchanan in more particulars than any other who could have been selected.

1860.—The Democratic party broke in twain at its National Convention in Charleston in April before a vote was taken for candidates. Upon the adoption of the Douglas platform the delegations from eight Southern States withdrew. Nobody could obtain two-thirds of the votes remaining, but Douglas held a plurality of nearly one hundred on fifty-seven ballots. The convention then adjourned to reassemble in Baltimore on June 18th. Meanwhile the seceders had arranged to meet in Richmond on June 11th.

This was the situation when the second Republican convention was called to order on May 16th. The nomination of Seward seemed assured. Who could hope to compete

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with the foremost Republican statesman, the great Governor of the greatest State, the one commanding figure standing forth luminously against the background of the new organization? Thurlow Weed, the master of political managers, fully anticipated his nomination on the first ballot, and when the votes were cast a large plurality, 173½ to 102, did indeed go to Seward. But a clear majority was lacking and on the third ballot Abraham Lincoln was nominated.

Why? The result at Charleston, though not conclusive, had made clear the fact that the Republican candidate must oppose Douglas. Was Seward, the statesman of like class, the man for the undertaking? No; instead, Lincoln the rail-splitter, Lincoln the gaunt and awkward country lawyer, "Old Abe" the story-teller, yet one and the only one whose mettle had been proven in debate with the Little Giant himself—his nomination was decreed and inevitable.

1864.—Lincoln was renominated as a matter of course—the man of peace, the lover of concord, the rustic civilian. Instinctively and instantly the Democrats named in opposition General George B. McClellan, the man trained to war, the practised soldier, the accomplished gentleman.

1868.—Again a military hero—Grant, named with complete unanimity by the Republicans in May. The Democrats met in July. McClellan was not mentioned, but Hancock stood third on the first ballot. His time, however, was not yet, not against another military chieftain. Tradition forbade. On eighteen of the first twenty-one ballots not a solitary vote was cast for Seymour. Pathetically, when the tide seemed to be turning his way, he beseeched his fellow delegates: "Your candidate I cannot be." But remonstrance was unavailing. The Logic of Circumstance compelled the nomination of the "Peace Governor," the very opposite of Grant; and on the twenty-second ballot not a vote was cast against him.

1872.—Grant again! Grant the sturdy, silent, soldier President; Grant the Democrat turned Republican. Against him, Greeley the vociferator, Greeley the genius erratic, Greeley the Republican turned Democrat.

1876.—Hayes, the commonplace, the "safe-and-sane" Governor of Ohio, had been designated by the Republicans when the Democrats met in June. Hendricks of Indiana

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awaited the Democratic nomination. A far stronger, more popular, more appealing statesman than Hayes, his supporters, led by the capable McDonald and aided by powerful Tammany, were more than confident of securing for their favorite the prize. But he, too, was a mid-Western Governor; he, too, was prudent, conservative. Tilden, the reformer, the radical, was named on the first ballot, and the men from Indiana sat in their seats as if stunned and refused to make the vote unanimous. They felt betrayed when, in fact, only the inevitable had happened.

1880.—Garfield was not named as a soldier, but as a statesman. He had become the chief figure in the House of Representatives, had just been elected to the Senate and was reckoned one of the most eloquent and persuasive orators in the land. Bayard was the most fit Democratic candidate, as he was the foremost Democratic statesman and orator, but therein he resembled Garfield. Tradition pointed unerringly to Hancock, graduated of the Military Academy, the "superb soldier" who neither possessed nor assumed to possess any knowledge of public affairs or any capacity for civil government.

1884.—Blaine at last—the dashing leader, the experienced statesman, the brilliant orator, the Plumed Knight. Again Bayard was a candidate. But he, too, was a Richard; he, too, had served long in Congress; he, too, was an eloquent speaker. Enter the stolid Cleveland, who then was famed only for common sense and sturdy courage, who uttered platitudes monotonously, who had never served in a legislative assembly and who had never even visited the National Capitol.

1888.—Cleveland renominated! But a different Cleveland. No longer conservative. Now an ardent tariff reformer, almost a free-trader, held to be a radical. Against him Harrison the ultra-conservative, "uncompromisingly in favor of the American system of protection."

1892. Again Harrison *vs.* Cleveland.

1896.—For the second time the opposition took the lead. McKinley the good, kindly, patient, painstaking, serious McKinley, was named on the first ballot. Three weeks later the Democrats met in Chicago. The radicals were in full control. Free Silver was the only cry and Bland, the apostle of Free Silver, was regarded as an almost certain

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winner. But Bland differed little from McKinley. In their upbringing, in temperament, in method, in Congressional service, in previous attitude towards silver, even in manner, they were not unlike. It is commonly said that Bryan won the nomination with a striking speech. But who can tell what would have happened if that oration had not been delivered? It was a convention of radicals seeking a radical candidate. Bland could never have satisfied; nor Boies; nor Pattison; nor Campbell; nor any one bearing the slightest resemblance in thought, word or deed to the prudent McKinley. The nomination of a Bryan was inevitable—predestined by the Logic of Circumstance.

1900.—Again Bryan *vs.* McKinley.

1904.—Roosevelt had succeeded to the Presidency and had been unable wholly to resist the impulses of his ardent temperament to break away from the traditional policies of his party. Already he was recognized as embodying the spirit of the times which has since been termed progressiveness. He had, in fact, appropriated so many of Bryan's notions that the political inclinations of the two could hardly be contrasted with marked effect. So patent was his tendency that, but for the death of Hanna, the controlling elements of the Republican party would probably have tried to defeat him in the Convention. However, he was nominated without dissent.

Bryan had then been absolute master of the Democratic organization for eight years. He held undisputed control of the National Committee and his great personal popularity had not waned perceptibly. Had a Republican nominee of the McKinley type been designated his power would have been unbroken and he would have named the Democratic candidate. But the nomination of the promising radical, Roosevelt, fixed the outcome of the Democratic convention irresistibly. With all his authority and personal following Bryan could not hold even the one-third essential to the defeat of Parker, whom he had attacked viciously; and the staid and sober judge was named in opposition to the fiery Roosevelt.

1908.—Back swung the pendulum. Roosevelt's tempestuous administration was reaching its close. Taft was nominated—Taft the moderate, the pacificator, the judge considerate, patient, kind, the natural and proud successor, as he has since declared, of his prototype, McKinley. The

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old Republican leaders breathed more freely. After all, the Roosevelt disturbance might prove to have been only an episode.

Such was the condition when the Democratic convention assembled in Denver. Only four years before the conservatives had dominated completely. They still controlled the National Committee. But they were as helpless in the face of the Taft nomination as Bryan had been in the face of Roosevelt's candidacy. Again the fetching orator became the standard-bearer of the Democracy and achieved the customary party disaster.

Such the record! In each and every instance the type of opposing candidate, if not the man himself, has been marked by the party making the first declaration. Invariably seemingly coherent certainty has yielded to the greater power of the Logic of Conditions—the irresistible demand of Circumstance for Antithesis.

SUMMARY.

1840.—The assured nomination of Van Buren compelled the nomination of Harrison in place of Clay.

1844.—The nomination of Clay compelled the nomination of Polk in place of Van Buren.

1848.—The nomination of Cass compelled the nomination of Taylor in place of Clay, Webster or even Scott.

1852.—The nomination of Pierce compelled the nomination of Scott in place of Fillmore.

1856.—The nomination of Buchanan compelled the nomination of Fremont in place of McLean.

1860.—The assumed nomination of Douglas compelled the nomination of Lincoln in place of Seward.

1864.—The renomination of Lincoln compelled the nomination of McClellan in place of Seymour.

1868.—The nomination of Grant compelled the nomination of Seymour in place of McClellan.

1872.—The renomination of Grant compelled the nomination of a Greeley.

1876.—The nomination of Hayes compelled the nomination of Tilden in place of Hendricks.

1880.—The nomination of Garfield compelled the nomination of Hancock in place of Bayard.

1884.—The nomination of Blaine compelled the nomination of Cleveland in place of Bayard or Randall.

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1888.—The renomination of Cleveland compelled the nomination of Harrison.

1892.—The situation reversed.

1896.—The nomination of McKinley compelled the nomination of Bryan in place of Bland or Boies.

1900.—The situation reversed.

1904.—The nomination of Roosevelt compelled the nomination of Parker in place of Bryan or Cockrell.

1908.—The nomination of Taft compelled the nomination of Bryan in place of Parker or any conservative.

Therefore, in

1912 the renomination of Taft will compel the nomination of Wilson in place of Harmon, just as the nomination of La Follette would compel the nomination of Harmon in place of Wilson.

Why?

Obviously but one theme of inquiry demands consideration: Who is the real Antithesis of Taft? Bryan? Yes, as in 1908. But Bryan's races have been run. Gaynor? Yes; but Gaynor is disqualified by Fate. Folk? Yes; but Folk clearly is outclassed. Champ Clark? Theoretically, perhaps, but practically only as a pretty compliment. Dix? The carrier of water upon both shoulders? The upholder of party fealty, on the one hand, and the source of pretexts to bolters on the other? Neither opposite nor apposite is Dix. Remain Harmon and Wilson. Which, we repeat, is the Antithesis of Taft? Unroll the moving portraits. Note the points of similarity and of divergence:

CHARACTERISTICS	TAFT	HARMON	WILSON
Age in 1913	Fifty-five	Sixty-seven	Fifty-six
Physique	Robust, portly	Solid, heavy	Lithe, sinewy
Environment	Mid-west	Mid-west	South, East
Habitation	Ohio	Ohio	New Jersey
Ancestry	English	English	Scotch-Irish
Religion	Unitarian	Baptist	Presbyterian
Recreation	Golf to excess	Golf in Moderation	Golf at minimum
Temperament	Prudent	Cautious	Daring
Manner	Genial	Serious	Graceful
Address	Winning	Friendly	Charming
Nature	Grateful	Appreciative	Just
Grain	Compassionate	Stoical	Tenacious
Temper	Sweet, mellow	Cool, controlled	Quick, zealous
Intellect	Capacious	Plodding	Keen, imaginative
Knowledge	Wide	Restricted	Profound
Mental attitude	Tolerant	Considerate	Self-reliant
Disposition	Conciliatory	Steadfast	Uncompromising
Expression	Earnest, pleasing	Commonplace	Eloquent, persuasive
Diction	Fair	Ordinary	Fine
As lawyers	Judicial	Essentially sound	Analytical
Politics	McKinley Republican	Cleveland Democrat	Tilden Democrat
Political purpose	Steady progression	Stability	Reform
Political tendency	Mildly progressive	Conservative	Intelligently radical
Political character	Pure	Strong	Luminous
Political convictions	Constant	Firm	Immovable

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In but one essential particular—that of age—is marked a greater dissimilarity between Taft and Harmon than between Taft and Wilson; and that seriously to Harmon's disadvantage, in view of the facts that the average age of Presidents at inauguration has been only fifty-three and that of the three elected when more than sixty-four two died within the year.

The contrast is complete, conclusive; the evidence overwhelming. The finger of Predestination, guided by Logic, Circumstance, Conditions and History, points unerringly to Woodrow Wilson, Democrat, as the opponent of William H. Taft, Republican, in 1912. Blessed Columbia!

THE EDITOR.

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FORTIFY THE PANAMA CANAL

BY REAR-ADMIRAL A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N.

In approaching the question of fortifying the Panama Canal, it is well to remember at once that the Canal Zone, with the qualified exceptions of the cities of Colon and Panama, is United States territory. In the treaty of cession there is a clause providing for the extradition of offenders between the Zone and the Republic of Panama. Being, therefore, territory rather than property, to ask guarantees of neutrality from foreign states is to constitute over ourselves a kind of protectorate. It would also contravene our traditional policies, by inviting the participation of non-American states in the assuring of American conditions; a lapse the more marked when it is remembered that the Zone has become ours by acquisition from another American commonwealth. How grievously the nation resented co-partnership in the affairs of the Isthmus is testified by the whole history of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty; a resentment which verged so closely on bitterness during the final twenty years of the discussion as to be a warning against any reconstitution of similar conditions. We should have perpetual discussions with foreign nations about American affairs; such as have enlivened and not sweetened much of Great Britain's occupancy of Egypt.

It is also to be remembered that, besides being American soil, the Panama Canal Zone cannot be looked upon as an isolated position such as the Philippines. The loss of the Philippines by war, as a material result, would be to us like the loss of a little finger, perhaps of a single joint of it. The Philippines to us are less a property than a charge. The Canal Zone, on the contrary, must be regarded in its geographical and military relations—the two adjectives are in this connection almost identical—to the United States as a whole and to other specific American stations.

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In discussing the question of the advisability of fortifying the Zone, and especially the two entrances, or exits, it is to be said at once that I represent only myself. I speak for the opinions of no one else. I am entirely aware that there is a school of naval opinion, respectable in numbers as in other qualities, though I believe a minority, which so subordinates the question of fortification to that of the numbers of the fleet as to assert practically the needlessness of fortification. I myself have been taxed by a prominent exponent of this school in Great Britain with dereliction from my own position as an advocate of sea power, because of my strong insistence upon the general necessity for fortified seaports, as essential to the fleet's freedom of movement. Whatever dereliction there may seem to have been was coincident with the first formulation of my views upon sea power. Nearly twenty years ago I wrote, and I repeat with the conviction of the years since past: "Navies do not dispense with fortifications nor with armies; but, when wisely handled, they may save their country the strain which comes when these have to be called into play."

Upon the general question of seacoast fortification, as distinct from the special question of fortifying the Panama Canal, the reasons why fortification is an essential complement of a navy are twofold. Seacoast fortification supplies a navy with fortified bases, strictly analogous to the fortresses, or temporarily fortified positions, which are the home or the advanced bases of an army in campaign. To argue the advantage—nay, the need—of these would be to discuss military art from its foundation. It is sufficient to say that all military history testifies to it. One of the most distinguished of the opponents of the first Napoleon said: "An army which has to insure the protection of unfortified bases is crippled in all its movements." In a naval campaign the navy is the mobile army—in the field. It, too, requires bases concerning the security of which it need feel no apprehension.

The second office of seacoast fortification is that of simple protection. It is gravely argued that, because a recent international stipulation provides that unfortified seaports shall not be bombarded, therefore protection is unnecessary and even inexpedient. I presume the stipulation applies to all forms of military protection—submarine mines, and so forth; and it is a natural deduction that it similarly

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applies to any form of military force opposing possession. That is, a hostile navy, or expedition, may not bombard an unprotected port; but it may take possession of it, and if the act be resisted, or recovery attempted, all military rights revive; bombardment included, if necessary. If this be so, and it seems strictly logical, the neglect to fortify can apply only to those points the occupation of which by an enemy is a matter of indifference to the country. There doubtless are many such. It is the province of a scheme of seacoast fortification, under joint army and navy supervision, to determine which these are, and the relative claims of those where defence is needed. An undefended neutrality of the Canal Zone would forbid an enemy's bombarding; but it would not deter his occupation, if at war with the United States, because the position is too valuable not to be secured, if possible.

To apply these general considerations to the specific case of the Panama Canal. What will be the value of the canal to the United States, and, incidentally, to the United States Navy? Primarily, and above all, it will be the most important link in the line of communications between our Atlantic and Pacific coasts. There is throughout the whole length and extension of our seacoast, from Maine to Puget Sound, no single position or reach of water comparable to Panama in this respect. Communications, the free access to an army to its source of supplies,—or rather the free passage of supplies to it,—and the ability of one part of the army to reach the other for material support, or of the whole to move to any particular point of a theatre of war—communications, in this sense, are the most important factor in war. Communications dominate war in all its aspects. On a battle-field the connection of the several divisions of an army must be such that an enemy cannot break through. Advancing in campaign, the relations of army corps to each other must be such that they can unite before the enemy attacks either in force. Concentration, of which we hear so much and so justly, means simply communications so preserved as to enable the whole to live and the parts to unite betimes.

What is the meaning of the well-known urgency of the Pacific coast population that the Government divide the battle fleet, sending one-half to that coast? The most entirely suicidal act that could be contemplated. It is an uneasy

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sense that the whole may not be able to reach the Pacific betimes, in case of the sudden outbreak of a Pacific war. In other words, they are uneasy about the communications, although very possibly the word in that sense is as foreign to them as is any reasoned knowledge of warfare. The absence of such knowledge is evident in this desire for division, which ignores the recent destruction in detail of the Russian navy.

The question of fortifying the Canal, therefore, is the question of preserving an essential line of naval communications. But, it will be replied, you beg the question; the navy will protect its own communications, the Canal not least. Will, then, the navy be tied to the Canal, or will it protect it by a big detachment, by dividing its numbers while the bulk of the fleet goes to some other assigned duty? Yes, it is replied, the money spent for fortifications, which are immobile, will be given to ships, which, though mobile, will remain for defence of the canal and yet, if required, can go to reinforce the fleet. Just so; if required, they will go away. One advantage of fortifications is that, being established in moments of calm consideration, they cannot be moved in moments of real or panicky pressure. A primary charge of Nelson for the naval defence of Great Britain, when invasion was feared, was that the "block ships," floating forts, established on a reasoned scheme, should on no account be moved in an apparent emergency. He recognized the danger which permanent fortification obviates. Moreover, to use active vessels for stationary defence is to lock up mobile force in an inferior effort. "To decrease our cruisers at sea by commissioning vessels for harbor defence," said St. Vincent, second only to Nelson, "will be a step that can lead only to our ruin."

It is often argued that, because an enemy intending the invasion of a country situated as the United States is must primarily possess a competent navy, therefore, the best defence against invasion on either large or small scale is a mobile navy. This is perfectly true, and applies with equal or greater force to the maintenance of oversea dependencies, such as Hawaii, Guantanamo and the Canal Zone. A navy at least equal to the enemy's is essential to their preservation, but it does not follow that the navy must be immediately present at either or all. A navy does not protect by local presence, but by action upon the lines of communication;

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that is, upon the sea. Hence fallacy enters with the further assertion that all money spent on fortifications had better be spent on ships. The question is one of proportion. Coast fortification may be pushed, at times has been pushed, to an extravagant extent. But for the defence of points, the tenure of which is essential to military operations,—the operations of a fleet,—fixed works are better than floating because they secure the same aggregate gun defence at much less cost; or, if you prefer it so stated, much greater defensive strength for the same cost. In addition to the fact that they cannot be moved under popular apprehension,—such as kept the Flying Squadron in Hampton Roads during the war with Spain, a measure which would have cost the country dear with a more active enemy,—guns in forts cost far less, under normal conditions, than those in ships. Forts need no floating power, no motive machinery, no long storage of fuel. Moreover, they are less vulnerable; for the solidity of the ground permits the accumulation of armor or other protective covering, and they have not to dread the submarine or the floating-mine.

Guns on ships are also necessarily massed within the length of the ship, presenting a concentrated target, whereas on shore they may be dispersed indefinitely, and largely concealed, which is the modern practice. For such reasons, while vessels have usually been able to run by forts through an *unobstructed* channel, the same amount of artillery in ships has rarely been able to stand up against forts. Even with superior fire, ships have been able to dominate land-works only under peculiar conditions, which the all-big-gun ship does not possess; the conditions of very rapid fire from very numerous pieces at very close range. No one is going to take a ten-million-dollar battleship over an unexplored mine-field to get near the same number of guns ashore; nor will it be attempted to engage at a distance, because the ship is so much more open to fatal injury by a chance shot. Besides the two Japanese battleships destroyed by Russian mines, a third, the "Asahi," very narrowly escaped being struck by a shell which might well have caused serious injury. The forts were not seriously hurt by naval bombardment; and it may be profitably remembered that the work of repairing the battleships injured by the first torpedo attack was carried on in Port Arthur during the period in which the Japanese naval bombardments occurred.

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Granting, then, that the United States intends to make sure of the use of the Canal in war, fortification will insure that peculiar end more cheaply, with less danger of losing the position, than the same amount of money expended in war-ships, unless there are abnormal peculiarities of the ground of which I have not heard.* It is to be taken for granted that the Board of Fortification, checked as it should be by a naval representation, will not pile Ossa on Pelion in needless multiplication of defences, but will have a due regard to the fundamental fact that the defences exist for the Canal, and not the Canal for the sake of being defended. That is, it will be remembered that from the broad military point of view, which includes the entire military establishment of the country as a composite whole—army, navy, coast defence—the value of the Canal is not its impregnability as a position, but its usefulness to the navy as the offensive defender of the whole national coast-line—Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific.

Some fifteen or twenty years ago the then senior British naval officer at Gibraltar said to me, laughing: "The army fellows boast that they have so fixed things that the place cannot be taken; but I tell them, what does it matter whether Gibraltar be taken or not, unless its docks, stores and anchorage are equally secured for the fleet?" Nothing whatever; it would be a barren possession. Yet its history from its capture in 1704, then merely for a naval base, to the present day has demonstrated that the fortified impregnability of the Rock of Gibraltar has been a main factor in that supremacy of the British navy in the Mediterranean, which has largely shaped modern history. The Panama Canal has a still closer relation to the Pacific, the history of which is yet to make.

Mere defence is a poor thing; it is chiefly as conducive to liberating the offensive arm that it has military value. If ports are reasonably secure, the navy acts freely; if not, or if the people think not, a clamor will arise, as during our war with Spain, for ships to be scattered everywhere to defend; emasculating or neutralizing the fleet. The Panama Canal duly fortified will be a defensive provision which will permit the American fleet not only to leave it to itself

* Since these words were written President Taft, in a public speech, has stated that the estimated cost is $12,000,000; less than that of two completed battleships.

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for a measurable period,—as the British fleet historically has left Gibraltar and Malta,—but will enable it to issue upon either ocean in effective order. It is to be remembered that one of the requirements of a fortified port is that it should cover the fleet while going out, through the always critical period during which it has to pass from the order imposed by the narrowness of a channelway to that which it wishes to assume for action. This corresponds to the deployment of an army from the relatively narrow roads, which permit columns of march, into the alignments of an order of battle which may extend over many features of country impracticable for marching. In column, undeployed, the fleet, if handicapped by the ground, as is usual near ports, has but partial use of its guns, and the rear vessels support the leaders imperfectly, or not at all. Under such circumstances an equal enemy is for the moment superior, and momentary superiority properly improved becomes permanent. This is the art of war in a nutshell. Guns on shore either will prevent the enemy from improving such an opportunity, or at the least will impose such caution and such distant fire as greatly to reduce it. No fleet will readily encounter shore guns when it expects immediately afterwards to meet an equal of its own kind.

This consideration applies also in measure to the maintenance of the neutrality of the Canal, which the United States guarantees. Our possession extends over the conventional three-mile limit to seaward. Within that distance the United States is responsible to any belligerent which may be attacked there by its opponent. We may, of course, " take it out of " the aggressor by any retaliation we please, up to and including making war upon him; but our responsibility to the sufferer is not thereby removed. In these days of excessive long range, the temptation to a fleet lying outside the three-mile limit to open upon one changing its array within it may transcend control. The knowledge that in such case shore guns could open would be a deterrent. Men are too prompt to assume scrupulous respect for neutrality. That it will be disregarded is—has been—asserted to be " unthinkable." As a matter of fact, the temptation to shave the line exists in this as it does in matters of more strictly legal obligation; and it is well known what shaving the line too often ends in. Under temptation, neutrality undefended has fared no better. A fleet lying at anchor may

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be respected; but when coming out, is a change of order to one for battle to be considered a belligerent act justifying attack? How will it appear to the judgment of the outside commander? Certainly the one inside will not cross the three-mile limit undeployed, if he can manœuvre within. At this moment Europe can find no account for the proposed fortification of Flushing other than the prevention of a British force from proceeding up the Scheldt, the entrance of which Flushing commands, to maintain the neutrality of Belgium, which Great Britain is bound by guarantee to do.

It has been said that the Panama Zone is not to be looked upon as isolated, but in its relations to other American conditions. This is true of any scheme of coast defence, and emphatically in that of a country with two coasts as widely separated from each other as our Atlantic and Pacific. The primary value of Panama is that already indicated, of a connecting-link. In this sense it falls rather under the head of defensive ports; the preservation of the link being precedent to operations based upon the position. It is only in case of war simultaneously in both oceans that it would receive peculiar offensive value. As an offensive base Panama is less eligible than Guantanamo, which is at present one of the most valuable strictly military positions in the possession of the United States. New York, Guantanamo and the Canal, analyzed severally and collectively from the military point of view, present a very notable triad of positions. Should a nation having a navy somewhat superior to the American desire in case of war to obtain the Isthmus, a wish in no wise "unthinkable," seeing the value of the position,—seeing also that Great Britain did seize and still retains Gibraltar, and Germany did compel the cession of Kiao Chau,—if the Canal Zone be properly fortified it will be better defended by an inferior navy at Guantanamo than at the Isthmus; because Guantanamo as a position flanks all communications to the Isthmus through the Caribbean Sea, while also covering those of the Gulf of Mexico and in measure those of the Atlantic coast. In a foreign attempt to reduce the Canal Zone, an inferior American fleet at the Isthmus would be like the Russian at Port Arthur; at Guantanamo it would be as the Russian had it been concentrated at Vladivostok.

It remains true, however, that while such would be the better position for a navy slightly inferior, permanent in-

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feriority means inevitably ultimate defeat, which fortification can only delay. Gibraltar itself was saved only by the British navy; but its fortifications obtained time to act for the navy, handicapped by many other calls to many other quarters, in some of which it was often inferior. Not five years, not three years, have elapsed since the "unthinkable"—in the eyes of many—has occurred in Europe; a treaty directly disregarded on the dictates of a passing emergency and discussion of the action refused. If the United States desires peace with security, it must have a navy second to none but that of Great Britain; to rival which is inexpedient, because for many reasons unnecessary.

A. T. Mahan.

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A PEASANT OF ASSISI

BY AGNES LEE

THE sun that traced of old the Umbrian Friars
Hung saffron in the mist of eventide.
The Angelus from a far tower had told
Its rosary of sounds and silences.
I wandered where the purple winding valley,
Steeped in a bloom of seven hundred years,
Still breathes so gently of Assisi's power
That I, to-day's deserter, went half watchful
At any little turning of a hill
To come upon the hooded Saint himself
In some sweet colloquy with bird or beast.
O purple winding valley, saffron sun,
And silver thoughts! When lo, at the path's edge,
Agleam from out a shadow rose a shrine,
Beneath whose ancient ark a streamlet ran
Along a dip of moss-enamelled stones.
Within a field a tawny peasant youth
Stood leaning on his hoe, content from toil.
And at my beck he dropped his hoe and hastened.
And, as I questioned of the place, his eyes
Grew soft, his answer coming clear, and eager
With repetition of the names he loved.

THE LEGEND

Lady, hither to this nook one noonday
Blessèd Francis walked with Brother Leo.
All the sky was fire that scorched the grasses.
Brother Leo lagged behind, entreating:
"O, forspent am I! O, find me water!
Verily my thirst hath overtried me!"
Everywhere sought Blessèd Francis vainly.
For the land was parched and stream-forsaken.

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Then upon the ground sank Brother Leo.
And he slept. Beside him Blessèd Francis
Knelt and prayed full meekly and devoutly.
And he rose. And Brother Leo wakened.
At their feet, amid the stones upwelling,
Crystal water bubbled, laughed and sparkled!
And their hearts were glad. And Brother Leo
Slaked his mighty thirst. And Blessèd Francis
Stooped, and gathered to his lips the freshness.
And they went their way with praising pulses.

Here the shrine was set to mark the story.
Honored is my simple tongue to tell it.
All is true. Ah, who shall doubt it ever?
All is true. For, lady, look: The Water!

AGNES LEE.

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THE REFORM OF OXFORD

BY RICHARD C. MACLAURIN

It is sometimes questioned nowadays whether "good Americans when they die go to Paris," but no one seems to doubt that of those who really live a large proportion go to Oxford. There are, indeed, few educated Americans who have not yielded to its charms, and even those with little claim to education find its calm, its beauty, and its dignity well-nigh irresistible. As an historic seat of learning it has made a very distinct impress on the Anglo-Saxon race, and the spiritual debt that we all owe to it is almost as clearly recognized on this side of the water as on the other.

Oxford is often referred to as "the home of lost causes," but it would be absurd even to suggest that it is wholly given up to such causes. There is more than a little leaven of modernism which proves its working, amongst countless other ways, by the demand for reform that has been growing in intensity for years within the university itself. This reform movement has been stimulated by two somewhat recent events. One of these was the discussion in the House of Lords, in 1907, of a motion made by Bishop Gore of Birmingham for the establishment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the state of affairs at Oxford and make suggestions for reform. Reform from without, by the compelling power of Parliament, had been experienced twice within the living memory of Oxford men, once in 1850 and again in 1877. The results had not seemed entirely satisfactory to the advocates of reform, and the experience had been peculiarly distasteful to the more conservative element in Oxford. And so it has come about that the fear of a repetition of this experience has stirred up some to-day who might otherwise rest content with things as they now are. Besides the debate in the House of Lords another

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event took place that strengthened the forces of the reformers. This was the election of a new Chancellor in succession to the late Marquis of Salisbury. The position of the Chancellor at Oxford (or at Cambridge) is almost totally different from that of the Chancellor or the President of an American university. Here the Chancellor is actively concerned with the administration of the university, the conduct of its affairs being his sole or at least his main business. There the Chancellor rarely appears at the university at all and still more rarely takes any active share in its administration. The post is one of great dignity; the highest honor that the university can bestow on any man is to make him its Chancellor, but it does not even expect that he will concern himself much with its affairs. When Lord Salisbury died, the nominees for the Chancellorship put forward by the Liberal and Conservative parties were Lord Rosebery and Lord Curzon, respectively, the latter being elected. It may suggest how little there often is in the names "Liberal" and "Conservative" to reflect that Lord Rosebery would probably have done little to initiate reform, whereas his "Conservative" opponent has thrown himself ardently into the camp of the reformers and placed himself at their head. His action has not commended him to the extreme section of the Conservative party of Oxford men, but it has greatly strengthened the cause of reform to have its claims set forth by a man of the Chancellor's temperament and well-known political proclivities.

The principal matters that are being pressed forward for consideration by the reformers may be grouped under some such heads as these: (1) The Constitution of the University, (2) The relations of the University and the Colleges, (3) Compulsory Greek, and (4) Finance.

I—THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNIVERSITY

The constitutional question is potentially the most far-reaching, as on the answer to it may depend all future reforms that are to come from within. Those who know Oxford at all know that there have been keen reformers there for long, but they have effected little, and their own explanation of this seeming failure is that they have had to work under a constitution which makes their cause hopeless. Certainly the constitution is archaic; it has not been made, but has grown, and, being the growth of many cen-

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turies, it carries with it many fossil remains of a bygone age which are doubtless interesting historically, but may be practically a nuisance. Lord Curzon says:

> "I have seen it described as the worst form of government ever devised by the wit of man. It is the result of a long historical development in which successive reformers have endeavored to shape to the needs of their time institutions that originated and grew up under widely remote conditions, and in the progress of which chance appears to have played an even larger part than design."

The government of the university is vested in three bodies: two large Houses—Congregation and Convocation, and a much smaller Cabinet — the Hebdomadal Council. This Council is intended to be the chief executive organ of the university and the main originator of its policy and legislation. Its proposals are submitted to Congregation and, if passed by that House, have then to run the gauntlet of Convocation—an Upper House designed to be thoroughly democratic, but, as will appear later, falling far short of this in actual practice. The Council is composed of twenty-five members, of whom five are *ex officio* and eighteen are elected by Congregation. These eighteen are elected in groups of six as representatives of different "orders." Six are chosen from amongst the heads of Houses—*i. e.*, the Presidents of the various colleges in Oxford (some twenty in number) that are recognized by the university. Another group of six is taken from the professors of the university, and the third group from the members of Convocation of five years' standing. In criticism of this constitution, it is urged that Heads of Houses should not be put in a class by themselves, for if they are to be chosen at all the selection should be made not because of their office, but because of their special aptitude for the work of the Council. In addition to this, the complaint is made that Council does not sufficiently represent the teaching of the university and that important studies, such as Modern History, are often entirely unrepresented in its ranks. There have, of course, been various suggestions for the reform of the Council. The one that has recently been recommended by the Council itself, after careful consideration of all the proposals, is the abolition of the "orders" and the throwing open of the eighteen places to all members of Convocation of five years' standing. This would give greater freedom of choice and should enable the electoral

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body to choose the men best qualified for administrative and executive duties, irrespective of their order. It is generally recognized, however, that the " order " of professors should not be wholly lost sight of, otherwise the government of the university might become quite out of touch with those who are carrying on its real work—that of teaching and research. The recommendation of the Council as to the abolition of the " orders " is, therefore, made contingent on the carrying of other reforms to be described later, reforms that will secure to the professors an important position in the regulation of courses of studies and the conduct of examinations.

Any proposals that emanate from the Council are first submitted to the Lower of the two Houses that constitute the Congress or Parliament of the university. The Lower House is called Congregation and is composed at present of about five hundred members. It consisted originally of the actual teachers of the university, but the parliamentary legislation that placed it upon its present basis has produced some curious and probably unexpected results. A few of its members are *ex officio,* but the majority are those masters of arts who reside for twenty weeks in the year within a mile and a half of the centre of the city—which is known as Carfax. Thus an Oxford graduate who sells tobacco in the High Street may have a vote, while the ablest and most distinguished scholar living a couple of miles away has none. Such an absurdity has, of course, an historical explanation. At the time of the making of the law, this limit included practically every one who had any immediate interest in the university, and few men lived in Oxford who had not some duty to the university to perform. Since then changes have taken place that have almost entirely transformed the city. It has attracted a large non-academic population and its suburbs have spread out far and wide in every direction. Its teachers have ceased to live a purely academic life within the precincts of the colleges, and, having abandoned celibacy, they live with their families wherever suitable residences are to be found. A circle of a mile and a half in radius round Carfax no longer encloses the teaching staff of the university. It contains far less and far more. The residential qualification as established by law is thus quite unsuited, under modern conditions, for carrying out the purpose for which it was

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designed. Council, therefore, proposes to abolish the geographical rule altogether and make Congregation consist of a certain number of university officials, including all the professors and university lecturers and also the members of the governing bodies of the colleges.

So much as to the Lower House—the constitution of the Upper House (Convocation) is subject to even stronger criticism. Its composition forms one of the many instances in which English practice is far more democratic than that of America. Here in most cases it is only after a struggle that the Alumni have obtained any considerable share in the government of their college or university, although their interest in and loyalty to their Alma Mater is, as a rule, much more intense than is that of the corresponding class in England. Yet in Oxford the Alumni have the *final* voice in *all* university legislation. A belief in this thoroughly democratic principle is, at least, the theory underlying the constitution of Convocation. The practice, however, falls far short of the democratic ideal. The Alumni that constitute Convocation are not the B.A.'s, but the M.A.'s and recipients of higher degrees. The distinction between B.A and M.A. at Oxford is merely pecuniary—that is to say, a B.A. of a certain standing can convert himself into an M.A. by a money payment and nothing more. It might have been expected that practically all B.A.'s would pay the necessary fees and that Convocation—the final court in all university matters—would thus consist of the whole body of Alumni. In practice, however, only about one-third of the B.A.'s pay the fees necessary to become M.A.'s, and this third is not distributed evenly, but is almost wholly confined to two classes of the Alumni—clergymen and teachers. It makes practically no difference to the lawyer, or doctor, or man of business or of affairs whether he has a bachelor's or a master's degree. With the cleric and the teacher it is otherwise; they find that preferment comes more readily when they possess the "higher" degree, this being partly due to public ignorance of the fact that the difference between the two degrees is merely pecuniary, and partly to the indirect advantages of closer touch with the colleges that the "higher" degree usually entails. To these classes the pecuniary sacrifice of paying for membership of Convocation may be justified financially, and whether that be so or not they form the predominant element in that body. It

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thus comes about that the final court of appeal in university matters is composed of a special section only of the Alumni, and that section is least of all in touch with the actual world and is found in practice to resist reform on almost every occasion on which it acts consciously. It is not surprising, therefore, that it has encountered the most scathing criticism from the reformers for generations and that many an academic battle has been fought over proposals for its reconstitution. To-day the reformers are divided in their opinion as to the best method of effecting a change. Some would extend, while others would further limit its membership. The latter would make Convocation as little different as possible from what Congregation was designed to be—*i. e.*, the representatives of the actual teachers in the university. The objection to this is that it would place the control of the university almost completely in the hands of men who see the world through academic blinkers and who are apt in consequence to be out of sympathy with the men of intellect in the nation at large. The better opinion seems to lean towards the proposal of the Council which widens instead of straitening the gate. It is suggested that Convocation should consist of the B.A.'s instead of the M.A.'s—a thoroughly democratic suggestion, the only serious objection to which is the financial risk that is involved. It would mean, of course, a considerable loss of fees and dues for the M.A. degree, but the loss might be made up by charging a higher fee for the B.A. degree—a fair thing to do where the increased fee would carry with it a very important privilege. This or some other expedient for overcoming the financial difficulty will surely be resorted to, for it seems utterly monstrous that the university should be seriously handicapped in its progress merely for the lack of a few thousand dollars per annum.

II—THE RELATIONS OF THE UNIVERSITY AND THE COLLEGES

Oxford and Cambridge are universities of colleges. It is this that gives them their unique character and differentiates them from other universities in America and elsewhere. Indeed, the distinction between college and university as the terms are used in this country is wholly misleading if applied to the old English universities. No one can begin to understand Oxford or Cambridge who fails to appreciate the importance that the colleges play in these

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seats of learning. At each university there are, in round numbers, about twenty colleges. Legally these are quite independent of one another and of the university. Each has its own property and is often much richer than the university; it has, as a rule, beautiful buildings and stately grounds: it has often a large teaching staff, and its tutors have developed the tutorial system which many regard as the chief source of the strength of Oxford. It has, in general, great traditions either of learning or of athletic activity or of social life. It is to the college rather than to the university that the Oxford (or Cambridge) man feels that his devotion is due. His enthusiasm for his college may be all-absorbing, whilst the university leaves him cold. So much is this the case that it is generally recognized to be one of the great problems in the old English universities to arouse a corporate spirit amongst the whole body of Alumni and to prevent the colleges from dominating the university and its teachers from overshadowing the professors, if not in repute, at least in actual influence. Certain defects in the system are so obvious as to force themselves on the attention of every one. Thus it is clear that if twenty independent bodies undertake teaching of the same kind in the same community there will be great waste in needless duplication of effort. If each is left to its whim, some matters will be wholly neglected in teaching, whilst others will receive undue consideration. Regulation of some kind seems imperative, and yet all who really understand the situation realize that it is a delicate and dangerous matter to interfere with the independence and the individuality of the different colleges. We have to deal with bodies that have long been accustomed to independence and that are in many cases justly proud of what they have achieved while independent. A centralizing policy might easily impair the tutorial system and weaken the personal element in teaching which it is so important to conserve. It might replace intimate and effective teaching by mere lecturing and thereby destroy the best means of handing on the torch of learning. And yet, it is generally recognized that some change is imperative. At present there is no single body to exercise any effective control over the teaching by being armed with powers to enforce any particular policy. Such control as is exercised is in the hands of the several Boards representing the various Faculties — theology, law, natural science, history, *literæ*

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humaniores, and so forth. Each of these Boards is composed of the university professors lecturing in the subjects of the Faculty, together with an equal number of college tutors and lecturers in the same Faculty and a few co-opted members. In arranging their lectures the professors are enjoined to have "due and reasonable regard to the recommendations of the Board of the Faculty," and this Board is supposed to suggest changes that it deems expedient, and in case its recommendations are not regarded to report the fact to the Vice-Chancellor. In practice, however, the control of the Board is extremely slight, and instead of making a careful examination of the list of lectures it does little more than publish what has been submitted to it. Apart from this criticism of the existing procedure of the Boards, it is pointed out by the reformers that the Boards are not at all generally representative of the university teaching, many important subjects being either wholly neglected or inadequately represented. It is felt, too, by many that the Boards are too much concerned with examinations and not enough with teaching, and there can be little doubt that an undue importance is still attached to examinations in Oxford and almost everywhere else in the educational fields of England.

The whole question of the reorganization of the Faculties has been very carefully discussed by the Council, and its recommendations on this matter are perhaps the most valuable contribution that it has made to the cause of reform and the one that seems to have the most hope of being carried into effect. A statute embodying the policy of the Council has recently been presented to Congregation and its preamble carried in a full house by a majority of rather more than two to one. The main features of its proposals are the reconstitution of the Faculties, the establishment of a more definite class of university lectures than has hitherto existed, the drawing of a clearer line of demarcation between college and university teachers, and the setting up of a new piece of administrative machinery—the General Board of Faculties.

The General Board is intended to relieve the Council of the greater part of the business connected with *curricula* and examinations, as well as to exercise some control over the policy and administration of the several Boards of Faculties. It is to be composed of representatives of the

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various Faculties, the number of representatives being approximately proportional to the number of teachers in the Faculties severally and to the traditional prestige or the growing importance of their respective subjects. In addition to its far-reaching powers of controlling the examinations of the university (subject, however, to the ultimate authority of Convocation) and of bringing pressure to bear on the various Faculties, the General Board is to be empowered to administer such a portion of the income of the university as may be assigned to it from time to time. With this portion it is to make provision for the encouragement of advanced study and research, and to meet from time to time the educational needs of the university by appointing Readers and Lecturers in subjects that have been insufficiently provided for from other sources.

The reconstitution of the various Faculties is based on the assumption that a Faculty should be regarded as a group of duly accredited teachers in the university, a group that is held together by the study of one subject or one group of allied subjects. The Faculty is not to be confined to university professors, but is to include certain college tutors and lecturers selected by the Boards of the Faculties with the approval of the General Board. Each Faculty is to have an administrative Board composed of certain officials and an equal number of members elected by the Faculty. In addition to the duty of appointing the university lecturers, this Board is to decide what intercollegiate lecturers will be recognized by admitting their lectures to the Faculty Lecture lists, to frame lecture lists in the subjects of the Faculty for each term, and to control the subjects in the Final Pass examinations and in those of the Honor Schools. The exercise of most of these powers is, however, to be subject to the aproval of the General Board, which may be expected to preserve the balance between the claims of different

III—COMPULSORY GREEK

The University of Oxford still insists on a modicum of Greek for all its would-be graduates, although the dose has been diminished to the very small quantity prescribed for Responsions. The question of the advisability of retaining this small residuum has been hotly discussed in academic circles for many a day. As far as American practice is concerned, the question has ceased to be a live one, but the

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interest therein is maintained partly by the general recognition of the historic influence of the old English universities on our thought and life, and partly by the fact that a considerable number of our young men enter the Oxford schools, especially since the foundation of the Rhodes Scholarships. To these latter the question is certainly a live one, as they have generally to enter into special training in order to climb the Greek barriers that have been erected round the ancient university. In spite of this, the interest in the discussion could hardly be so keen were it not very generally believed that the retention of Greek in Responsions is the symbol for larger and more important things. It represents, to the eyes of many, the last stand against modernism in academic circles, while by some the noise of the controversy is regarded as evidence of the death throes of the classical tradition. It is urged by the "moderns" that the retention of so small an amount of Greek is wholly indefensible on rational grounds, even where it is admitted that much might be said for a more thorough treatment of Greek language and literature. The talk about the place of Greek in humanistic learning, the nobility of the Greek ideal, the splendor of the Greek literary stores, the stimulating effect of being carried by the study of Greek into regions of thought which differ profoundly from those of modern times, and so on, is wholly irrelevant and misleading in this discussion. None of these questions is in dispute. All the Greek that is actually insisted upon can be (and frequently is) crammed up in a few months, and the knowledge of the Greek language and the insight into Greek thought of all but a very small proportion of Oxford graduates is of the slightest.

The argument against the retention of Greek as a compulsory subject in Responsions is that so small an amount of Greek serves no purpose that is really useful for culture or anything else. It would be a mistake to suppose that the opposition to its retention comes exclusively from the "moderns" or from the devotees of natural science. Many of the more serious classical scholars oppose it almost equally strongly. It is thought, too, that the insistence on Greek excludes from Oxford some desirable students who would otherwise enter there. The number so excluded is, perhaps, generally exaggerated, for the amount of Greek required is so slight that able men will scarcely be kept out

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by such a barrier. It seems unwise, however, to force these men to pursue a course which must generally prove a mere waste of valuable time. A more serious charge is that the retention of Greek as a compulsory subject produces an unfortunate effect on the schools that prepare for Oxford. They are compelled to force a modicum of Greek into unfit and irresponsive recipients, a dull and deadening process to teacher and pupil alike. Many of the teachers feel that it would be a great relief to confine the teaching of Greek to those really capable of profiting by it and a great advantage to save some of their time and energy for the handling of other subjects. Very serious, too, is the influence of the university's policy in this matter on the public attitude towards Oxford. It produces in many minds a feeling of deep distrust of the wisdom of the educational authorities and creates the impression that Oxford is hopelessly reactionary. The inference is unfair because the men that keep Greek in its place are not really representative of Oxford as a whole. Changes in this matter have frequently been advocated by leading men in Oxford, but the constitution of the university has hitherto made reform impossible. The Final Court, as has been explained above, is mainly composed of two classes—teachers and clerics. The former have often a professional interest in the maintenance of Greek, while the latter support it partly because of the tradition of Greek learning in the Church and partly from a vague feeling that the "moderns" are hostile to the best interests of the Church. Congregation, although somewhat broader in its outlook than Convocation, still contains a large proportion of the two classes that dominate the latter court. Reform can scarcely be expected, therefore, until there is some modification in the constitution of the university such as has been outlined above. After a careful consideration of the whole question, Council recently agreed almost unanimously to recommend the abolition of Greek as a compulsory subject in Responsions. When, however, the statute embodying this recommendation came before Congregation on November 22d last, the preamble was rejected by a majority of 188 to 152. The loss of the statute was largely due to the opposition to the particular form in which the proposals were framed. It was felt by many of the moderates that no proper opportunity had been afforded for a fair discussion of possible alternatives, and the

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majority shrank from a measure that seemed to them unnecessarily drastic. Their action has led them to be acclaimed by some as the saviours of the university, but no one can seriously believe that they have settled the Greek question for all time. Already machinery has been set in motion that will reopen the whole matter, and we may be quite sure that there will yet be many excursions and alarums and much marching and countermarching over the old battle-ground.

IV—FINANCE

Education and finance cannot be separated in Oxford any more than elsewhere, and sound finance is the condition of most of the important reforms that have been mooted there. Any one familiar with the conditions of the leading American universities who examines the finances of Oxford must be struck by two things. One of these is the small revenue of the university, and the other is the cumbrous machinery that is employed to deal with such small amounts. In this field, as everywhere at Oxford, we must clearly distinguish between the university and the colleges. The former is undoubtedly poor, the latter in several cases are rich. The net income of the university from all sources other than what it receives from the colleges is only about $300,000—just about half the annual income of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It would, however, be misleading to regard this as the real income of the university, for the contributions, direct and indirect, from the colleges are substantial. The direct contributions are of three kinds:

(i) Contributions to the Common University Fund forced upon the colleges by Parliament about thirty years ago and amounting to about $35,000 per annum.

(ii) Statutory payments made by the colleges for the support of the University Library and the endowment of certain professorships, the annual amount being at present about $115,000.

(iii) Voluntary contributions, amounting to about $50,000, to increase the salaries of certain professors and other university officials.

It appears from this that the direct contributions from the colleges amount, in round numbers, to $200,000 per annum. However, this is not the full measure of the financial assistance that the colleges afford to the university.

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To estimate this, account should be taken of the *indirect* contributions of the colleges, the money paid for Fellowships (other than those included in the estimate above), for scholarships and prizes of all kinds, making a total of about $575,000 which goes indirectly to the maintenance of the university's work of teaching and research. Of this over $300,000 goes to the support of Fellowships. These Fellowships afford great opportunities for men to do university work after graduation, and, although the position of a Fellow is sometimes abused, there can be no doubt that these Fellowships contribute very largely to the advancement of learning and the maintenance of the highest standards of scholarship.

Returning, however, from the colleges to the university and putting aside the indirect contributions to the latter that are entirely in the control of the colleges, it appears that the university has the disposal of less than $500,000 per annum. To American eyes the amount seems extraordinarily small for the work of a great university and occasions surprise that Oxford can carry on at all under such conditions. The surprise amounts to amazement when we turn our attention from the money available to the machinery employed in disposing of it. One would have thought that a small Board could manage the whole thing and that this Board, if for any reasons it were separated from Council, would at least be in the closest contact with that administrative organ. Council is supposed to be the chief initiator of Oxford's policy, and educational policy, like almost any other policy, is closely involved with finance. And yet Council has no direct, nor even any immediate indirect control over the finances of the university. There is no university treasury, but a number of semi-independent treasuries, the most important of which are the Chest and the Common University Fund, the latter being a Board to control the expenditure of the contributions of the colleges to the university and the former to deal with most of the other revenue. To these should, perhaps, be added as of growing importance, a third body—the trustees of the University Re-endowment Fund. None of these is in very close touch with the chief executive Board—the Council. If Council wishes to suggest a policy involving the expenditure of money, its first step is to apply to the Chest and ask if the means are forthcoming. The Chest may not be

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interested in carrying out the policy of the Council and may object to any such expenditure. Then application must be made to the Fund, and if this is equally obdurate Council must go hat in hand to the Re-endowment Fund. That such a system should work at all is certainly a tribute to the good spirit and common sense of those who have had to put up with it, as well as to the long-suffering of Englishmen under archaic forms that have outlived their day. It would seem the better policy to sweep all this cumbrous machinery away and set up something simpler and more suitable for the working conditions of to-day. This, however, might require an appeal to Parliament and Conservative feeling is strongly against such an appeal.

The lack of a central Financial Board with adequate powers of control is shown in the difficulties that have arisen with reference to the contributions of the colleges towards general university purposes. This contribution is a modern innovation, but one that, on the whole, has been accepted by the colleges in a generous spirit. Indeed, as has been seen, some of them go considerably beyond the statutory requirements by making voluntary contributions for various university purposes. As, however, there is no single body whose duty it is to make a careful survey of the financial needs of the university and present the claims of the university as a whole, it naturally follows that the voluntary contributions are made in a haphazard fashion, according to the whim of individuals or colleges. Moreover, even with regard to the statutory contributions, there is need of some central Board of control. The amount of these contributions is fixed on the basis of a certain per cent. of the *net* revenue of the college, the exact per cent. being subject to a sliding scale so that the wealthier colleges contribute a larger percentage than the smaller. This rule as to net revenue is obviously open to abuse, and it is somewhat surprising that the abuses have not been greater. A college has merely to be extravagant with improvements, or repairs, or dinners, or anything else to reduce its net revenue to the vanishing-point and so escape from any contribution to the university at all. Obviously, too, if the rule as to net revenue is to work satisfactorily and fairly, there must be uniformity of practice in the method of estimating the net revenue, which in any given year must be affected by the system of bookkeeping that is adopted. There is need

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of some authority to prevent the present diversity of practice from causing serious injustice, and, apart from this, it would be a great advantage to have the college and university accounts kept and presented in a more business-like manner—as might be done under the control of some central Board. At present the accounts that are published are most difficult to understand; it is hard to find out exactly how the revenue is expended, difficult to ascertain the exact cost of the teaching staff, almost impossible to estimate accurately how much is spent on this or that object or branch of study.

Instead of dealing with the whole financial problem drastically, the Council has deemed it wise to propose the establishment of another Finance Board to act merely in an advisory and supervisory capacity. It is to be composed of nine members, of whom three are nominated by the Council, three elected by Convocation and three nominated by the Chancellor. Some of these would doubtless be non-resident members placed upon the Board because of their proved capacity in dealing with matters of finance. The nomination of one-third of the Board by the Council is intended to keep these two bodies in close touch with one another. The main functions of this Finance Board are set forth by the Council in its recommendations as follows:

(*a*) To review the accounts of the university and of the colleges and to report thereon to Council, with a view to more economical administration and to the allocation of funds for university purposes.

(*b*) To make suggestions for the improvement of the forms in which university and college accounts are presented.

(*c*) To prepare annually a statement for Council showing the sums received and expended by the university and the colleges, with the several sources of such receipts and objects of such expenditure.

(*d*) To advise Council as to the best means of providing the funds that may be required to carry out its policy.

(*e*) To consider the statutory and other contributions made by the colleges to the university and to advise Council as to any action that may appear desirable with reference thereto.

This reform should go a long way towards removing some of the financial anomalies that have been referred to above, but it is open to the obvious objection that the establishment

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of a new Board further complicates a situation that is already needlessly complex. There still remains a separation of the power of the purse from the Council; the Board can merely *advise* as to the wisdom of certain courses; it has no actual control over the colleges or the university. It will have been observed, moreover, that all these recommendations of Council as to reform deal only with the *machinery* of finance. The great problem of improving the financial condition of the university is only indirectly touched. It is at once obvious that the university is far too poor for the needs of a great university to-day. In the heyday of the classical tradition such a revenue might have sufficed, for all that was required then were books and a few (poorly paid) teachers. Many of the newer departments, especially on the scientific side, demand a costly equipment, and there are almost a score of "subjects" now for each one that was professed a century ago. And so it is not surprising that, while Oxford is still pre-eminent in some of the older fields of learning, she either wholly neglects or does little more than play in many others that claim most serious attention in the newer and better endowed universities. She must get more money and she must make a serious effort to get it both from the colleges and from the public. Many of the colleges are rich and their financial position has been improving, while that of the university has declined. There seems no good reason why the corporate spirit should not be encouraged and the colleges be induced to bear a larger share of the financial burden of the university. Some efforts have been directed towards securing a re-endowment fund from the public, but the response to the Chancellor's appeals has not been very generous. Of the class that goes to Oxford a large portion is much more engrossed in the problem of maintaining, or of founding, a great family than in that of advancing the cause of learning. It would appear that Englishmen have not such a real belief in education as have the Americans; they are certainly far less generous in their giving. Then it is to be noted that the Alumni are, as a rule, far less enthusiastic for their university than is the case here. This arises partly from the deep-cutting difference between the college and the university, a difference which goes to the very quick at Oxford. An Oxford man has, as a rule, few dealings with the university, and what he has are generally unpleasant. He is fined or arrested

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by university proctors, worried at university examinations, or " fleeced " by university dues or fees. The affection that he feels for Oxford goes out primarily to his college, and if he gives at all it is to the college that his gifts will go. Then it must not be forgotten that in England there is practically a total lack of any organized effort to keep the Alumni in close touch with the university. This is a feature of American academic life that impresses every visitor from abroad, and it may well be that Oxford will remain impecunious until it takes a leaf out of America's book and sets itself strenuously to keep in closer touch with its own Alumni. Nor can Oxford afford any longer to neglect the rich and generous men who are not of its own family. There are many such even in England, but no systematic effort is made to keep the needs of the university before their eyes. Even when they are taken to Oxford, it is hard for them to realize that the university is poor. They see magnificent halls and lordly parks—worthy, as all would have them remain, of an historic seat of learning. None of these things gives the impression of poverty, and the visitor can scarcely be expected to appreciate the distinction between college and university and so to understand how the colleges may be so rich while the university is so poor. Apart from this the business man is apt to be repelled by the exhibitions of amateur finance and of amateur management of property that catch his eye. If he looks at college or university accounts he is bewildered. Many things thus conspire to make him feel that the university is out of touch with the modern world. A small thing in itself, but one of which he hears a good deal and which doubtless impresses him, is the insistence on Greek as an indispensable requirement from all candidates for degrees. Lord Curzon has made it known that a would-be benefactor offered a contribution of $150,000 to Oxford if the barrier of compulsory Greek could be removed. It is not probable that such a benefactor would approve of giving more than half the total amount that the colleges distribute annually in scholarships (over a quarter of a million dollars) to a single group of subjects—the classics. He would think that this indicated an almost hopelessly distorted view of the needs of the modern man, and he would direct his benefactions to the younger universities that are much more keenly alive to the needs of the day.

RICHARD C. MACLAURIN.

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A FRENCH CHARLES LAMB

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

WHY is it that the few brief notes which accompany Lamb's selections from the old English dramatic poets live in the memory of all who love literature? It is because Lamb did not attempt to formulate principles, or grade perfections, or lay down everlasting rules for the guidance of poets, past and future. He was all alive himself, keenly sensitive to human joy and human passion, and he went unerringly to every trace of these things in the forgotten beauty before him, sometimes lending it his own life, but making it live always. "It is difficult to get rid of a woman at the end of a tragedy. Men may fight and die. A woman must either take poison, which is a nasty trick, or go mad, which is not fit to be shown—or retire, which is poor: only retiring is most reputable." This is not quite the manner of Aristotle or Lessing; but it makes us think, it makes us feel, and if it makes us smile also, where is the harm?

I wish that every one who loves Lamb might know the ten volumes of M. Jules Lemaître's "*Impressions de Théâtre.*" Not that M. Lemaître's temperament or view of life resembles Lamb's very closely. But there is the same treatment of the drama as a live thing, the same keen, petulant interest in all phases of humanity, often displaying itself in the discussion of a trifling subject or a minor personage. Lamb will make the most delicate turn of observation apropos of a dead play of Brome or Shirley. So M. Lemaître writes of a hissed piece by some forgotten author, and wit and grace and sympathetic insight make his criticism of far greater charm and permanent value than the thing criticised.

Nothing will show this better than a comparison of M. Lemaître's work with the collected volumes of articles by Sarcey, "*Quarante Ans de Théâtre.*" Sarcey's criticism

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is of very great value and interest. It not only bears on the French drama of his own day, but is full of fruitful lessons for the dramatist of all time. Sarcey, however, is often accused of being conventional, of thinking only of the technical aspects of theatrical workmanship, of caring more about how a play was made than about the matter of it. It is, at any rate, true that he was keenly alive to popular success. "Plays were written to please the public," he argued, "and they must please. Let us find out, if possible, why some please and some do not." In making this curious investigation he, perhaps, did not sufficiently consider that there are publics and publics, perhaps identified himself a little too much with the average man, without reflecting that work aimed at the average man is likely to be average work. With his frank gayety, his good nature, his large common sense, he was perhaps something of an average man himself.

When we turn to "*Impressions de Théâtre*" we are in a totally different atmosphere. The subjects are the same, but the method is not. The perishable quality, the mere temporary fortune of a play, is of minor importance. Instantly the critic lifts it out of such trivial relations and discusses its failure or success in achieving human truth, not, however, with a cumbrous apparatus of philosophical theory, but with a sympathetic desire to get at the essence of things, as unpretentious as it is sincere. Nothing could be more charming than M. Lemaître's attitude towards Sarcey. The younger critic appreciates perfectly the elder's wide experience, his sane, large receptivity, his jovial common sense. Half a dozen times his talks on the older dramatists are reported by his brilliant rival with a delicate current of irony which must have delighted Sarcey more than any one else. In discussing the "*Antigone*" of Sophocles, M. Lemaître summarizes the article Sarcey would have written on the tragedy had it been the work of a young contemporary. "The play swarms with moral improbabilities . . . but in the eyes of these young literary enthusiasts the most established principles are mere old-fogeyism. There is a certain grandeur in the thing, I confess, and style. But it is not drama."

In M. Lemaître's work, then, we find dramatic criticism hardly more than an excuse for the finest and most delicate observation and study of human nature. The French term

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"moralist," so different from the English, meaning not a preacher, but a student, not a reformer, but a psychologist, applies to him as much as to Joubert or Labruyère. Only, whereas those celebrated authors put their wisdom into detached, concentrated bits, not always comfortably readable, his is diffused in a continuous current flowing easily along a definite line and holding the attention almost as steadily as narrative or drama. For instance, he is writing about Meilhac and Halévy's "*Réveillon.*" The second act is a supper scene. He remarks that it is exceptional in being amusing, since almost all such scenes upon the stage are apt to be unnatural and dull. Then, in looking for the reason of this, he analyzes, with cunning insight, the psychology of a supper or dinner party—oh, not by laboratory methods or the metric system, but with sympathy and dramatic gift that make you feel as if you were there yourself—and shows that the authors, by an instinctive art, have contrived to put just this natural process on the stage. Or, in a more serious vein—though, as with Lamb, the serious and the gay with M. Lemaître go always hand in hand—take this fine analysis with which the critic—again in connection with Meilhac and Halévy—discusses the possibilities of profound truth underneath the lightest farce.

"I hesitate to assert that there is depth in this comedy. MM. Meilhac and Halévy have so much wit that perhaps they have enough to laugh at me if I assert it, and I assure you a man must be witty indeed to laugh at those who accuse him of profundity. . . . But don't you think that, taken by their serious side and brought down to human proportions, the personage of Blue Beard, as he sees himself, and that of Boulotte ending (oh, dark places of the heart) by loving Blue Beard, might become haughty and mysterious tragic figures so rich in substance that it would be possible to reason and debate about them as much at length as one may about Hamlet?"

As the converse of this, one should read also everything that M. Lemaître writes about Ibsen; for, mingled with a profound admiration for the great Norwegian, there is also an irony as keen as it is gentle, probing the solemn emptiness which clouds and deadens much of his work.

This irony, this delightful blend of wit with tenderness, much like Lamb's, though less riotous, less whimsical, less broadly frolicsome than Lamb's, appears on every page of M. Lemaître's writing and is one of its greatest charms. It is never intrusive, never inappropriate; you never feel —I never feel—that it in any way degrades great things;

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but it lends grace to difficult matters and charm to dull ones. It is like the indefinable witchery of a Frenchwoman's talk, which makes you glad to listen to her even when she speaks of the indifferent or commonplace. This quality, which comes often nearer to English humor than to the true Voltairian wit, has appeared in what I have so far quoted and will in what I quote further; but over and over again in M. Lemaître's work it charms us purely for itself. Take, for instance, this petulant protest against modern nature worship. (Lamb, you remember, rebelled in the same way against the mute prostrations of his Lake friends.):

"For my part, if anybody says to me, 'Don't you adore the whispering of poplars in dark midnight?' I answer, 'Do you?' And if he adds, 'Don't you love the song of the linnet, the lark's cry and the brook's murmur?' I reply: 'Of course, of course. But, unfortunately, I don't hear such things often. And then—you can't live on them. And don't think badly of me—but really I know other pleasures that are a little keener than those.'"

Another delightful example of M. Lemaître's sense of comedy—this time surely humorous, if ever anything was—is his account of the meeting between Renan and the concert-hall singer, Victorine Demay:

"The author of the 'Life of Jesus,' with his well-known politeness and charming good nature, came up to the singer and said to her, 'Madame, I rarely visit concert-halls, but I shall enjoy listening to you, for I have heard your name often.' Demay, quite overcome and wishing to be as amiable as possible, made this reply, surely grand in its simplicity, 'I also know you very well, indeed.' Isn't that admirable when one imagines to oneself what Demay could know of M. Renan and what idea she could possibly have of him?"

Without doubt the freedom and the richness of M. Lemaître's criticism are closely connected with his theory of what criticism should be, and here again, though Lamb might not have agreed with him in the abstract, they are quite at one in their practice. The French love names, and M. Lemaître frequently proclaims himself an impressionist. Perhaps, with M. Anatole France, he is—or was at the time of writing the "*Impressions*"—the leading representative of that school. But names are cold and limiting, easily outgrown and too subject to definition by the ignorant. Probably M. Lemaître would always have admitted that certain principles lie at the bottom of all art judgment. Only he would have urged that these principles are too general to go far and are difficult of practical application. He would have heartily agreed with Sterne that "of all the cants

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that are canted in this canting world, the cant of hypocrisy may be the worst, but surely the cant of criticism is the most tormenting." To him the charm of art is its freedom, its variety. In practical action we must be hampered and trammelled by standards and conventions. Let us at least keep the art world as clear as possible from the formula of the professor and the tape-measure of the connoisseur. Let us recognize that every age has its right and every temperament its privilege, not insist too harshly on straining new thought into old moulds, above all, not fight, with bookish ingenuity, for old moulds because they are ours and we are used to them. The secret of life is growth, change. "Behold! I make all things new." To be sure, the new is rooted in the old and established upon it. We must know the past and love it. But we must be ready for every fresh revelation, open-minded, liberal, eager to adapt ourselves to new forms and new conditions, apt to reject what is dead when it is dead. Only so can we be sure of being fruitfully alive. The expression of these principles is everywhere to be found in M. Lemaître's work, in the earlier and, as I think, inferior, volumes of "*Les Contemporains*," more crude and combative, in the "*Impressions de Théâtre*" more subtle, more persuasive, more insinuating:

"For my part, I accept everything; I enjoy everything in its time, turn and turn about or even all at once: reality that is grotesque and low, reality that is ennobled by artistic treatment, classical idealism, romanticism, naturalism, Racine as well as Balzac, George Sand as well as Emile Zola, Bourget as well as Maupassant. . . . I like everything, because everything is true, even dreams. Whatever may be the aspect of things that presents itself to the artist, I will make it mine, provided the form of it is instinct with beauty."

This impressionist attitude of criticism is often objected to as being personal and so impertinent. You have nothing to give us but your own experiences, your own sensations: what do we care for those? It seems to me that in reality the opposite dogmatic fashion of criticising is the impertinent one. "This is beautiful by all the eternal laws and standards. *I* say so. You must accept it whether you like it or not." I find it hard to relish that, even when it comes from Ruskin or Arnold. The dogmatism, the sharp decisions, of a Brunetière are well enough when you agree with them. When you do not, they savor of egotism to a considerable degree. There are no sharp decisions in M. Lemaître. He would say:

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"I do not ask you to follow me. I do not wish you to follow me. Certain things have moved me, touched me, helped me, delighted me. I will tell you of my delight, so far as I can, of the nature of it. It may be that the same delight will come to you also, or it may not. The result will be curious in either case."

And I do not find the least touch of undue egotism in any detail of personal experience by which the critic seeks to convey and make clear to me this æsthetic rapture of his own. For I know that he is a man, as I am, that much of his experience is my experience, and that what is not mine is that of millions of others and will throw light on mine by the very difference. He tells me that he is not a Christian, but that he loves Christianity; and that at once explains his attitude toward many plays and many dramatic characters. He tells me of his boyhood reveries and passions, and I understand his love for Musset. He tells me that he did not read Dumas till he was a grown man, and I understand why "Monte Cristo" bores him. Some persons may think it an odd thing for an author to write the criticisms of his own plays. It is perfectly consistent with M. Lemaître's theory, and in practice I find it not only charming, but most instructive as regards the author and the plays and some interesting questions of dramatic art in general. M. Lemaître himself has discussed this matter of introducing the critic's personality, and the following passage seems to me as reasonable as it is suggestive:

"A critic has the right to speak of himself, in so far as he is a critic and in his relation to the things he is called upon to criticise. It is even his duty, whenever he appreciates keenly what there is of the relative and the merely temporary in the judgments he formulates; whenever his personal confidences may help his readers to complete or to rectify his judgments; in brief, whenever he is not very sure of himself and feels himself to be particularly fallible. I would even say that in doing this he shows modesty, not assurance or presumption. There is much more pride in the criticism which is impersonal, because that does not avow its fragility."

Thus, like Lamb, M. Lemaître tells us a great deal about himself and herein lies much of his charm. He tells us frequently that he is French; but that was hardly necessary, it is so obvious. He is as French as Lamb is English. He is French in his ignorance—ignorance of other countries and their ways. "As I know very little of foreign countries and their literatures, I am not surprised at anything that comes from them." What English or German critic would even set up to be a critic after such a confession as that? But

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M. Lemaître is French not only in his ignorance; he is so in his deplorable contentment to be ignorant. He thinks his country can afford to neglect the work of others because she is so fruitful in masterpieces of her own. And his taste is as thoroughly French as his equipment. I confess that I myself owe to him large revelations of the grace, the perfection, the moral insight; more than that, the high tragic power of Racine. But as a French critic he perceives depth and beauty in many portions of Racine's work where they are hidden from me. Conversely his frankness, not to say irreverence, in dealing with Shakespeare is to me refreshing as a sea breeze. I so often feel about our English idol what M. Lemaître himself says in regard to Corneille:

> "When one tries to receive from these venerable authors impressions as direct and sincere as if one read them for the first time, one falls almost inevitably from superstition into irreverence. Thus there are books as to which I have no opinion whatever and never shall have. I am, as it were, condemned never to know them because I know them too well."

Therefore, when I read that the last two acts of "Hamlet" are "extremely tedious," that "the conduct of Claudius is absurd, the queen null and absolutely passive, the grave-digger's scene in no way useful to the action, a dismal sort of comedy which with time has become horribly commonplace," and that "the scene of Ophelia's madness reminds you of a chromo," while I may not agree, I am not wholly offended. But when the critic proceeds to reaffirm Voltaire's celebrated dictum about "the drunken savage," I cannot but remember that I too "speak the tongue which Shakespeare spake" and which M. Lemaître apparently has some difficulty in even reading.

French in morals also is M. Lemaître. Oh, not to any wild excess, but French. The delightful article on Renan's "*Abbesse de Jouarre*," for example, contains sound common sense about matters of sex. Any English critic would regard its substance as conservative and practical. But no English critic would dare to express himself on the subject with such airy frivolity. Again, the paper on Mary Magdalen is intended as a real, a sincere protest of reverence against the degradation of sacred things, but I should not venture to translate or even to paraphrase the vivid sparkles of Gallic wit which give it all its point and sting. These French employ such odd weapons in the service of morality that really— Yet no one can question the honesty of M.

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Lemaître's intentions or his profound sympathy with what is pure, austere, and noble in love matters as in other things. Like a certain far more celebrated personage whose sympathies were sometimes stronger than his convictions, he

> "Saw
> Virtue in her shape how lovely, saw and pined
> His loss."

In morals non-sexual M. Lemaître's sensitiveness is even more keen, more delicate, more finely tempered. Not that he is anything of a preacher or assails vice with the stormy severity of a Ruskin or a Carlyle. Far from it. Irony is his weapon, an irony so tolerant, so sympathetic, that a hasty reader might not even feel its force. He lashes no wrong-doer: he knows too well himself the vast ease of human wrong-doing. Yet on every page you feel his resentment and protest against the hard, eager materialism of modern life, his ardent desire that somehow, somewhere, love might be substituted for hate, and pity for selfishness. Only he feels pity, not hatred, for the selfish and believes that they, after all, are the ones who suffer most for their own sins.

This note of pity is one of the most marked things about M. Lemaître's work, and it is the union of pity and the sense of human misery with his constant light and graceful humor which gives everything he writes its singular charm. If the consciousness of suffering may, perhaps, be called morbid, as in Zola, it is at least to be remarked that, as in Zola, it is absolutely impersonal. One never gets that impression of a tedious whine over the writer's own annoyances which is so characteristic of Carlyle and Thackeray. M. Lemaître's pity is for humanity at large, for the blind agony of millions struggling with adverse fate. He would say with Bosola:

> "In what a shadow or deep pit of darkness
> Doth womanish and fearful mankind live."

Especially is M. Lemaître's pity given to the poor and lowly. Here again he is French, and conservative Anglo-Saxons will, perhaps, find him too lenient to something like anarchism, too ready to impute to society and its present organization evils which are inherent in the nature of man in any society.

"Our industrial civilization, which, after all, is a benefit to only the small minority and imposes on such a number of men a life which is actually

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*un*human. . . . There are in Paris thousands of women who, after they have done their household work, make garments ten hours a day to earn eight or ten cents. And what food! And what lodging! And what a life! And even these are not the most unfortunate."

Much as one may pity the laborer, one may also feel that the *bourgeois,* the middle class (especially when one belongs to it oneself) does not quite deserve all M. Lemaître's condemnation. "The true enemy of Jesus in all countries and in all ages has been the *bourgeois.*" Perhaps Jesus died even for the *bourgeois*—a little. Yet so simple, so genuine, so honest is M. Lemaître's sympathy that these brief bursts of rhetoric do not in any way detract from it. He himself is eager to disclaim the attitude of agitator or apostle, to prick the bubble of high-sounding phrases which are not built on action.

"It is disloyal and disgraceful to parade ideas which, if one were really possessed by them, would compel one to sacrifice and renunciation and acts of virtue of which one knows oneself to be quite incapable. But pity is beautiful, even indignant pity, if only it is humble, and if a little of the indignation is turned against ourselves. For then good works may follow, or at least a small beginning of good works and the effort for them."

So in M. Lemaître's criticism, where one would least expect it, in the discussion of a farce of Labiche or of a dance-hall ballad, you may find touches of the deepest, tenderest human feeling, just as you find them in Lamb when he speaks of an old dead tragedy or of an actor who has been forgotten a hundred years.

And as Lamb, speaking of a friend whose children were to be brought up in their mother's Catholic faith, remarks, "I am resolved that my children shall be brought up in their father's religion—if they can find out what it is," so M. Lemaître would doubtless bid us seek for his religion and would earnestly and devoutly join us in the search. I am not now speaking of later phases of M. Lemaître's career, as to which my information is somewhat conflicting. The writer of the "*Impressions de Théâtre*" is seeking, always seeking. It is to be noted how totally different this later nineteenth-century scepticism is from that of Voltaire. It has nothing of Voltaire's joyous certainty of denial, nothing of his militant confidence in a critical power to build up as well as to overthrow. The unbelievers of a later time, like Renan, France, Lemaître, have no desire to overthrow anything. The beliefs of the old age are too remote from them to be worthy of attack, too full of sweetness and ancient

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reverence and manifold blessing to humanity to be treated with disdain. So far M. France and M. Lemaître, whose names are so often coupled, pull together. But only so far. M. France is a spiritual Epicurean, perfectly content to be nothing further. All phases of religious emotion are to him a delightful study, like the phases of other emotion, especially amorous. He analyzes them, he feels them, he loves them, and goes on his way. M. Lemaître is no Epicurean, though his spiritual delight is perhaps quite as keen as that of M. France. The pity of the world, its agony will not let him rest. Keen wit, buoyant gayety, broad sympathy with every form of beauty, do not hide or hush for him the eternal question. Perhaps they make it sting more sharply. He is too honest to take unsatisfactory answers. He is too earnest to rest wholly satisfied with none. And it is this constant restless sense of the deeper things of life, combined with human insight and with the most varied resource of literary charm, that make the "*Impressions de Théâtre*" far more than a mere parasitical comment on the ephemeral productions of the Paris stage, a collection of essays of choice and permanent value which ought to be read and enjoyed more and more as times goes on, if the overwhelming growth of literature leaves any man or woman time to read at all.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

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A CONVENTION TO AMEND THE CONSTITUTION —WHY NEEDED—HOW IT MAY BE OBTAINED

BY WALTER K. TULLER

A LARGE majority of the people of the country are in favor of the election of United States Senators by direct vote. That this is a fact probably few will question. For years the question of direct election of Senators has been debated and the arguments pro and con advanced. But a large proportion of the public have now reached the conclusion that their election by direct vote will result in closer relations between the great body of people and their representatives in Congress and will tend to promote better government. This conviction has undoubtedly been brought about largely by the many and frequently disgraceful abuses which have resulted under the present system of choosing Senators. Many persons feel also that the members of the State Legislature should be chosen rather for their individual merit than for their party affiliations—that opinions on national issues have little to do with the desirability of candidates for a legislative body which has to pass on matters of local legislation. Under present conditions, however, most men feel the necessity of voting for their party candidate for the Legislature, even though they do not consider him the best qualified for the place, when he may have the choosing of a United States Senator. Hence the feeling that the popular election of Senators will tend to a higher standard in local legislation. At the time of the adoption of the Constitution, the Senators were considered as representatives of the States as separate entities. This had much to do with the manner provided in the Constitution for their election. When the Constitution was adopted we were a confederation of separate States. To-day we are a nation. We have reached a grander conception of our nationality. To-day the State and national Govern-

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ment are mere agencies to conduct the business of the real sovereign—the people of the United States.

But the question that is now of paramount importance is: How is this change to be brought about? It requires, of course, an amendment to the Federal Constitution. Many States are attempting to reach the practical result by advisory popular votes more or less binding upon the Legislature. But this is a mere makeshift; better, perhaps, than the old state of things, but at most only a temporary expedient. The Constitution must be amended. There are two means by which amendments may be proposed. One is for Congress to submit a proposed amendment to the States for ratification. The other is for a constitutional convention to submit proposed amendments for similar ratification. Four times, twice without a dissenting vote, has the House of Representatives passed a resolution submitting an amendment providing for the popular election of Senators. Not one of these resolutions has passed the Senate. *Not one has even been allowed to come to a vote in that body.* It does not seem very probable that popular election of Senators will be secured in this way. But, as just stated, there is another means provided for securing amendments to the Constitution. Article V of that instrument provides:

"Section 1. The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, shall be valid, to all intents and purposes, as part of this Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress; *provided* that no amendment which may be made prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight shall, in any manner, affect the first and fourth clauses in the ninth section of the first article; and that no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate."

There are now forty-six States in the Union. Two-thirds of that number is thirty and two-thirds, or thirty-one applications required before Congress is obliged to call a constitutional convention. *The fact about to be stated may not be generally known, but it is a fact, nevertheless; the Legislatures of twenty-eight States have already formally applied to Congress to call such a convention.* The following are the States whose Legislatures have made such applications:

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Arkansas	1903	Missouri	1907
California	1903	Montana	1907
Colorado	1901	Nebraska	1903
Delaware	1907	Nevada	1907
Idaho	1908	New Jersey	1907
Illinois	1903–1909	North Carolina	1907
Indiana	1907	Oklahoma	1908
Iowa	1907–1909	Oregon	1901–1909
Kansas	1907	Pennsylvania	1901
Kentucky	1902	South Dakota	1908
Louisiana	1907	Tennessee	1901–1905
Michigan	1901	Texas	1899–1901–1908
Minnesota	1901	Utah	1908
Wisconsin	1908	Washington	1903

In other words, but three more such applications are required to impose upon Congress the duty of calling a constitutional convention. Should Arizona and New Mexico be admitted before this number of applications are made, there will be forty-eight States in the Union, or thirty-two such applications required. The text of these resolutions may be of interest. The following are typical:

LOUISIANA

"Whereas we believe that Senators of the United States should be elected directly by the voters; and

"Whereas to authorize such direct election an amendment to the Constitution of the United States is necessary; and

"Whereas the failure of Congress to submit such amendment to the States has made it clear that the only practicable method of securing a submission of such amendment to the State is through a constitutional convention, to be called by Congress upon the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of all the States: Therefore be it

"*Resolved by the general assembly of the State of Louisiana,* That the Legislature of the State of Louisiana hereby makes application to the Congress of the United States, under Article V of the Constitution of the United States, to call a constitutional convention for proposing amendments to the Constitution of the United States.

"Sec. 2. That this resolution, duly authenticated, shall be delivered forthwith to the President of the Senate and Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States, with the request that the same shall be laid before the said Senate and House."

KANSAS

"Whereas there is a wide-spread and rapidly growing belief that the Constitution of the United States should be so amended as to provide for the election of the United States Senators by the direct vote of the people of the respective States; and

"Whereas other amendments to the United States Constitution are by many intelligent persons considered desirable and necessary; and

"Whereas the Senate of the United States has so far neglected to take

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any action whatever upon the matter of changing the manner of electing United States Senators, although favorable action upon such proposed change has several times been unanimously taken by the House of Representatives: Therefore be it

"*Resolved* by the House of Representatives of the State of Kansas (the Senate concurring therein), That the Legislature of Kansas, in accordance with the provisions of Article V of the Constitution of the United States, hereby apply to and request the Congress of the United States to call a convention for the purpose of proposing amendments to the Constitution of the United States."

PENNSYLVANIA

"Whereas a large number of State Legislatures have at various times adopted memorials and resolutions in favor of election of United States Senators by popular vote; and

"Whereas the national House of Representatives has on four separate occasions, within recent years, adopted resolutions in favor of this proposed change in the method of electing United States Senators, which were not adopted by the Senate; and

"Whereas Article V of the Constitution of the United States provides that Congress, on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, call a convention for proposing amendments, and believing there is a general desire upon the part of the citizens of the State of Pennsylvania that the United States Senators should be elected by a direct vote of the people: Therefore be it

"*Resolved* (if the House of Representatives concur), That the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania favors the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution which shall provide for the election of United States Senators by popular vote, and joins with other States of the Union in respectfully requesting that a convention be called for the purpose of proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States as provided for in Article V of the said Constitution, which amendment shall provide for a change in the present method of electing United States Senators so that they can be chosen in each State by a direct vote of the people."

WISCONSIN

"Whereas Article V of the Constitution of the United States provides that 'the Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which in either case shall be valid to all intents and purposes as part of this Constitution when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States or by convention in three-fourths thereof,' etc.; and

"Whereas the House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States has on four separate occasions passed by a two-thirds vote a resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution providing for the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people; and

"Whereas the United States Senate has each time refused to consider or vote upon said resolution, thereby denying to the people of the several States a chance to secure this much-desired change in the method of electing Senators; therefore be it

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"*Resolved* by the Senate and Assembly of the State of Wisconsin, That, under the authority of Article V of the Constitution of the United States, application is hereby made to Congress to forthwith call a constitutional convention for the purpose of submitting to the States for ratification an amendment to the Federal Constitution providing for the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people."

All of the resolutions except that passed by the Legislature of Delaware referred principally to the matter of an amendment to provide for popular election of Senators. In the resolution passed by the Legislature of Delaware, the matter apparently moving that body was the desire to secure an amendment to prevent polygamy. The resolution, however, formally applies to Congress to call a constitutional convention.

In addition to the States above enumerated, the Legislatures of Wyoming and Alabama have declared themselves in favor of the proposed amendment in resolutions to Congress, although the somewhat unhappy wording of their resolutions probably prevents them from being operative as formal applications for such a convention.

In 1895 the Legislature of Wyoming passed and submitted to Congress a resolution or memorial reciting that the exciting and disturbing contest for seats in the Legislature in many of the States has been owing in great measure to impending contests for United States Senators; that in many States the sessions of the Legislature are limited to a specified time, and much of this time has been wasted and consumed in a fruitless effort to elect Senators, and providing further:

"The temptation to corruption and the inducements to influence legislators by questionable means would be entirely removed if the election of Senators were transferred to the people. It is believed the business of the Legislature should be confined to matters of legislation, and that the excitement attendant upon the selection of United States Senators by the Legislature interferes to a great degree with that business. The growth of a public sentiment in this direction we believe to be grounded upon good reasons, calling for an amendment of the Constitution in this respect,"

and urging Congress to submit a constitutional amendment to provide for popular election.

In 1910 the Legislature of Alabama passed and submitted to Congress a resolution providing in part:

"Whereas, Article V of the Constitution of the United States provides that whenever two-thirds of both Houses (of Congress) shall deem it necessary shall propose amendments to the Constitution, or, on application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention

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for proposing amendments, which in either case shall be valid to all intents and purposes:

"And whereas the Legislatures of twenty-seven States have applied to the Congress of the United States for the submission to the States of an amendment to the Constitution providing for the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people"

and petitioning Congress to submit an amendment providing for direct election of Senators.

While these resolutions clearly indicate the sentiment of these Legislatures, they can hardly be held, as above stated, to constitute such formal application for a convention as is required by the Constitution. It is entirely competent, however, for the Legislatures of these States to adopt resolutions hereafter formally requesting Congress to call such a convention.

But in view of the action of the Senate, as heretofore noted, on the proposition to submit an amendment directly, some may question whether it will concur in issuing a call for a constitutional convention even though two-thirds of the State Legislatures formally apply therefor. But when that number of States apply, Congress has, under the Constitution, absolutely no discretion. This will be more fully considered hereafter. It would hardly seem, therefore, that the Senate would wilfully violate the Constitution which every member is sworn to uphold. But assuming that it should do so—is there any remedy? In that event, it is believed Congress can be directly compelled to issue the call. At first blush this proposition may seem extremely radical and perhaps decidedly visionary. But it may not be so.

Let it first be clearly appreciated that, under the Constitution, Congress has no discretion in the matter of calling a convention when the Legislatures of two-thirds of the States have applied therefor. In that event, the Constitution provides that Congress "shall" call a convention. The word "shall," as there used, is equivalent to the word "must." The framers of the Constitution evidently adopted this provision advisedly and with this intention. By the first part of the provision Congress is authorized to propose amendments in its discretion. But this alone would obviously leave it within the power of Congress to forever prevent any amendment. A further means of proposing amendment was, therefore, provided with which Congress was to have no discretion. In other words, when the requisite number of applications are made, the Constitution

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makes it the *positive duty* of Congress to call the convention regardless of whether that body considers it advisable or not. This is the express language of the Constitution, and the Constitution is "the supreme law of the land." (Article VI, Sec. 2.) The idea thus expressed is exactly the idea that the framers of the instrument intended it to express. That there may be no doubt on this fundamental proposition, let us present the direct proof. The following, taken from Elliott's "Debates of the Constitutional Convention of 1787," is believed to be all that appears upon this particular matter and conclusively establishes the proposition just asserted:

"*Tuesday, May 29*

"(P. 126) Mr. Randolph then opened the main business (of the convention):

"... He observed that, in revising the Federal system, we ought to inquire, first, into the properties which such a Government ought to possess; secondly, the defects of the Confederation; thirdly, the dangers of our situation; and, fourthly, the remedy. ... He proposed, as conformable to his ideas, the following resolutions, which he explained one by one. ...

"(P. 128) '13. Resolved, that provision ought to be made for the amendment of the Articles of Union whensoever it shall seem necessary; and that the assent of the national Legislature ought not to be required thereto.'

"Mr. Charles Pickney laid before the House the draft of a Federal Government which he had prepared, to be agreed upon between the free and independent States of America; ...

"(P. 132) Art. XVI. If two-thirds of the Legislatures of the States apply for the same, the Legislature of the United States shall call a convention for the purpose of amending the Constitution; or should Congress, with the consent of two-thirds of each House, propose to the States amendments to the same, the agreement of two-thirds of the Legislatures of the States shall be sufficient to make the said amendments parts of the Constitution."

"*Tuesday, June 5*

"(P. 157) The thirteenth resolution [of Mr. Randolph] to the effect *that provision ought to be made for hereafter amending the system now to be established, without requiring the assent of the national Legislature,* being taken up:

"Mr. Pickney doubted the propriety or necessity of it.

"Mr. Gerry favored it. The novelty and difficulty of the experiment requires periodical revision. The prospect of such revision would also give immediate stability to the Government. Nothing has yet happened in the States where this provision existed to prove its impropriety. The proposition was postponed for future consideration."

"*Monday, June 11*

"(P. 182) The thirteenth resolution for amending the national Con-

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stitution hereafter, without consent of the national Legislature being considered, several members did not see the necessity of the resolution at all, nor the propriety of making the consent of the national Legislature unnecessary.

"Colonel Mason urged the necessity of such a provision. The plan now to be formed will certainly be defective, as the Confederation has been found on trial to be. Amendments, therefore, will be necessary; and it will be better to provide for them in an easy, regular and constitutional way than to trust to chance and violence. It would be improper to require the consent of the national Legislature, because they may abuse their power and refuse their consent on that very account. The opportunity for such an abuse may be the fault of the Constitution calling for amendment.

"Mr. Randolph enforced these arguments. The words 'without requiring the consent of the national Legislature' were postponed. The other provision in the clause passed *nem. con.*"

"*Monday, August 6*

"(P. 376) Mr. Rutledge delivered in the report of the committee of detail as follows, a printed copy being at the same time furnished to each member: . . .

"(P. 381) 'Art. XIX. On the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the States in the Union for an amendment of this Constitution, the Legislature of the United States shall call a convention for that purpose.'"

"*Thursday, August 30*

"(P. 498) Article XIX [above] was taken up.

"Mr. Gouverneur Morris suggested that the Legislature should be left at liberty to propose amendments whenever they pleased.

"*The article was agreed to,** nem. con."

"*Monday, September 10*

"P. 530) Mr. Gerry moved to reconsider Article XIX, viz.: [quoting].

"This Constitution, he said, is to be paramount to the State Constitution. It follows, hence, from this Article that two-thirds of the States may obtain a convention, a majority of which can bind the Union to innovations that may subvert the State Constitution altogether. He asked whether this was a situation proper to be run into.

"(P. 531) Mr. Hamilton seconded the motion; but, he said, with a different view from Mr. Gerry. He did not object to the consequences stated by Mr. Gerry. There was no greater evil to subject the people of the United States to the major voice than the people of a particular State. It had been wished by many, and was much to have been desired, that an easier mode of introducing amendments had been provided by the Articles of the Confederation. It was equally desirable now that an easy mode should be established for supplying defects which will probably appear in the new system. The mode proposed was not adequate. The State Legislatures will not apply for alterations, but with a view to increase their own powers. The national Legislature will be the first to perceive, and will be most sensible to, the necessity of amendments; and ought *also*†

* Italics author's.

† Italics author's.

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to be empowered, whenever two-thirds of each branch should concur, to call a convention. There could be no danger in giving this power, as the people would finally decide in the case.

"Mr. Madison remarked on the vagueness of the terms, 'Call a convention for the purpose,' as sufficient reason for reconsidering the Article. How was a convention to be formed? By what rule decide? What the force of its acts?

"[Motion to reconsider carried.]

"Mr. Sherman moved to add to the Article 'or the Legislature may propose amendments to the several States for their approbation, but no amendments shall be binding until consented to by the several States.'

"Mr. Gerry seconded the motion.

"Mr. Wilson moved to insert 'two-thirds of' before the words 'several States.'

"[Motion lost.]

"Mr. Wilson then moved to insert 'three-fourths of' before 'the several States,' which was agreed to *nem. con.*

"Mr. Madison moved to postpone the consideration of the amended proposition in order to take up the following:

"'The Legislature of the United States, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem necessary, or on the application of two-thirds of the Legislatures of the several States, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, which shall be valid to all intents and purposes, as part thereof, when the same shall have been ratified by three-fourths, at least, of the Legislatures of the several States or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Legislature of the United States.'

"(P. 532) Mr. Hamilton seconded the motion.

"[The clause preventing amendments affecting slavery prior to 1808 added.]

"On the proposition of Mr. Madison and Mr. Hamilton [carried]."

"Saturday, September 15

"Article V [just quoted].

"(P. 551) Mr. Sherman expressed his fears that three-fourths of the States might be brought to do things fatal to particular States; as abolishing them altogether or depriving them of their equality in the Senate. . . .

"Colonel Mason thought the plan of amending the Constitution exceptionable and dangerous. As the proposing of amendments is in both the modes to depend, in the first immediately, in the second ultimately, on Congress, no amendments of the proper kind would ever be obtained by the people if the Government should become oppressive, as he verily believed would be the case.

"Mr. Gouverneur Morris and Mr. Terry moved to amend the Article so as to *require** a convention on application of two-thirds of the States.

"Mr. Madison did not see why Congress would not be as much bound to propose amendments applied for by two-thirds of the States as to call a convention on the like application. He saw no objection, however, against providing for a convention for the purpose of amendments, except only that difficulties might arise as to the form, the quorum, etc., which in constitutional regulations ought to be as much as possible avoided.

* Italics are author's.

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"The motion of Mr. Gouverneur Morris and Mr. Gerry was agreed to, *nem. con.* . . .

"(P. 552) Mr. Gouverneur Morris moved to annex a further proviso—'that no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate.'

"This motion, being dictated by the circulating murmurs of the small States, was agreed to without debate, no one opposing it or on the question saying no. . . .

"The Constitution was then ordered engrossed, and the House adjourned."

"*Monday, September 17*

"(P. 553) The engrossed Constitution being read . . . the members then proceeded to sign the Constitution, as finally amended, as follows: . . .

"Article V [as quoted in the beginning of this discussion]."

It appears, therefore, that it was the express will of the convention that there should be a means of amending the Constitution without the consent of Congress; that pursuant to this idea the provision as originally adopted by the convention gave Congress no discretion whatever in regard to amendments, and the provision giving Congress power to propose amendments directly was a later addition and was intended simply to provide an additional and more speedy method of proposing amendments, but that throughout it was intended that when two-thirds of the States applied for a constitutional convention it should become the unqualified duty of Congress to issue a call.

Hence it is submitted that when the specified conditions have been performed, it becomes the absolute duty of Congress, under the Constitution, to call a convention, regardless of its ideas as to the necessity or propriety thereof. It is clear that a failure to act is equivalent to a refusal to perform this duty. The immediate question, therefore, is: Should Congress refuse to perform this duty, is there any method, under the Constitution, of compelling it to call a convention? If there is not, then the intention of those who framed and adopted the Constitution, and the express mandate of that instrument, are nullified, for it still rests with Congress absolutely to prohibit any amendments; if there is not, *then there exists in this nation and under our Constitution a body that is above the law, above even the Constitution.*

If the power to compel this action exists at all, clearly it must rest with the judiciary. The question, then, is reduced to this: Should Congress refuse to perform this duty, has the judicial department of the Government the au-

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thority, under the Constitution, to compel it to do so? The negative of this proposition will undoubtedly be urged on the ground that the three branches of the Government—executive, legislative and judicial—are co-ordinate and co-equal and each supreme within its sphere, and therefore that the judicial department has no authority or jurisdiction over the legislative to compel it to perform any act. That the three departments are co-ordinate and co-equal and each supreme within its sphere is unquestionably one of the fundamental principles on which our plan of Government is based. Under this principle, when Congress is engaged in legislative business, it is clear beyond the possibility of dispute that no other department of the Government has any authority to determine its action. Equally, when the executive branch of the Government is engaged in performing its executive functions, no other department has any authority over it. But this is because the matter of determining, in such cases, what action shall be taken is delegated by the Constitution to the discretion of that branch of the Government. So long, therefore, as Congress is acting in a legislative capacity,—that is, in all cases where the Constitution has vested in it the discretion to determine whether any action at all, or what action, shall be taken,—the judiciary has no authority over it. But it is equally beyond dispute (and this is the proposition of the greatest importance that is sometimes overlooked) that the supremacy of the several departments is *under the Constitution;* it arises out of, depends upon and is subservient to the Constitution. In calling a convention when the Legislatures of two-thirds of the States have applied therefor, it has been shown that, under the Constitution, Congress has no discretion. In this one instance, which is perhaps the only one, *Congress acts not in a legislative, but in a purely ministerial capacity.* Whether an act is legislative or ministerial depends not upon the person appointed to perform it, but on the nature of the act itself; and, as has been shown, in this case Congress is simply the agent appointed and commanded by the Constitution to perform a specific act when certain specific conditions have been fulfilled. That Congress is commanded to do the act, regardless of its discretion, demonstrates beyond the necessity of argument that it is a ministerial duty. Had that office been created by the Constitution, it might equally well

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have been provided that upon the performance of the specified conditions the Secretary of State should issue the call. Had this been done, it is believed no one would seriously question that the act would be purely ministerial and that the courts might compel its performance. The nature of the act remains the same, whomsoever is appointed to perform it; being ministerial in its nature, it remains ministerial, though Congress is the agent appointed by the Constitution to carry it into execution.

Where the law imposes a specific duty upon a person or a body, it is pre-eminently within the jurisdiction and the duty of the judiciary to enforce it. This is one of the chief, if not indeed the primary, object for which courts are created. In enforcing the performance of such a duty, then, the judiciary is not invading or infringing upon the province of any other department of the Government. On the contrary, it is simply performing the functions and fulfiling the obligations imposed on it by the Constitution. Thus in the celebrated case of Marbury *vs.* Madison (1, Cranch, 137), decided by the Supreme Court of the United States in 1803, the opinion being delivered by Chief-Justice Marshall, it was held that the judiciary has the authority, under the Constitution, to compel the executive department to perform ministerial acts commanded by law. That case established the rule that, notwithstanding the principle that the various departments of the Government are co-equal and each supreme within its sphere, the judicial department has the authority and the duty, under the Constitution, to compel the executive to perform acts commanded by law in regard to which no discretion is left to the executive.* This principle has been reaffirmed and enforced both in the Federal and State courts times almost without number and no principle of constitutional law is more thoroughly settled. It was clearly stated by Mr. Justice Bradley in Board of Liquidation *vs.* McComb, 92, U. S., 531, 541, as follows:

"But it has been well settled that when a plain official duty, requiring no exercise of discretion, is to be performed and performance is refused, any person who will sustain personal injury by such refusal may have a mandamus to compel its performance."†

* See also the strong opinion delivered by Mr. Justice Thompson in the almost equally celebrated case of Kendall *vs.* U. S., 12 Peters, 524.

† See also Garfield *vs.* Goldsby, 211 U. S., 249, 261; Noble *vs.* Union River Logging R. R., 147 U. S., 165, 171, collecting numerous authorities to the same effect.

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It may be taken as established, then, that the judicial department has the authority, under the Constitution, to compel the executive to perform a ministerial act, and this does not infringe upon the independent supremacy of that department of the Government within its sphere. It is believed that it has been proved that the act of calling a convention, under the provision of the Constitution heretofore quoted, is a purely ministerial act. Upon what principle, then, can it be maintained that the judicial department is without authority to compel the performance thereof? Is the executive liable to be compelled to obey the law and yet the legislative department free to disobey even the Constitution? The very proposition first urged against the authority of the court, that the several branches of the Government are co-equal, would seem to demonstrate that the legislative branch cannot claim such an exemption to which the executive is not entitled.

The right to compel performance of the constitutional mandate is simply the converse of the principle which is thoroughly established, that it is the function and duty of the judiciary to *nullify* any act of Congress which is in conflict with the Constitution. It no more infringes upon the principle of the independence and separate functions of the three branches of the Government to compel Congress to perform an act which the Constitution positively commands than to nullify an act of that body which it prohibits. Both rest upon the same principle, that the supremacy of Congress within its sphere is *under*, and not independent of, the Constitution.

It is submitted, therefore, that the act of calling the convention being purely ministerial and commanded by the Constitution, the judicial department of the Government has the authority and jurisdiction, under the Constitution, to compel Congress to perform it; and this in no wise violates the principle that the three departments of the Government are co-ordinate and co-equal and each supreme within its sphere.* As heretofore noted, this is probably the

* In this connection the case of State *ex rel.* Benton vs. Elder, 31 Neb., 169, is of interest. Respondent Elder was the Speaker of the Nebraska House of Representatives. The Constitution of that State required him to open and publish at a specified time and place the returns of the election for officers of the executive department of the State Government. The relator Benton brought this proceeding in the Supreme Court, praying for a writ of mandamus to compel Elder as Speaker of the House to

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only case in which Congress, as a body, acts in a ministerial capacity and hence the only one in which the courts would have this power over it.†

The authority or jurisdiction of the judicial department to make an order must not be confused with its physical ability to compel obedience thereto. Were it to come to a question of comparative physical strength between the judiciary and the executive, for instance, the latter, with the Army and Navy behind it, would, of course, be vastly superior. That fact, however, does not impair the constitutional authority of the former to make an order commanding the executive to perform an act which the law requires him to do. So, if it came to a matter of comparative physical strength, Congress might be able to summon more force than the courts, but the latter's authority, under the Constitution, depends on no such consideration. The Government is a unit. It is composed of co-ordinate branches working together under the same supreme law, not of separate antagonistic bodies. Every officer, of whatever branch, is sworn to support and obey the Constitution, and it is the natural presumption, fully justified by our history, that none will refuse to obey its mandates as interpreted by that body whose function and duty it is to do so.

The form of remedy for compelling Congress to act would seem clearly to be a writ of mandamus. It is believed that

perform this duty, alleging that he had refused to do so. Elder answered, setting up that as Speaker and presiding officer of the House of Representatives he represented an independent and co-ordinate branch of the Government and that the court had no jurisdiction over his acts. This contention, however, the court overruled, holding that inasmuch as the Constitution imposed upon him a specific duty in regard to which he was left no discretion, he could not refuse to perform it, and that, although a legislative officer, it was as much the duty of the courts to compel him to perform the ministerial act as to compel any other officer or person to perform a similar act.

The case of Valley Paper Company *vs.* Smoot, *et al.*, decided by the court of the District of Columbia in February last, is also interesting in this connection. In that case it was held that the courts have the jurisdiction to compel the Congressional committee to perform a duty imposed upon it by law and in regard to which it is left no discretion.

Cf. also Attorney-General *vs.* Taggart, 66 N. H., 362, in which it was held that the court had jurisdiction to compel the Lieutenant-Governor to perform the duties of Governor in the incapacity of the Governor, that duty being required by law.

† In this connection, however, see the Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution, which may impose a further ministerial duty upon Congress. In determining this question the case of State *ex rel.* Benton, 31 Neb., 169, cited in the preceding note, is important.

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such a proceeding may be instituted by any citizen. Every citizen of the country has a direct interest that the Constitution shall be obeyed, and that interest is none the less real and entitled to recognition and protection by the courts that it is not capable of financial computation. Indeed, the very fact that he has no other remedy serves rather, under the established principles governing its issuance, to emphasize his right to this writ. Since the Constitution does not confer original jurisdiction upon the Supreme Court to issue writs of mandamus (see Marbury *vs.* Madison, *supra*), it would be necessary to commence the action in the courts of the District of Columbia. It has been settled since the decision of Kendall *vs.* United States, *supra,* that those courts have jurisdiction to issue the writ of mandamus as an original proceeding. From the decision there an appeal can be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States.

It may be urged that, even conceding the jurisdiction of the courts in a proper case, there is no duty on Congress at the present time, for the reason that the applications from the various State Legislatures have not been simultaneous, but have extended over a period of years. There is nothing in the Constitution, however, providing that the applications must be made simultaneously or within a certain period of time. That being so, it is not perceived how either Congress or any other body can place a limit thereon. The very nature of the case would seem to demonstrate the falsity of the proposition that this is necessary. The United States is a nation. The desire for a change in the fundamental instrument of government may be, and in most cases is, of slow growth. The conditions making necessary a change may be felt in one portion of the country many years before they are forced home to the people of a different section. Because it takes a number of years to reach such an agreement, it can hardly be urged that the duty of Congress to respond thereto is thereby abated. Such a proposition seems too obviously fallacious to require extended discussion. The error of the proposition is equally shown in another way. Though the Legislature of a State should make application to Congress to call a convention, it is clearly competent for it to withdraw the same at any time before the Legislatures of two-thirds of the States have applied, should it change its mind in regard to the

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necessity therefor. In other words, an application made to Congress and not withdrawn presents a *continuing* request or application. When there are before Congress unwithdrawn applications from the Legislatures of two-thirds of the States, their effect, therefore, is the same as if they had all been presented concurrently.

Another question that may be raised is, How extensive would be the authority to propose amendments of a convention called pursuant to this provision? The answer would seem clearly to be that there are no limits. The Constitution imposes none. On the contrary, it confers the most general authority upon the convention. "The Congress . . . shall propose amendments to this Constitution or . . . shall call a convention for proposing amendments." The extent, number or nature of the amendments which Congress may propose is not limited in any manner; no more is the authority of the convention limited. The Legislatures are not required to specify in any particular what amendments are desired. It would seem clear, therefore, that the convention may propose as many amendments and of whatever nature as it may see fit. It is to be borne in mind, however, that all the convention can do is to propose amendments; they acquire no validity until ratified by three-fourths of the States.

While the matter of securing direct election of Senators is probably more important, there are several others which will almost certainly receive the attention of the convention. One which should be considered is the advisability of providing that, in the future, a constitutional convention shall be called upon the application of less than two-thirds of the States. The Constitution must be essentially a stable instrument—sufficiently stable that it will not be changed by merely passing ideas. But since it operates not only as a grant, but as a limitation of the powers of the Government, it must not be so rigid that it cannot be altered to meet the needs of the times, as new and different conditions affecting the national life arise. The Constitution must be above light and whimsical changes, but it must not be so rigid and unyielding that it cannot be moulded to fit the conditions under which the nation actually exists. If it is, it is almost certain to be, not a guaranty of liberty and advancement, but a hindrance to progress, and it may eventually become an instrument of oppression. When a large

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majority of the people are convinced that the best interests of the nation require a certain change in the Constitution, it should not be within the power of a small minority to block their action. The two requirements of a Constitution just mentioned are of equal importance. The framers of the Constitution recognized this fact, and while making ample provision for the stability of that instrument they also provided a direct means by which it could be amended in response to the voice of the people. At the time of the adoption of the Constitution there were but thirteen States. The concurrence of two-thirds of them was not a matter of very great difficulty. But in the hundred and twenty-three years since the Constitution was framed the country has grown enormously, probably beyond the fondest dreams of any man then living. To-day there are forty-six States. To secure the concurrence of two-thirds of the States, which was a matter of comparative simplicity then, has become one of the greatest difficulty. It would seem that it might be well to amend Article V of the Constitution to provide that whenever one-half of the States concur in applying therefor a constitutional convention shall be called.

The stability of the Constitution is amply guaranteed. The extreme difficulty of securing the concurrence of three-fourths of the States on any proposed change itself insures that no amendment will be adopted without careful and critical analysis. The danger to-day, as our social, industrial and governmental activities are becoming more and more complex, is that the Constitution will become too far removed from the people, and through its unelasticity and the extreme difficulty of changing it to meet the conditions under which the people actually live will become a hindrance to those advances which are essential to the common good.

Another matter which many feel requires consideration is the power of the Federal Government to regulate corporations or monopolies in whatever form. New economic conditions within the past half-century have caused, or permitted, the growth of great corporations which have obtained in many instances practical control of many of the necessities of life. Operating through numerous, if not indeed through all the States, no single State can control or even adequately regulate them. The monopoly thus affected is not necessarily injurious. The elimination of competition which most of them effect is an elimination of waste and

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makes possible cheaper production. The difficulty lies in this: without adequate governmental regulation such corporations, while lessening the cost of production, are able at the same time, through gaining a monopoly on the necessities of life, to increase the price with no limit except "what the tariff will bear." We are gradually coming to realize two basic truths: First, that at least in the great industries of the nation, competition is wasteful and destructive, and that even if it were desirable, it is practically impossible to legislate against such a basic economic principle; second, that monopoly without real (as distinguished from merely nominal) regulation and control means a great increase in the cost to the consumer, and at the same time the amassing of private fortunes so enormous that they are a grave menace to society. This measure of regulation must be secured, and secured promptly. It can probably be done only by extending somewhat the powers of the Federal Government. If this be true, then such extension must be made at the earliest possible moment.

These questions, with perhaps some others, will undoubtedly receive the fullest consideration from the convention. The strongest and ablest men in the nation should and probably will be selected by their respective States as delegates to the convention. The gathering of a considerable number of such men, with the careful consideration of basic principles and mutual exchange of ideas which will result, can scarcely fail to be productive of much good.

No attempt was made in the Constitution to provide the rules by which the convention should be governed. As appears from the proceedings of the original Constitutional Convention already quoted, this was intentionally left to be determined by the subsequent conventions themselves. Nor is any provision made as to the representation of the several States. Following the precedent of the original convention, however, as well as from the very nature of the body as being a convention of the several States, it is indisputable that all are entitled to an equal voice therein. Whether the votes shall be taken by States, as in the original convention, or, the States being equally represented, by individual members, is a matter which it would seem competent for the convention itself to decide.

To show that by the action of a few more States a constitutional convention can be secured, and that when the

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requisite number of States apply an absolute duty is imposed on Congress to call the convention, which duty can be directly enforced if disregarded by that body, has been the chief purpose of this article. There are many other questions in connection with the general subject of the convention that merit discussion, but it would unduly extend this article to attempt to consider them here. It is to be hoped that during the coming year a sufficient number of States, through their Legislatures, will apply therefor to secure the early meeting of the first convention for considering the Constitution since the adoption of that instrument nearly a century and a quarter ago.

WALTER K. TULLER.

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OUR LOST OPPORTUNITY ON THE PACIFIC

BY CHARLES M. HARVEY

WHAT would the occupants of the "Tonquin," as that vessel surged across the bar and entered the Columbia River, have thought if it had been intimated to them that they were writing the preface to a chapter of American expansion which would be read with interest generations later? And yet that disclosure would have been fact.

March 24th, 1811, was the date. The "Tonquin," 290 tons burden, Captain Jonathan Thorn, commander, with a crew of twenty-one persons, was one of the supply-ships of John Jacob Astor. Several of its thirty-three passengers —Duncan McDougall, Alexander McKay, David Stuart and his nephew, Robert Stuart—were partners with Astor in the Pacific Fur Company, and the others were mechanics, voyageurs, clerks and hunters. The ship left New York on September 8th, 1810, rounded Cape Horn, passed into the Pacific on Christmas Day, and touched at Hawaii on February 11th, 1811. The expedition was to establish a fur-trading post at the mouth of the Columbia, and this ship's company laid the foundation of Astoria, the first American colony planted on the Pacific.

Another party, comprising fifteen hunters and forty-five Canadian voyageurs, under charge of Wilson P. Hunt, who was to be in command on the Pacific, accompanied by Donald McKenzie, Robert McLellan, Joseph Miller and Ramsey Crooks, other partners of Astor in this enterprise, was making its way overland from St. Louis, following, during much of its course, the route traversed by Lewis and Clark half a dozen years earlier, taking a look over the ground for the purpose of selecting strategic points for the erection of fur-trading stations in the interior. Beset by Indians, impeded by cold, heat, hunger and the obstacles of mountains, deserts, dense forests and swift, deep and tortuous rivers, many lives were lost, and the expedition, broken into

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several sections, reached Astoria at different dates between January, 1812, and January, 1813.

The projector of this undertaking, with his headquarters in New York, had larger designs and expectations than any of his partners, and not only had the imagination to conceive them, but he had the money to set them on foot. But to him the financial side of the enterprise was not the only side, as we shall see later.

At the time that the "Tonquin" was sailing into the Columbia, two large and several small fur-trading companies, under British charters, were at work in Canada. One of these, with headquarters in London, had Prince Rupert, Charles I's dashing cavalry leader, among its original projectors, and received its patent from Charles II, back in 1670, under the title of the "Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay," and claimed sovereignty over the vast region draining into that sea. The other, the Northwest Company, with headquarters in Montreal, was organized by merchants in that city in 1783 as a rival to the big corporation farther to the northward. These two, with such feeble opposition as the smaller companies set up, dominated the whole of British America and extended their operations into the northern portion of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. The Russian Fur Company, chartered at St. Petersburg, monopolized the trade in Russian America, our Alaska since 1867.

A glance backward a few years will here be necessary. In 1803, as a new war between France and England was about to begin, in which England, through her ascendancy on the ocean, might be able to seize Louisiana, Bonaparte thrust that province for $15,000,000 on Jefferson, who had opened negotiations for the purchase of the locality at the mouth of the Mississippi. With the New Orleans district east of that river, the Louisiana territory stretched westward to the Rocky Mountains. Spain owned Mexico from the time of Cortez, and in 1811 it included our present States of Texas, Utah, Nevada and California, the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and the southwest corners of Colorado and Wyoming.

The rest of our present domain north of California, Nevada and Utah, comprising Oregon, Washington and Idaho and part of the western ends of Montana and Wyoming, was in dispute between Spain, Russia, England and the United

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States. In the treaty of 1819 in which we obtained Florida, Spain gave up all her pretensions to any territory north of California, and in a pact between us and Russia in 1824 that country surrendered her shadowy rights to the region below the latitude fifty-four degrees, forty minutes, the southerly line of the present Alaska.

But even before those two countries stepped out of the dispute the United States' most formidable antagonist in the controverted region was England. Her claims were based on these circumstances chiefly: On his voyage in the Pacific Drake saw the coast of Oregon in 1580; Cook touched it in 1778; Vancouver made some explorations there in 1793.

The United States' claims were more tangible. Captain Robert Gray, a Boston sailing-master, discovered the Columbia in 1792, sailed up the river thirty miles, did some trading for furs with Indians on its banks and remained in the bay several days. Under the theory of that time that fact gave the United States a title to all the territory drained by that stream, which has its northern source in Canada. From St. Louis as a base Lewis and Clark, under Government auspices, traversed the Columbia from its southern source in the Rocky Mountains to its mouth in 1805-06, where they camped for several months.

This was the situation in the first decade of the nineteenth century. Letters and talks by Gray, Vancouver and earlier navigators told of sea-otters, seals and beaver on the Pacific coast. The journal of Patrick Gass, of the Lewis and Clark expedition, published in 1807, seven years before the official report of those chieftains saw the light, spoke of the abundance of fur-bearing animals encountered by those explorers between the mouth of the Missouri and the mouth of the Columbia. And almost at the door of the trader who would establish himself on the Pacific coast lay China, the best fur-buying market of the world at that day.

One man in America grasped the possibilities of wealth and power which would be in the hands of a company that would form a line of fur-trading posts along the southern border of the Great Lakes to the Mississippi and thence onward by way of the Missouri and the Columbia and their principal tributaries to the Pacific, with a base at some available point on that coast. At their own game the great British companies to the northward would be beaten. And at the same time, from the base on the great western ocean, the

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whole of the region on the sunset side of the Rocky Mountains up to the Arctic Circle could be brought under tribute, England could be shut out of all the country west of that range, and the entire Pacific coast up to Russian America could eventually and peacefully be placed under the Stars and Stripes.

Many enterprising fur-traders were in the United States in the opening years of the nineteenth century. Manuel Lisa founded the Missouri Fur Company in 1808. William Clark, Lewis's former partner in the exploration, was here. So were the Chouteaus, Charles Gratiot, Andrew Henry, Sylvester Labadie, Pierre Menard, William Morrison and many others who were prominently identified with the trade in peltries in St. Louis and vicinity, which was the collecting centre of this activity in this country at that time.

But none of these originated this expansive design. Its author was born in the village of Waldorf, in Germany, in 1763, just as France, at the close of the Seven Years' War, was ceding Canada to England; he sailed to our side of the Atlantic in 1783, when George III, in the treaty of Paris, was acknowledging our independence and when the merchants of Montreal were establishing the Northwest Company. He became a fur-dealer, gradually gained control of the trade south of Lakes Huron and Superior, except that which was in the hands of the Mackinaw Company, and won a reputation as a daring and resourceful operator which made his name known in Montreal, St. Louis, London and Canton. He had a dozen vessels afloat, representing a capital of $1,000,000, carrying furs to England and China in 1800; and at the time that the purchase of Louisiana in 1803 pushed our boundary to the Rocky Mountains, he was the wealthiest and most successful merchant in the United States. His name was John Jacob Astor.

Could Astor carry out his vast conception? To President Jefferson and other eminent Americans to whom he communicated his purpose it seemed feasible. Astor obtained a charter from the State of New York for the American Fur Company in 1808 with a capital of $1,000,000, all of which he subscribed himself. He planned to enter into a working arrangement with the Russian Fur Company of Alaska, whereby his vessels would furnish supplies to that corporation, as well as to his own posts on the Pacific, taking furs from the Russians in exchange for the supplies, selling

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these and his own in Canton, and disposing of other furs there for the Russian company on commission. And this arrangement was actually made later on. With one base at St. Louis, which he intended to set up, from which the supplies for the posts east of the Rocky Mountains could be carried, and with the other at the mouth of the Columbia, which would be reached by his annual supply-vessels, he would have a decisive advantage over the Northwest Company both in collecting furs in the interior and on the Pacific coast and in marketing them in China.

Some of the Northwest Company's supplies would be obtained at Fort William, north of Lake Superior, but much of them would have to be carried from Montreal, which would make the cost far greater than for Astor from St. Louis. Moreover, while Astor would have a free hand between the Pacific points and China, for the furs which he would collect from his own trappers and from the Indians whom he could reach, as well as for those which he would obtain from the Russian posts, the Northwest Company, even if it could get a base upon the Pacific, would be impeded by the fact that the British East India Company had a monopoly of England's part of the commerce of the Pacific. He had no fear of any competition which the Hudson's Bay Company could give him in the far western field. The operations of that big concern were all east of the Rocky Mountains.

Annually, from his own headquarters in New York, Astor would send his vessels round Cape Horn to the mouth of the Columbia, carrying supplies for his own posts and Russia's. The vessels would convey the furs to Canton, exchange them there for teas, disposing of these in London for British manufactures, which he would carry to New York, the entire circuit of the globe thus made to take about two years. Nor was this altogether an untried field for him. Already he had vessels making a circuit of the globe in the British and Chinese trade. He was acquainted with shippers and importers in every country which his vessels touched.

Nevertheless, with the desire of averting any possibility of jealousy or rivalry on the part of the Northwest Company, Astor told his plans to its officers before attempting to carry them into execution, asking them to take a third interest in the enterprise. They declined, but grasping the importance of the project, endeavored to occupy the ground ahead of him.

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Then it was that politics and patriotism, which he probably had in his mind tentatively all along, definitely entered the scheme. He determined to shut England and its fur-traders out of all the region west of the continental divide, not only in the territory comprised in the present States of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, but in that covered by the present provinces of British Columbia and Yukon up to the southerly line of Russian America and the Arctic Ocean.

This brings the story to 1810. Realizing that the alert and ambitious Northwest Company would attempt to forestall him when they learned his intentions, Astor obtained a charter for the Pacific Fur Company in that year with the partners already named, he contributing the money, the vessels and the supplies and holding half of the stock, the other half being distributed among his associates. This corporation was to operate at the far western end of the transcontinental chain of posts covering the activities contemplated by the American Fur Company.

Then began the race for the mouth of the Columbia between Astor's "Tonquin," which started from New York on September 8th, 1810, going by way of Cape Horn, and his overland party under Wilson P. Hunt, which left St. Louis six weeks later, and the Northwest Company overland from one of its western bases. So far as the Northwesters imagined or cared, it was a race for trade supremacy only. This, too, was all that any of Astor's partners saw in it. To Astor himself, however, it was a race for political ascendancy over half a continent.

When on March 24th, 1811, the "Tonquin" crossed the breakers and sailed into the River of the West the race was won for America. Thus, to our claims to the whole of the "Oregon country," comprising the discovery of the Columbia by Gray in 1792 and the Lewis and Clark exploration of that river and some of its southern tributaries in 1805-06, the Astoria colony established the still stronger title by occupation. With a few others, Astor in 1811 bought out the Mackinaw Company, which he named the Southwest Company, to work along the southern end of the lakes and form another link in his chain of posts to extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The preliminary steps for the conquest of the Pacific coast had been carried out successfully by Astor. From a base near the head-waters of the Peace River Alexander Mac-

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kenzie, one of the partners of the Northwest Company, crossed the Canadian Rocky Mountains in 1793 and reached the Pacific near Cape Menzies in the present British Columbia. One of his companions was the Alexander McKay who was afterward one of Astor's partners in the Pacific Fur Company. Simon Frazer, David Thompson, John Stuart and others of the Northwesters also crossed the Canadian Rockies and gave their names to streams or other landmarks on the Pacific slope. In 1804-06 Lewis and Clark met agents of the Hudson's Bay and Northwest Companies at several points on the upper Missouri in the present Dakotas and Montana. Pike saw some of the Northwesters on the upper Mississippi in 1805, when he was seeking the sources of that river. But at the time that Astor's partners laid the foundations of Astoria, the Hudson's Bay Company did not have a single post west of the Rocky Mountains in either the United States or Canada, and the few that the Northwest Company had in the valleys of the Thompson and the Fraser were isolated and far removed from all connection with their stations on the east side of that range.

With eight Canadian voyageurs at the paddles and flying the British flag, a canoe swept down the Columbia, passed the mouth of Cathlamet Bay, rounded Tongue Point, and pulled up at Point George, where the Astorians were building their trading-house and headquarters. The commander stepped ashore and introduced himself as David Thompson, astronomer, and one of the partners of the Northwest Company. This was the remnant of the expedition which had set out with orders to get ahead of Astor at the mouth of the Columbia. The date was July 15th, 1811. By more than three and a half months the Northwesters had lost the race.

With Alexander McKay as supercargo the "Tonquin" had sailed out of the Columbia on June 1st and had gone north along the coast to Nootka Sound, on Vancouver Island, to open trade with the Indians. Posts at many points in the interior—on the Willamette, the Okanagan, the Spokane and other streams — were projected. Hunt, McKenzie, Crooks and the overland party were well on their way to the mouth of the Columbia. Astor's base on the Pacific was apparently on the point of being buttressed so as to command the trade up to Alaska. Moreover, the Astorians were building a vessel for themselves, the "Dolly," which they

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were soon to launch, while Astor's second annual vessel, the "Beaver," which was to re-enforce the "Tonquin" on the route to the Columbia, was to start from New York a few months later.

Nevertheless, Thompson made a proposition to the Astorians which, had they been wise, they would have accepted. This was that if the Pacific Fur Company would pledge itself not to interfere with the trade of the Northwesters east of the Rocky Mountains they would withdraw their posts west of that range and leave Astor in undisputed possession of the trade of the coast and interior up to Alaska. Unfortunately, the offer was declined.

For at least two reasons that proposition was favorable to the American company. The Pacific field was new and far richer than the eastern region. East of the mountains the Northwesters already had rivals in Manuel Lisa's Missouri Fur Company and other United States concerns which would prevent permanent or harmful occupations by the Canadians.

McDougall, who had been a former attaché of the Northwest Company and who was to command at Astoria until Hunt arrived, extended an effusive hospitality to Thompson and also furnished him supplies for his homeward journey. On the other hand, Stuart, who viewed Thompson as a spy in the camp, thought that these favors to a rival in the trade were not fair to Mr. Astor.

On July 23d Stuart, with four clerks and four boatmen, started up the Columbia in canoes, accompanied by Thompson and his voyageurs as far as the Dallas, 200 miles from Astoria, where they separated, Stuart and his party pushing on to the mouth of the Okanagan. On the east bank of that stream, a few miles above where it flows into the Columbia, in a locality abounding in fish and game, with a climate wonderfully genial for that latitude and peopled by friendly Indians, the first interior post of the Pacific Fur Company was planted. The spot was in Okanagan County, in the northern part of the present State of Washington, 540 miles by water from Astoria, and the date of Stuart's arrival was September 2d, 1811.

The reader must have noticed that the Macs of the various prefixes — Duncan McDougall, Alexander McKay, Donald McKenzie and Robert McLellan—figure with considerable profusion in this narrative. Here is the explanation: From personal acquaintance with many of the partners of the

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Northwest Company Astor gained a high opinion of their energy and capability. These were Scotch, French and English, with the Scotch in the preponderance, while most of its employees of the humbler ranks were French Canadian half-breeds.

When Astor was forming his Pacific Fur Company he sent Wilson P. Hunt to Montreal to get recruits from the dissatisfied members of that company. From it and the one at Mackinaw, also a British corporation, he obtained most of his partners and a large majority of his lower employees. McDougall, McKay and McKenzie and also David and Robert Stuart had been connected with the Northwest Company and all were British subjects. Except McKenzie, who was a member of Hunt's overland expedition, these are the partners who went out on the "Tonquin" and established the trading-post at Astoria. By birth or allegiance three-fourths of the clerks, mechanics and voyageurs who went out on the "Tonquin" were also British. Ramsey Crooks, who was engaged by Hunt at Mackinaw, was born in Scotland and was a British subject at the time he entered the Pacific Fur Company, but years afterward he became an American citizen. McLellan and Miller, who entered the service after Hunt arrived in St. Louis preparatory to his journey westward, were Americans. So also was Hunt.

In view of the conflict between the United States and England which was impending, the fact that all the partners who went out on the "Tonquin," as well as nearly all the subordinates, were British subjects, was a circumstance of fateful import for Astor.

Astor's experience in the fur trade, his wealth, his wide acquaintance with public men and great national issues, and his soaring imagination enabled him to plan on a vast scale and to take many exigencies and accidents into the account. But there were some mischances which no human foresight could have discerned. Disaster was lurking in the shadow. Here are some of the circumstances which wrecked the Astoria enterprise:

Disobedience of orders by some of Astor's subordinates. The War of 1812. President Madison's failure to grant Astor the small privilege which would have allowed him to defend his far western post. The absence of his special representative, Hunt, when the crisis came at Astoria. The treachery of his partners at that point.

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" Treat the Indians fairly, but don't trust them too far. Every disaster which has taken place in the trade with the Indians arose from ill-using them or from placing too much confidence in them. Guard against surprises and sudden attacks."

These were Astor's words of warning to Captain Thorn just as the " Tonquin " was about to sail out of New York for Oregon. The record of the mishaps in the fur trade on the Pacific coast in the dozen previous years attested the need of these precautions. Yet when Thorn left Astoria in June, 1811, accompanied by Alexander McKay, on the trading cruise up the coast to Nootka Sound, he disregarded the injunction in each of its precepts. While at that place he insulted an Indian chief and allowed too many of the chief's tribe, who were bent on revenge, to get on his vessel. Then the inevitable happened. At a preconcerted signal they turned on the crew and killed Thorn, McKay and all the others except three or four, who met death later. A wounded man lured a large body of the Indians on the vessel the next day and then in retaliation ignited the powder in the magazine, killing himself and scores of the Indians. Thus, in a mad orgy of vengeance, the " Tonquin " disappeared.

This was the first entry in the chapter of calamity. Carried down the coast from band to band among the Indians, by vague rumor the report percolated through to Astoria by November. Diffusing itself through the interior, Stuart and his men heard it far up in the neighborhood of the Okanagan. Pushing westward from St. Louis, Hunt, McLellan and the others learned the dread tidings while still hundreds of miles from their objective point. Weakened as they were by the loss of the vessel and its crew, by the absence of Stuart and his party, disturbed by the uncertainty as to the fate of the overlanders, and menaced by threats of attack from the Chinooks and other Indians in their vicinity, the disaster to the " Tonquin " struck terror to the hearts of the Astorians.

Yet with the light-heartedness of veteran adventurers in the wilderness, the Astorians celebrated Christmas of 1811 with such feasting as was possible with their scanty stores gleaned from forest, river and sea, and New-Year's of 1812 was ushered in with salutes of artillery at the fort and with dancing and drinking until midnight. The overlanders, too, in their various divisions, some near and some far from their

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goal, halted a moment to welcome in the year which they hoped would bring fortune to their undertaking.

But a more tumultuous greeting was sounded by the guns of the fort on January 18th, when two well-loaded canoes, floating down the Columbia, rounded Tongue Point and landed at Astoria. Their occupants were McKenzie, McLellan and their nine comrades, the first detachment of the overland expedition. By the Columbia route also arrived Hunt and his party on February 15th, followed by Crooks, John Day and their rescuers of David Stuart's party on May 11th. Each detachment had encountered perils and hardships unparalleled in transcontinental adventure up to that time. On his arrival Hunt assumed command at Astoria as Astor's personal representative on the Pacific coast.

A day earlier than the advent of Crooks and Stuart the "Beaver," the second of Astor's annual vessels, arrived at the mouth of the Columbia with supplies for Astoria and for the Russian Fur Company, bringing John Clarke, another partner, and a few clerks and attachés. So far as Hunt, McDougall and their associates could see, prosperity for their enterprise was assured. Posts had been established in the interior, much fur had been gathered by the trappers, and a profitable trade had been opened with the Indians along the Columbia and some of its tributaries. On June 29th Robert Stuart, with Crooks, McLellan and a few others, started to cross the continent to report to Astor the situation on the Pacific, and, after great suffering and the loss of some lives, they reached St. Louis on April 30th, 1813, and arrived in New York in June.

But now a greater disaster than the destruction of the "Tonquin" was about to strike the Oregon colony. Congress declared war upon England on June 18th, 1812, eleven days before Stuart and his party set out for St. Louis, but the news did not reach the mouth of the Columbia until several months later. And Hunt, who, on August 4th, sailed away in the "Beaver" to New Archangel, in Alaska, to carry out Astor's plans with the Russian Fur Company, did not hear of the war until June 20th, 1813, and by a series of fatal mischances was unable to reach Astoria on his return until August 20th of that year.

As soon as war was declared, Astor applied to President Madison for letters of marque to arm and equip a vessel, at his own cost, to defend his far western settlement. The

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appeal was ignored. Though he repeated it several times and pointed out the influence which the colony would have toward extending American sway on the Pacific, neither Madison nor his Secretary of State, Monroe, even deigned to reply.

Writing a few years ago William Waldorf Astor, great-grandson of the founder of his house, attributed the administration's refusal of Astor's request to the typical American's "democratic antipathy to private fortune" at that time. Probably he is mistaken. A more plausible explanation would be the danger which Madison, a constitutionally timid person, saw nearer home, and his lack of the imagination which would have permitted him to grasp the political significance and possibilities of the Oregon enterprise.

"I learn with great pleasure the progress you have made toward an establishment on Columbia River. I view it as the germ of a great, free and independent empire on that side of our continent, and that liberty and self-government, spreading from that as well as from this side, will insure their complete establishment over the whole. It must be still more gratifying to yourself to foresee that your name will be handed down with that of Columbus and Raleigh as the father of the establishment and the founder of such an empire."

These were Jefferson's words in a letter from Monticello to Astor in 1813. Unknown to either of them, however, events were shaping themselves on the Pacific at that moment which would take the Oregon posts out of their existing owner's hands and destroy the hope of that American control of the entire northern Pacific coast of which Astor and Jefferson dreamed.

The alert Northwesters at Montreal, hearing of the declaration of war only a few days after the news reached Astor at New York, apprised their Government of the work which Astor had done and which he contemplated doing on the Pacific and urged the capture of his stations. Early in 1813 several British war-vessels rounded Cape Horn and turned their bows toward the mouth of the Columbia. They also despatched messengers to the far west with the tidings, and one day in December, 1812, John George McTavish, the partner who had charge of the Northwest Company's posts in the Rocky Mountain region, told McKenzie, of the Pacific Fur Company, at his newly established station on the Spokane, of the existence of war between England and America. Embarking in his canoe, McKenzie sped down the Columbia

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and carried consternation to McDougall and his associates at Astoria by the tale which he told when he landed there on January 15th, 1813.

In that fateful moment, with Hunt absent, with British subjects in control at Astoria, the thing which happened was not surprising. Nevertheless, it was not only regrettable, but needless. Believing that the war had cut off all connection with Astor, fearing that the "Beaver," which was long overdue on its return from Canton, had either met the "Tonquin's" fate or had been lost at sea, and believing also that England had the ascendancy on the ocean, McDougall and McKenzie decided to evacuate Astoria on June 1st, 1814, and cross the continent to safety. Stuart and Clarke opposed this course, but they were at last constrained to acquiesce, and an agreement to this effect was signed on July 1st, 1813. McDougall, the commander, took the lead in urging abandonment, and he was re-enforced in his arguments by the arrival of McTavish at the post with the report that British war-vessels were sailing up the coast.

Arriving at Astoria on August 4th, 1813, after an absence in Alaska and Hawaii of more than a year, Hunt was angry at the action of his associates, but, believing that the decision could not be altered, departed for the Sandwich Islands to get a vessel in which he could carry away Astor's furs and other property at Astoria and close his business there. But even the movable assets of the station were taken out of his hands by his perfidious partners. John Stuart and Joseph McGillivray, of the Northwest Company, arrived at Astoria from the interior by way of the Columbia on October 7th with power to buy the posts, and not only did McDougall sell these to them, but he also sold them all the furs there for about $58,000, or less than half of their market value, by a contract signed on October 23d.

The "Raccoon," 26 guns and 120 men, arrived off the mouth of the Columbia on November 30th, the British flag went up at Astoria and the post was renamed Fort George. In the treaty of peace of December 24th, 1814, in which each belligerent regained the territory which it had at the beginning of the war, Astoria was handed back to the United States.

But that was the end for Astor on the Pacific. He offered to re-establish his stations in Oregon if the United States Government would give him the protection of the flag and a

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file of soldiers, but again Madison ignored his overture. Then, under the name of the American Fur Company, he concentrated his operations along the lakes and onward to the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains. He quickly regained the millions which he had lost on his Pacific venture and acquired a greater power even than the Hudson's Bay and the Northwest companies, although these consolidated in 1821 under the title of the former corporation.

"From the account given in this chapter the reader will see with what facility the establishment of the Pacific Fur Company could have escaped capture by a British force. It was only necessary to get rid of the land party of the Northwest Company, who were completely in our power, then remove our effects up the river upon some small stream and await the result. The sloop-of-war arrived, it is true; but, as in the case I have supposed, she would have found nothing, she would have left after setting fire to our deserted houses. None of their boats would have dared follow us even if the Indians had betrayed to them our lurking-place."

Thus does Gabriel Franchere, one of the clerks who went from New York on the "Tonquin" and who was at Astoria from the beginning until the transfer of that station to the Northwest Company, indict McDougall for treachery or incapability or both. These words are from Franchere's "Narrative," published in French in Montreal in 1820, and translated into English in 1854. Although a Canadian and in sympathy with England in the War of 1812, he was loyal to his employer, Astor.

Betrayal of the Astorians was the last thing that the Chinooks, the tribe which occupied the territory at the mouth of the Columbia, would have thought of doing. Comcomly, their one-eyed chief, who could see farther and clearer than many men with two eyes, had his warriors armed, painted and ready to slaughter McTavish and the rest of the Northwesters, who had neither ammunition nor food save what McDougall gave them and only awaited a word from McDougall to begin the attack. As the "Raccoon" could not come within six miles of Fort Astoria, and as its men would have to land in small boats, Comcomly asked permission for his warriors to kill them as they came to the shore, and he denounced McDougall for his treachery or cowardice in allowing the British to lower the American flag at that post and to put up the British emblem in its place.

"McDougall, as a reward," said Franchere, "for betraying the trust reposed in him by Mr. Astor, was made a part-

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ner in the Northwest Fur Company." "Had our place and our property," wrote Astor to Hunt afterward, "been fairly captured I should have preferred it. I should not feel as if I were disgraced."

Thus the British fur trade was allowed to strike its roots deeply on the Pacific coast, and a vast region, containing millions of inhabitants to-day, was allowed to remain in dispute between England and the United States. Through private enterprise, chiefly through settlement in the valley of the Columbia, our title at last became so manifest that it was recognized in the Anglo-American treaty of 1846 by which we obtained undisputed possession of all the territory up to the forty-ninth parallel.

But this is only half of the territory which we would have gained if the Astor project had been carried out. The present provinces of British Columbia and Yukon, which were not valued highly by either the British Government or the few hundred thousand people of Canada, nearly all of whom were thousands of miles to the eastward, would have passed into our possession by the peaceful process of occupation and expansion. And then, when California came into our hands in 1848 and when Russia handed Alaska over to us in 1867, we should have had an unbroken coast-line from San Diego up to Point Barrow, far above the Arctic Circle.

Whatever form may be taken by the observance in March, 1911, of the centenary of the establishment of the Astoria colony, let the American people render due tribute to the memory of the immigrant from Waldorf, the "village in the wood," whose continent-spanning prevision would have placed the Great Lakes and Hudson's Bay in the centre of the United States if the treachery of some of his associates and the blindness and cowardice of the head of the United States Government had not stepped in to thwart his plans.

CHARLES M. HARVEY.

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MARIE HAY, INTELLECTUAL ROMANTIC

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON

MRS. FRASER, in her delightful book, "A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands," sums up in the following quotation the most blighting influence that the letters of any country has ever known:

"There was something about Agassiz which I missed even in Lowell, and do miss in the make-up of most learned Americans—vitality. They may be truly learned, courteous and refined, but the temperament seems to me to be below par. Could one test it with a clinical thermometer, I am sure it would fall short of normal heat—the point in which in corporeal sickness the physicians prescribe stimulants. The nice, good, cultured American strikes us more vigorous Europeans as either fundamentally effete or temporarily under-vitalized; you can never get a good hot flame or a hard hit out of him. He is more of an eclectic than a producer, an intellectual epicurean whose loves and hates are represented by a careful yet tepidly neutral attitude of criticism or approval."

This is really an arraignment of one of the most striking phenomena in the youngest and most energetic of the nations: a thoroughly artificial standard in its literature, with all that that means; artificiality in manners and morals; a narrow horizon contracting the mere surface of life; hypocrisy, pusillanimity; and a cold, flat style which would be out of date in the oldest country in Europe.

Putting Hawthorne and Poe beside the question and alluding only to the Boston Bores, I have a theory that these founders of our literature, timid, but taking themselves very seriously indeed, came to a tacit agreement to model their style upon the "Spectator" of Addison and praise one another into fame. With such an indubitably respectable model. and all writing alike, they argued that they could not go wrong; and who, pray, in that busy new country was there to criticise them? In a young nation teeming with the originality and audacity of youth the men that composed this group seem to have been the only ones without a spark

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of either of our native characteristics; but they had a sort of sneaking cleverness which enabled them to form a trust and hang on to it while the majority of their fellow countrymen were making cities and history.

These men burrowed along, weak in the knees, but putting forth the dried fruit of their labors with an air of omniscience which deluded those that had time to read. Success multiplies itself; they set the magazine standard; the new recruits, knowing of nothing better, or not wishing to starve, imitated them; but the fell result was that the reading world, gradually growing wider, was inoculated with the aged virus until its blood was almost as white as that of the Literary Fathers. But what else could happen to the poor things? Ambition being their inheritance, they went in for intellect as soon as they could, and were grateful for a recipe.

That was several generations ago; the Boston Bores are dead and for the most part forgotten; their disciples to-day, after a brief career with the critics and *les précieux,* go to the dust-bin and stay there; but, curiously enough, in spite of the fact that during the last ten or fifteen years we have learned to think for ourselves, learned that no style is worth anything that is not individual expression, the taint of that old influence still lingers. Many new writers, possibly because they are conscious of having brains without originality, imitate that flat, anæmic, safely "literary" style of our Addisonian ancestors, and a certain order of critic clings to the old standard as to the Rock of Ages. Both author and critic may be dull and doomed, but at least they can tell all who will listen that they are too good to be appreciated; and people seem to get more pleasure in this attitude than the really great from their hard-earned fame. When one reflects that in a population of ninety million people there must be a sufficient number of intelligent readers to make the rarest genius famous, this attitude is not merely pitiful, but absurd; and the consistent failure of those that cling to or adopt it should by this time have convinced them that the United States has done with the old methods once for all.

An elderly spinster, who, I understand, is a professor in a girls' college, while reviewing one of last year's novels, pronounced that as the holy fathers and their disciples had proved themselves unable to deal with the human passions,

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it was not for any one else to undertake the hopeless (and, presumably, indelicate) task; the inference being that there are no human passions in the United States. Oh, Boston! Boston! Even now you do not realize that your Nemesis is the West.

All of this brings me to Marie Hay and the astounding fact that her vivid, pulsing, historical romance, "The Winter Queen," has been published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin Company. It was sufficiently startling that Charles Scribner's Sons should have risked contamination with "A German Pompadour," but that the firm which for so long has been synonymous with Boston itself should publish a work of historical fiction which is alive from first to last with the passions of real men and women, the work of a writer for whom conventions, particularly when handling love scenes, do not exist, would be paralyzing in its effect were it not that for some time past it has been manifest to the close observer that this old firm (never, at least, a coward, for it published Bret Harte and his naughty people) had loosened the bonds of tradition.

It is not the purpose of this article to write a criticism of "The Winter Queen" (that would require almost as much space as the book covers itself), but to call attention to this new personality in English letters so strangely shepherded by two of the most Puritanical firms in the United States. One is driven to wonder, by the way, if either of these good shepherds would have taken to their fold so wayward a lamb of their own nationality. I fancy not. So let us be thankful that these two remarkable books have come to us from overseas and bear so respectable an imprint. The last will reassure the timid reader into buying or borrowing; and, incidentally, he will receive much enlightenment.

Marie Hay (Baroness Hindenburg), a young Scotch woman of two great historic families, whose childhood was one of the most extraordinary and tragic with which a future writer of fiction was ever blessed, and an extensive knowledge of the world, has chosen to begin her literary career with the historical novel, or, to be more accurate, the fictional biography; but beyond accepting the form she adheres to none of the popular recipes. With that curious attitude to life that all Americans who have lived in England have observed in men and women of her rank, she assumes that,

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like the rest of the privileged class, she dwells in a separate and rarefied stratum. No laws exist for her! If she has anything to say she says it, and results are not even considered. Being a consummate woman of the world, however, she exercises this prerogative and causes her diplomatist husband no embarrassment. It is all a question of taste, and probably it is only in women of the world that taste is unerring.

Being also a woman of originality, as well as of an exceptionally vigorous mind, she has put far more life, audacity, and truth into these people dug out of dusty archives, than is to be found in many of the best of modern novels. In reading this pathetic and tragic life of Elizabeth, granddaughter of Mary of Scots, and Queen of Bohemia for a winter, we not only find a sort of epitome of all the Stuarts, but a modern woman who lives and suffers, fascinates and sacrifices. Not a character in the book is an historical puppet; they are, indeed, almost disconcertingly alive: so strong is the force of habit, one sometimes resents being deprived of the detached attitude bred in us by historical romances, in being forced to live with these people dead and dust three hundred years ago.

No woman in the frankest of modern novels has been probed more deeply than Elizabeth Stuart in this long biographical romance bristling with facts. That she was a good woman (although she humanly resented this self-imposed necessity more than once) makes the achievement the more remarkable. The heroine of "A German Pompadour," being as wicked as she was clever, was born to coruscate in romance, and the wonder is that no one extracted her from the Stuttgart archives before Madame von Hindenburg, with too much time on her hands at the dull little court, took refuge in the past. But Elizabeth, who, in spite of a profound capacity for romantic love, of one of the keenest temptations that ever assailed a woman, and a mannikin for a husband, yet remains virtuous, is made in the hands of this author, at least, to appear far more complex and fascinating than her naughty predecessor; even her life blood flows more vigorously, her pulses beat louder. This, as all psychological authors know, is a very great achievement. To make a good woman really interesting in fiction which does not depend upon the mere story to carry it, is about the hardest task a novelist can set himself. Marie

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Hay's achievement in this book is curiously like that of Berta Morena's portrayal of Elizabeth in "Tannhäuser": she makes that usually colorless maiden as seductive as Venus—plus virtue.

Marie Hay's power, no doubt, lies in the fact that not only is she a born artist, but that she has a mind both intellectual and romantic—a most unusual combination. No matter how deeply she probes, how relentlessly she exposes hidden sores and ugly recesses, the romance in her soul is never cool for an instant; it even burns during the necessarily long intervals of narrative and description, flooding them with light and color. On the other hand, this rare gift for pure romance never obscures her vision, distorts the mass of facts so laboriously collected, diminishes the value of her work as history. Before she lets her imagination go in scenes of singular felicity, passion, or tragedy, she gathers and arranges sound historical data, and to this foundation she adds a deeper knowledge of life and human nature than is to be found in the work of any living Briton. The other Englishwomen now making novels have a very narrow range. Most of them treat London as if it were Cranford, and the most popular among them has too much reverence for her position as an estimable British matron to give her real talent for fiction full scope. She could create human beings. She manufactures a perfect skeleton, clothes it in garments that have thrilled the novel-reading world; but between there is dough. Perhaps she is afraid (like some of our own) of not conveying the impression of high aristocracy. Marie Hay, being born an aristocrat, fears nothing. There is one more good argument against socialism.

Just now there is a great fuss being made in England over the more recent group of novelists, because they are devoting their attentions to the dreariness of small middle-class life. Every class should have its chroniclers, and many of the novels of this group are valuable and interesting; no doubt, of that. Petty as the details necessarily must be, sordid the tragedies, narrow the range in writing of people that have seen nothing of life, one is compelled to read every line for the sake of the truth that is in it. But sometimes one questions whether these brilliant writers see the whole truth themselves, earnest and eager in its pursuit as they are. Arnold Bennett, for in-

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stance, in "An Old Wives' Tale," makes a curious failure with the most interesting woman he ever drew, the girl who ran away to Paris and stayed there for thirty years. Whether Mr. Bennett was determined to keep every page of his long book upon the same plane of highly charged monotony, or whether he knows nothing at all about the unusual woman (to which class this heroine of his belonged), no one but himself can tell; but certainly no woman writer canny in the psychology of her sex would have turned that girl from a powder-magazine into an automaton.

To return to Marie Hay (one can never write of one author without thinking of many others), it seems to me that she shows more promise of becoming a great novelist, when her historical loves are disposed of, than any woman now writing in England. Nor do I see that she has much to fear from the men. She has the grand manner—possessed by none of them—a wholly unself-conscious fearlessness and audacity, the genuine story-telling faculty, a knowledge of the world from A to Z, an extraordinarily facile and plastic imagination, and a mind in which romance and the power of psychological analysis are evenly balanced. That she is out for a long literary career, no one that has read these two books will doubt, for no mortal conditions will ever satisfy a nature like that. The world for inscrutable reasons goes on multiplying itself from ants up to humans (the last with egos which they call souls), but the only true life and the only true religion is art. The few that are called become slaves of another sort, but their compensation is that they have two egos instead of one; and who, pray, after that experience, can be driven back to what the world with its limited vocabulary calls Life? That is what makes the critics so funny.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

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ARMY MORALS AND THE CANTEEN

BY JAMES H. BLOUNT

A RECENT editorial in the New York "Evening Mail" on the Army Canteen says:

"With the publication of the annual reports of the commanders-in-chief of the various military departments of the United States one fact becomes additionally clear, and that is that the liquor question in the army is still an unsolved problem. It appears to be a fact that a considerable majority of officers immediately associated with troops heartily favor the restoration of the canteen system under which the sale of beer and light wines was permitted at army post exchanges. Yet not all of them."

The law which abolished the "canteen system" was passed February 2d, 1901. It reads:

"Section 38. The sale or dealing in beer, wine or any intoxicating liquor by any person in any post exchange or canteen or army transport or upon any premises used for military purposes by the United States is hereby prohibited. The Secretary of War is hereby directed to carry the provision of this section into effect."

In the House of Representatives on December 19th, 1910, Mr. Bartholdt of Missouri introduced a bill, which was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs and ordered to be printed, proposing the repeal of this law.

This law having now been on trial for about a decade, and the "canteen system" having previously been in vogue for about the same length of time, it might be well to compare the two, since matters affecting the efficiency of the army are vital to the national defence.

The army is not near enough to the people. They are proud enough of it when they happen to recollect that it exists, but they do not know its needs as do its officers. That is why, before it had settled down to the routine of peace after the Spanish War, in an hour of general and justifiable disgust at the exceptional excesses of certain soldiers, a group of well-intentioned persons with a pet idea were able to put through Congress the law revoking the

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license of the soldier's club and relegating him for recreation to public houses. That is also why the same influences, aided, though not co-operated with by the obvious pecuniary interest of the whiskey people, have been able to prevent the repeal of the law, despite the soldier's chorus of protest which is led annually by the Commanding General of the army, supported by the Surgeon-General and accompanied by ominous echoes from the fighting machine itself.

Any man may properly impute to himself love of country. And any man acquainted with the facts who loves his country would like to see the law in question wiped off the statute-books. Hence this attempt to present the facts.

The writer has no wish to draw the "Mail" into the Ten Years' War between the total-abstinence ladies and the army as to who should run the army, but he will take the liberty of using its editorial aforesaid as a text for a plea for the restoration of the canteen.

In the first place, the entirely fair and impartial editorial in question is based upon a mistake of fact. It is entitled "When Doctors Disagree" and says:

"Major-General Frederick D. Grant, commanding the Department of the Lakes, who formerly urged a return to the canteen, has abandoned that view of the case and favors the retention of the present system, under which the sale of intoxicants on military reservations is prohibited. The other side of the controversy is taken by Major-General Ramsay D. Potts, commanding the Department of Luzon, Philippines division, who earnestly recommends the restoration of the canteen as a means of saving American soldiers in the islands from the hideous effects of native liquors sold near army posts."

As a matter of fact, the only official utterances General Grant has ever made concerning the canteen are the following. In 1903, while commanding the Department of Texas, he said:

"It is hardly necessary to state that the prohibition of the sale of beer in the post exchange has resulted in a great increase in the number of saloons, generally of the lowest class, in the vicinity of all posts and consequent injury to discipline."*

In 1904, while commanding the Department of the Lakes, he said:

"The Chief Surgeon says there is little question in his mind that the abolition of the canteen has increased the consumption of strong drink

* War Department Reports, 1903, Vol. III, p. 123. Quoting and concurring in the opinion of his judge advocate, of which, unfortunately, space does not permit reproduction in full here.

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among the enlisted men of the army and that its restoration would be a move in the practical promotion of temperance."*

In 1905, while commanding the Department of the East, he said:

"It is my belief that fully seventy-five per cent. of these trials (courts-martial) were due to the use of bad liquor dispensed to our soldiers by persons who conduct dens of vice in the vicinity of military posts. These depraved creatures and lewd women use every device in their power to induce the soldiers to patronize their brothels, where those who yield to temptation are frequently drugged and robbed. It is distressing that the *prosperity of the keepers of vile resorts is due to the activity of good and worthy, though misguided, citizens who have succeeded in abolishing the canteen in the army.* With the establishment of the canteen, which was the soldier's club, the influence of these demoralizing resorts near army posts would be greatly reduced and many of them would disappear."†

In 1906, while commanding the Department of the East, he said:

"After another year's study . . . I am convinced that I underestimated the proportion. . . . I now believe that no less than ninety per cent. of all the troubles that occur in the army are due to the use of liquor." (Note the word—not beer, but "liquor.")‡

As to General Potts, the following extract from his report for 1910 as Commanding General of the Department of Luzon, Philippine Islands—regrettably abbreviated for lack of space—will suffice to show that this is *not* a case "Where Doctors Disagree."

"An examination of the court-martial records for the past year indicates very clearly that a majority of the cases tried by inferior courts, and a considerable number of those tried by general court-martial, are directly traceable to the use of native liquors.

"At the post of Fort William McKinley a great proportion of the sickness results from the use of such liquor, in the first place, and the subsequent reckless association with disreputable women. The effect of such upon young Americans serving in these islands is too serious to temporize with. I can only suggest the removal of temptation by providing a substitute for the vile native liquors in the shape of beer and possibly light wines through the post exchange."

An examination of the full text of this report will show that it is a violation of the law of the islands to sell liquor to soldiers, but that American colonial experience in this matter is not unlike that of the genial commercial traveller who said: "The only difference I find between a prohibition State and any other is in the *quality* of the liquor."

* War Department Reports, 1904, Vol. III, p. 55.
† War Department Reports, 1905, Vol. III, p. 16.
‡ War Department Reports, 1906, Vol. III, p. 19.

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A Washington despatch to the New York "Times," dated December 7th, 1910, quotes General Duvall, commanding the United States troops in the Philippines, as making, in his annual report, a similar protest and also as expressing the conviction that an investigation by a committee of Congress would result in prompt remedial legislation.

General Corbin was (practically) in command of the army in 1902, General Young in 1903, General Chaffee in 1904-05, General Barry in 1906, General Bell in 1907-08-09, and General Wood in 1910.

General Corbin was by many considered to have been the ablest administrative officer the army has known since the Civil War. He had a genius for administration, for directing great affairs, which the nation at large first learned at the time of the Spanish War. His testimony, clear as a bugle call, rings true to the soldier's instinct for organized efficiency. Referring to the stubborn fact that, as he puts it:

"The almost universal testimony of post and company commanders is that many more men will leave the post to get drink when none can be obtained thereon than if there were beer and light wines sold at the post exchange,"

he says, with the eloquence of intelligent and intense conviction:

"If it were possible by my act to absolutely stop the manufacture and use of intoxicating drinks of any kind, I would do so; if it were possible by my act to prevent the use by any person in the military service of intoxicating drinks, I would do so; but realizing that the impossible, however desirable, must give way to what is possible and practicable, I am firmly of the opinion that it would be in the interests of discipline to re-establish the canteen feature of the post exchange, recognizing that in this way the evil of the use of drink can be minimized."*

Two years later the same witness says:

"It would seem unnecessary to argue to a fair-minded person the superiority of a system which provides a mild alcoholic beverage at reasonable cost in moderate quantities, under strict military control, to one which results in luring the soldier away from his barrack to neighboring dives where his body and soul are poisoned by vile liquors, with the accompanying vice of harlotry, and where his money is taken from him by gamblers and thieves."†

Such was the opinion of one who ranked among the modern masters of military administration.

Next we come to a military commander whose specialty

* Quoted by General Chaffee in 1904. War Department Reports, 1904, Vol. I, p. 231.

† War Department Reports, 1906, Vol. III, p. 75.

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was fighting. In 1903 General Young was at the head of the army. Says he, in part:

"Reports received from officers of all grades . . . exhibit practical unanimity of opinion as to the evil effects of this restriction (the law under discussion) . . . in increased drunkenness; in loathsome diseases contracted while men are under the influence of a bad or drugged liquor; in increased desertion resulting from the same cause, the men while in a drugged condition being robbed by depraved associates of both sexes and for this reason reluctant to return to their posts."*

In 1904-05 General Chaffee was at the head of the army. General Chaffee has, perhaps, done hard fighting in more different places on the globe and been brevetted more different times for gallantry in action than any other American officer now living. He served through the Civil War, many Indian campaigns, the Santiago campaign and in the Philippines, and commanded the American forces in the advance of the Allied Armies on Peking during the Boxer troubles of 1900. In his report for 1904† we find expressions of opinion of which the following are samples:

"These desertions can be in large part attributed to the malign influences of saloons and brothels situated near the reservations, seducing enlisted men from the paths of decency."

"The canteen provided places of amusement and social intercourse, where men could get light refreshments under restraining, decent and orderly influences."

"If men are unable to get a glass of beer in a decent and orderly manner in the garrison they will resort to the vile brothels which cluster around the borders of the reservations, where they drink all manner of alcoholic beverages and often sink into debauchery and ruin."

"With the beginning of the work on the addition to the post of Fort Sam Houston it is observed that the prices of business property immediately in the rear of the new reservation have materially advanced and that arrangements are already being made for the construction of the usual assortment of saloons and dives that the virtual abolition of the canteen feature of the post exchange has made a universal accompaniment of every military post."

"I think it is beyond question that permission to sell beer in the post exchange would drive out of business at least two-thirds of the lower resorts in the vicinity of posts."

The next witness whom General Chaffee introduces is Brigadier-General William H. Carter, well known to the readers of the REVIEW as a writer on military subjects and a soldier of splendid ability. He reports to the War Department from his station in the Philippines, where at the date

* War Department Reports, 1903, Vol. I, p. 142.
† War Department Reports, Vol. I, p. 230, *et seq.*

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of writing he was in command of one of the three military departments into which the archipelago is divided:

"The construction of some of the posts has been followed by the usual crop of saloons. With the well-regulated post exchange of former days the weak had a choice of evils and generally chose the less—the pure beer of the exchange. So long as the misguided Christian women of America insist upon carrying the "canteen" question into politics, young soldiers whose powers of resistance to temptation are below the normal, or not firmly exercised, will continue to fall victims to the plagues of service in India and the Orient generally—drunkenness, dissolute company and venereal diseases."

General Barry, who was acting head of the army in 1906; General Bell, who occupied the same high and responsible station in 1907-09, and General Wood, now Chief of Staff, are, like all their predecessors since the law passed, as united against it as if it were a foreign invader.

Be it remembered here, circumspectly and with reverence, that we are talking about efficiency, not evangelization. And even from the latter standpoint there should be more joy over the one soldier that is saved from killing a comrade in a drunken brawl originating in the low resorts outside of an army post, set up to catch the soldier trade, than over the ninety-and-nine that are safe inside the reservation.

If the distinguished gentleman from prohibition Maine who fathered this anti-canteen law in the national House of Representatives and has ever since refused to perceive any congenital deformity in his progeny had left Congress to become a judge in the Philippines, as did one of his colleagues, it might have fallen to his lot to preside at the trial of just such a case, and if he had done so, in sentencing a fellow countryman to serve out a large part, perhaps all, of the rest of his natural life in some far-away Philippine prison, he would have had brought home to him a fair sample of some of the workings of his law and would then and there beyond peradventure have exclaimed with an humble and a contrite heart, "Father, forgive me, for I knew not what I did."

This is no labored fancy. Just such a case was once tried by the writer, who, though not then knowing the name of the author of this most unwise law and being entirely free from any prejudgment concerning it, pondered the Spanish criminal code in every phase of its application to

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the facts in an effort to find the minimum sentence it would permit him to impose. The circumstances of the killing did not show that " abandoned and malignant heart " which enters into the legal definition of murder. And, fortunately, for the wish to extend mercy which tempered the process of interpreting and administering the law of the case, the Spanish law, unlike our own, provides, very sensibly, that the circumstance of intoxication may be taken into consideration in mitigation of the severity of the punishment, provided the intoxication is not shown to be habitual and the intention to kill was not conceived *before* the defendant became drunk, the philosophy of the second proviso being to head off the too frequent excuse or plea in mitigation that the deed was done under a sudden heat of passion in a drunken frenzy and not with malice aforethought. The case alluded to is that of Highfill *vs.* United States, Vol. IV, pp. 384-9, Philippine Reports, where the verdict of the trial court was affirmed.

The Highfill case was one of those many tragedies which have occurred in the army as a result of the operation of the law abolishing the canteen. It presents a pathetic glimpse at what some modern Hogarth might cartoon as " An Anti-Canteen Law Pay-day."

We have already listened to the several generals who have been in command of the army since the anti-canteen law and to some of their more eminent subordinates. Volumes of similar testimony swell the chorus. There are some four thousand commissioned officers in the army and those who would not like to see the canteen restored " for the good of the service " are as rare as proselyted Catholics. Let us now turn to the expert medical testimony available.

Says the Surgeon-General of the United States army, in his report for 1910 (page 59):

> " The venereal peril has come to outweigh in importance any other sanitary question which now confronts the army, and neither our national optimism nor the Anglo-Saxon disposition to ignore a subject which is offensive to public prudery can longer excuse a frank and honest confrontation of the problem."

The total number of admissions to hospital for the cause indicated for the fiscal year were 14,640, or about twenty per cent.—*one-fifth of the total enlisted strength of the army.* Says the report:

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"An increase not only over the preceding year, but *over any other year of which there is record* except 1905. These figures are out of all proportion to those which obtain in the European armies."

The mean annual rate of admission to hospital for the same cause during the decade prior to the Spanish War (1888-1897), when the canteen kept the soldier more at home, was seven and one-half per cent.*

The figures covering the tenth year of the anti-canteen law will not be available until the issuance of the annual report of the Surgeon-General for 1911 in the coming fall, but the figures for the last nine years concerning the percentage of enlisted men admitted to hospital for diseases resulting from immorality are horrible enough. Watch the barometer:

1901 (13,911 men, out of 92,491)	15%	(a)
1902	16%	(b)
1903 (a fraction over)	15%	(c)
1904 (nearly one-fifth of the whole army)	20%	(d)
1905 (more than one-fifth of the army, or a fraction over)	20%	(e)
1906	19%	(f)
1907	19 6/10%	(g)
1908	19 4/10%	(h)
1909	20%	(i)

The report of the Surgeon-General of the army for 1907† says:

"This office concurs in the opinion expressed by most medical officers of the army that the abolition of the sale of beer in the post exchanges has had much to do with the increase of venereal diseases and alcoholism in the army by driving the soldiers to disreputable resorts outside of the post and beyond control of the post authorities."

In his annual report for 1903‡ the Surgeon-General says:

* 70.60 per thousand. War Department Reports, 1902, Vol. II, p. 622. The military medical statistics always give the number of men per thousand, but to a layman percentages are more immediately intelligible. The canteen was not authorized until February 1st, 1889 (see War Department Reports, 1904, Vol. I, p. 230). Those who have not access to the unpublished archives of the War Department must take such tables as its reports furnish.

(a) War Department Reports, 1902, Vol. I, p. 621.
(b) War Department Reports, 1903, Vol. II, p. 162.
(c) War Department Reports, 1904, Vol. II, p. 153.
(d) War Department Reports, 1905, Vol. II, p. 95.
(e) War Department Reports, 1906, Vol. II, p. 88.
(f) War Department Reports, 1907, Vol. II, p. 82.
(g) War Department Reports, 1908, Vol. II, p. 96.
(h) War Department Reports, 1909, Vol. II, p. 122.
(i) Surgeon-General of Army, Pamphlet Report, 1910, p. 59.

† War Department Reports, 1907, Vol. II, p. 92.
‡ War Department Reports, 1903, Vol. II, p. 163.

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"In February, 1901, the sale of beer was prohibited in post exchanges and admission rates (for alcoholism) increased markedly that year.

"It is impossible also not to attribute a large part of the steadily increasing venereal disease of the army to the loss of the canteen, where the soldier, if he so desired, could get his beer throughout the month, but was *not subjected to temptations to intemperance and vice now attendant upon the expenditure of a full month's pay at the low resorts infesting the outskirts of our military reservations.*"

The year the canteen was established, 1889, the Surgeon-General reported:

"Prohibition on the military reservation has been suggested *and tried,* but this has immediately invited the establishment of dens of dissipation and disease just beyond the jurisdiction of the commanding officer. License *on* the reservation, in the opinion of our medical officers, is infinitely preferable to unbridled license outside of it. *It is believed that the canteen system will have a greater effect in reducing statistics of alcoholism than any measure that has yet been tried.*"*

Let us see how this prophecy turned out.

The reports of the successive Surgeons-General of the army since 1901 furnish the following information concerning the number of men relatively to the total enlisted strength of the army admitted to hospital for alcoholism in past years.

Mean annual rate for decade 1879–1888 (before canteen)	5 7/10%
Mean annual rate for decade 1889–1898 (under canteen)	2 9/10%
Rate for 1889	4 1/10%
Rate for 1890	4 %
Rate for 1891	4 %
Rate for 1892	3 7/10%
Rate for 1893	3 4/10%
Rate for 1894	3 1/10%
Rate for 1895	3 %
Rate for 1896	2 9/10%
Rate for 1897	2 8/10%

"In 1898 the altered conditions consequent on the Spanish-American War prevented further comparisons. There is less drunkenness among troops in active service than in command doing garrison duty in time of peace."

This last remark is also pertinent to the years of the fighting in the Philippines, 1899 and 1900, when the rate was one and one-half per cent.

"The steady decrease of late years (before the Spanish War) in the admissions for alcoholism among the men of the regular army is a matter for congratulation. *Military officers may be said* to be unanimous in their opinion that this was mainly the result of the establishment of the post exchange or canteen at military posts."†

* Quoted in Surgeon-General's report for 1903, War Department Reports for 1903, Vol. II, p. 163.

† War Department Reports, 1901, Vol. II, p. 710.

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Now let us turn to the statistics of the Surgeon-General concerning alcoholism *since* the act of February 2d, 1901. Observe this barometer also:

1901	2 2/10% (a)
1902	2 3/10% (b)
1903	2 5/10% (c)
1904	2 5/10% (d)
1905	3 % (e)
1906	3 2/10% (f)
1907	3 6/10% (g)

The percentage for 1908 (three per cent.) shows the patient rallying somewhat and that for 1909 (two and one-half per cent.) a further rally, but to deny the relation of cause and effect established by the above tables is to forfeit the presumption of amenability to reason.

It was not such a great while after our brief war with Spain that in response to a wave of righteous disgust and mortification which swept over the country at the drunken excesses of some of our returning "heroes" prior to their muster out, to say nothing of those who enlisted to fight Spaniards, but who, unlucky enough not to be ordered to the front, remained at home in garrison to fight a more insidious foe on pay-days "on the bloody fields of" Newport, Chickamauga and elsewhere, Congress passed the law abolishing the canteen feature of the army post exchange. It was put through Congress at a time when the hearts of the mothers whose sons had participated in the Spanish War or its Philippine sequel were still either buoyed with happy or bowed with solemn pride, according as the son came home "with his shield" or "on it." The pulse of the country had not yet settled down to normal. The heart of the nation still glowed with pardonable pride in the glory then lately won for it by Sampson's fleet and Hobson's feat, and the Rough Riders and the Regulars, in the western hemisphere, and by Dewey and Funston in the eastern, and by Lawton in both. As a record of the state of public feeling at the time we may recall that during the short session of Congress of the winter of 1900-01, at which the bill was passed, when the hero of El Caney and

(a) War Department Reports, 1902, Vol. I, p. 622.
(b) War Department Reports, 1903, Vol. II, p. 162.
(c) War Department Reports, 1904, Vol. II, p. 157.
(d) War Department Reports, 1905, Vol. II, p. 115.
(e) War Department Reports, 1906, Vol. II, p. 100.
(f) War Department Reports, 1907, Vol. II, p. 92.
(g) War Department Reports, 1909, Vol. II, p. 138.

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San Mateo was shot through the heart in the forefront of battle in the hour of victory, leaving a grief-stricken widow in meagre circumstances, the people of the United States raised by popular subscription within a very short time and presented to Mrs. Lawton $100,000 in cash. What a felicitously sentimental period of the country's history for the total abstinence societies to descend upon Congress!

It appears that in 1898 an official of a certain civic-welfare society had witnessed at a fort near Newport what he termed "the canteen in operation on pay-day." What he and other probably worthy but presumably paid advocates reported of this and other like cases undoubtedly had much to do with arousing the Christian women of the country, and through them public sentiment, to demand of Congress the summary abolition of such foul things as they made people believe all army canteens to be. What wonder that Congress abolished the canteen if it believed that a description like the following was typical of the daily operation of the canteen at a regular army post in time of peace:

"Behind the bar stood a soldier and a professional bartender, both drenched in perspiration and beer, dealing out drinks as fast as they could to the soldiers, who stood four deep in front, howling for it, in all stages of intoxication, while a 'skin game' of gambling on the floor at one end of the bar was making away with all the money that had not been spent," etc.*

The witness goes on to say that they went from what he terms this "preparatory course in beer" to "deeper drinking in the city saloons, which they crowded, where they had more gambling; and from this second course many went on to a third, which I need not mention."

Then while admitting that "canteens are not all alike, any more than outside saloons," he insists:

"But I have pictures and testimony to prove *that* one fairly representative."

Note as to the use of the words "saloon" and "canteen" that he apparently considers both equally vile. Your simon-pure prohibitionist refuses to recognize any difference in principle relative to legislation concerning public order, health or morals, between a beer-garden run by an honest German, where people of Teutonic antecedents or tastes may take their families or friends, and a gin-mill run

* See an article by the president of the W. C. T. U. in the REVIEW for February, 1903.

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by a thug, ably assisted by a staff of "cadets." All are alike intolerable.

From the debate on the "anti-canteen amendment" to the Army bill (December 6th, 1900) it is evident that its passage was a foregone conclusion from the start. The Prohibitionists manipulated cleverly a temporary balance of power. Democrats and Republicans alike voted with them. Various members felt it necessary to "explain their vote"—to their constituents at home, of course. The author of the law, Mr. Littlefield, confident of a safe majority and desiring to cut off debate and get the thing done with, said:

"I care not what reasons men may have . . . so long as they *record their votes.*"

Mr. Fitzgerald of Massachusetts in vain sought to stem the tide. He said:

"I think he [Mr. Littlefield], as well as every sensible member of this House, must realize the fact that the canteen system as now practised and carried out in the army is easily the best method of handling this great question. It seems to me that if we are not going to act as hypocrites we ought to vote down the amendment offered by the gentleman from Maine. . . ."

And he added, as a parting shot from the vanquished at the victor, this reference to the State where prohibition was born:

"There is more liquor sold [in Maine] and as openly as in any community in the United States. . . . The gentleman knows I am speaking the truth."

Mr. Hay of Virginia was under the very general misapprehension that strong drink, as well as beer, was allowed to be sold at the canteen; and when corrected by Mr. Slayden of Texas replied that a man could get just as drunk on beer as on whiskey, to which Mr. Slayden replied, "Hardly."

In examining the debate, one reads *in* as well as *between* the lines grave apprehension upon the part of good men and true that the effect of the law would be bad for the soldier and grave doubt as to whether he would be "*protected from the evils of intemperance by this legislation,*" as the author of the bill so cheerily promised in speaking for it.

Having served, while an officer of the Volunteer Army of Cuban Invasion, in 1898, on General Wood's Headquarters Staff, after the fall of the city of Santiago de Cuba, as Judge-Advocate of the Department of Santiago, the writer sent a

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copy of the foregoing article to his old commander, with a request for comment. His answer is as follows:

"WAR DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF STAFF,
WASHINGTON

"*December 19th 1910.*

"DEAR CAPTAIN BLOUNT,—I have read the within article with interest. I agree with the general conclusions which you reach as to the effect of doing away with the canteen. The effect of the abolition of the canteen has been almost unqualifiedly bad. There were doubtless here and there, due to poor discipline or inefficient officers, canteens which were badly handled, and in which excesses may have occasionally occurred. Personally, I have never seen such a one, nor have I had occasion to pass upon reports indicating the existence of such a condition of affairs. A large proportion of our soldiers are of German descent—German-Americans—who have had beer in their homes from childhood and who use it, not as a stimulant, but as an article of ordinary daily consumption, like their bread and meat. In doing away with the canteen we required all these men to go to the ordinary beer-hall or bar room, to get the glass of beer which they have been accustomed to. The general object of those in control of these establishments is to secure as much of the soldier's money as possible and in the minimum of time. It is in these places that he falls into the hands of the harpies, male and female, who make it their business to fill him up and get posession of his money, through one means or another, as rapidly as possible. If total abstinence in the community were possible of accomplishment, it would undoubtedly be a consumation devoutly to be wished, but the most we can hope for now is a well-ordered temperance. The canteen, properly handled, secured this result. It was, in effect, the soldier's club-room. Here he found simple and wholesome amusements, and was able to purchase something to smoke or had a glass of beer if he wished it. Intoxication in these establishments was rare. The great majority of the men found here all that they wanted, a place to meet their fellows, a game of billiards or a game of cards, and, if they wished it, a glass of beer. Its abolition has sent them to places just the reverse in character. I have always believed in the canteen as a force for good in the service for the reasons above outlined.

"Very truly yours,
LEONARD WOOD."

The fact that a medal-of-honor man who has often distinguished himself in command of troops in battle and is now at the head of the United States army was once and still is "a physician and surgeon of acknowledged skill," and thinks that the canteen should be restored, makes this a peculiarly felicitous time to submit to rational people the folly of allowing the total-abstinence societies to keep saddled upon the army a law which, according to all the expert testimony, tends steadily to increase the constantly non-effective ratio by multiplying the wages of sin.

JAMES H. BLOUNT.

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THE LEAVES OF THE TREE

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON

II—PROFESSOR NEWTON

THE first time I saw Professor Alfred Newton, the great ornithologist, was in 1884, when I was acting in the "Birds" of Aristophanes, which was being performed at Cambridge. The chorus were dressed as birds; they had the heads of birds superimposed upon their own, and their own faces looked out from the gullets of the birds. They wore tunics, with painted wings in the place of sleeves, manipulated by sticks held in the hand and fastened into the tips of the feathers, so that the wing could be suddenly unfurled.

The whole thing was very picturesque and absurd. I do not know what realistic Don had the idea of consulting a professed ornithologist as to the exact scientific appropriateness of the birds; but in an ardent moment it was resolved to ask Newton to inspect them. I suppose he had possibly furnished a list beforehand.

We, the performers, were sitting about in full dress at one of the last rehearsals, when a strongly built man of about fifty, leaning heavily on a stick, with a brisk alert face and bushy gray side-whiskers, came into the room with one of the Committee. He seemed to me to bristle with decision and alertness. He wore an old-fashioned tall top-hat, very high in the crown, with a flat brim; and a short full-skirted tail-coat. He looked sharply from bird to bird, and then said, suddenly, "That scarlet Ibis is all wrong; the *head* ought not to be scarlet—it is preposterously absurd; it must be darkened at once."

The Ibis was the headgear of a friend of mine, Willy Boyle, an extremely good-natured, able, rather indolent Eton man, with much musical ability. He took off the head. It was a pleasing object, made of a long-haired rough red plush, with a curved black beak and large, shining, roguish

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black eyes, represented by means of a sort of glazed metal stud.

Some paint was brought, and Professor Newton daubed over the bird-head with it, giving it a dusky draggled air. The owner looked on ruefully. The professor said, sharply: "There; that is better now, but it is still ridiculous! An Ibis with a scarlet *head!* Who ever heard of such nonsense?" It was not better at all; it was much worse, though perhaps it was ornithologically correct; but it sacrificed a pretty point of color.

Boyle gave me the head and dress. The latter I fixed up in my rooms at King's with an inscription, and left it there when I went down. It was used, I believe, as a model for the bird dresses at a later performance, perhaps twenty years after, and I dare say has never been replaced. The head I still have, with its elastic strap and tapes. The eye is still bright, but the beak is broken, and the complexion is daubed and stained with the professor's paint.

That was my only sight of the professor at that date. He seemed to me decided, brisk, peremptory, not very good-natured, not a man to oppose in any way.

Alfred Newton was born in 1829, the son of William Newton, M.P., for Ipswich. His mother was a cousin of the late Lord Houghton, so that he belonged to what may for convenience be called the upper class, and inherited the traditions of birth, breeding and descent. He appreciated in a quiet way his social advantages, and never undervalued them in others; but it was a part of his old-fashioned and magnanimous code that the more adventitious advantages a gentleman possessed, the less he put them forward or alluded to them in any way.

I must not here attempt to estimate the extent or value of his scientific work; but it may be said that he was one of the leading ornithologists of his day, that the range of his investigation was very wide, though his name is connected with no great definite discovery of first-rate importance, and his accuracy prodigious. There have probably been few ornithologists who have added so much to the detailed knowledge of the science, or done so much to reduce existing knowledge to order; while both as a guide and inspirer of younger students, and as a stern and inflexible critic of the work of other investigators his influence can hardly be overestimated.

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In 1904 I was elected a Fellow of Magdalene, and a Cambridge friend wrote to congratulate me. He said in his letter that I should find Newton, who was a Fellow of the College, very friendly and very interesting. "He is the only man I have ever known," he added, "who has *all* the characteristics of John Bull."

My first encounter with the professor, as we all called him at Magdalene, was at dinner at the Lodge. He was then over seventy-five years of age, and had resided at the College for more than fifty years. I recognized him at once. He was older, balder, whiter and much lamer. He walked with two sticks and with great difficulty. He had been lame in one leg since infancy, and had latterly injured his sound leg by a fall out yachting. But his complexion was as clear and rosy as ever, and he looked like a man who enjoyed life heartily. I had written to him upon my election, and had received a courteous non-committal sort of reply. He greeted me dryly but kindly. His fine old-fashioned manners impressed me. He would not allow any one to help him, though he moved with great difficulty; and the way in which he plumped into a chair and crossed his legs, in a peculiar fashion, showed that standing caused him great uneasiness. His profound bow was delightful, and the deft way in which he gathered his sticks in his left hand, in order to have his right hand free to shake, was very characteristic. The hand itself was firm, strong and cool, and the pointed fingers had a well-bred look. His manner was quick and decided and his talk trenchant enough. He spared no loose statement, and his courtesy was not of the kind that sank differences of opinion. He combated any view with which he disagreed, and it was eminently necessary to be wary in talk with him; his manner to me was a mixture of friendliness and caution.

On the following day he made his appearance at Chapel, occupying the next stall to myself. I was talking to the Master at the Library door, when he appeared at the postern which led from his house. He wore the familiar tall hat, a full surplice and a hood flung on anyhow, torn in several places, the white silk lining having become a sort of coffee-color from age and dust. He made his way very slowly to his place. When he was seated, he produced and put on a very old and battered skull-cap. His edition of the service, so to speak, was the quaintest I ever heard. He had all sorts

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of curious omissions. For instance, he never said the last words of the Lord's Prayer, from "For thine is the kingdom" to the end, supposing it, I imagine, to be a later addition. In the first clauses of the Litany he never said the ascription, but began at the words "have mercy upon us"; and the same was the case with all similar suffrages. In the Communion Service he joined almost fiercely in the Lord's Prayer at the beginning, which is generally and rightly left to the celebrant, and said the responses to the Commandments with a strong emphasis on the word "*this* law." Add to this an extreme rapidity of utterance, which hopelessly distanced all competitors, and a peremptory rasping tone, as though he were rating a dishonest footman rather than making a personal petition at the Throne of Grace. I never heard so strange a performance, and it was never varied in the smallest particular. I never quite gathered what his religious opinions were. He was a zealous Conformist, and I should suppose would have described himself as an old-fashioned High Churchman. He attended the Sacrament at due intervals, and received the elements, reverently standing at the altar steps. Shortly after this date music was introduced into the service. There had not been a musical instrument in the Chapel since 1680 or any species of music, and the introduction of the harmonium was a sore blow to the professor, who had hitherto successfully resisted all attempts to establish an organ in the Chapel. When hymns were introduced, it was an unfailing amusement to see the professor open a hymn-book and survey the scene with ill-concealed disgust. He used to shut the book with a snap before the end and sit ostentatiously down with an air of relief. He always said a loud Amen at the ends of the prayers; but when the Master introduced a little prayer for the College, from the old Compline service, the professor used to turn to the pages of his Prayer-book, look round with dramatic bewilderment, as though he thought the Chaplain was delirious, and hold his lips stiffly sealed at the conclusion, for fear he should forget himself and add the endorsement of an Amen to any petition of so singular a character.

That first service over, I went out with the Master and the professor. The latter lived in an odd, low, one-storied house, adjacent to the College and stretching north from the Master's drive. It was called the "Old Lodge," and was

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in fact the back rooms of the original Master's Lodge, converted into a curious little dwelling, with large cellars underneath it. In front of it is a small dark court, separated from the street by a high ancient wall with gates. In this space the late Master used to keep cows, but at some recent time the cows had been given up, and the professor, who had long occupied the house, built a bedroom on the site of the cowshed, and turned the byre into a tiny, ill-kept, smoke-dried garden. There was but one entrance from the street, front and back door alike, entered through a high postern across a flagged passage. At the back the professor had added another bedroom for himself. The shrubs grew thickly in front of the windows. A great box hedge shut off the view into the Master's garden; here, in the summer, bracken, originally planted by the professor, grew high and luxuriant in the secluded angle between the Master's drive and the professor's house. A flight of steps, much overgrown with moss, led down into the cellars, and there were one or two erections of iron rods supporting little platforms holding a dish for water, over which the professor used to crumble bread for the birds that came to his call. A tiny gravel walk led into this strip of ground from the Master's drive, and by ascending a few steps you reached the professor's study window, which opened to the ground, and which formed his usual egress to go into College and the ingress by which his friends in College were permitted to visit him.

That first morning, the Master, with a good-natured desire to increase cordiality between myself and the professor, unadvisedly suggested that I should go in with him to have a talk. Unadvisedly, I say, because the professor was a man of strict routine and always employed the morning hours in answering letters, of which he received a large number, and which he always answered with a blunt pen in a somewhat illegible hand, by return of post; accordingly, I went in. The professor said, politely, that he was proud to make my acquaintance, and added in a somewhat menacing tone that he was gratified to learn from my letter to him that I meant to devote myself to the College. He did not invite me to sit down, but a moment after held out his hand, saying, "I won't detain you—we shall meet in Hall to-night." I felt myself dismissed and hurried away. I confess that he inspired me with considerable awe.

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In Hall that evening I met him. He appeared in a black bow tie, a very high-cut waistcoat, a roomy dining-coat, a thin silk gown and a tall hat, with his two sticks. The dinner consisted of a clear soup, fish, roast beef, a goose, plum pudding, cheese. In those days the hour was seven, and the carving was done on the table. I learned afterwards that the meal was invariably the same, though pheasants and chickens were substituted in due season for the goose. It was the professor's idea of an appropriate English dinner. I gathered that if there was any alteration whatever in the menu he was profoundly vexed, and he had hit upon a plan by which it should be always the same. The menu was brought to one of the Fellows in residence, who occasionally made some alterations. But the professor ordered that the menu should be brought to him last, when he always struck out the alterations and substituted the original dishes. He did this even when he did not dine in Hall. Not only did he prefer a settled order himself, but he could not bear any deviation from it, even when he was not present. This was an interesting trait in the professor's character. If he approved of a thing, and ninety-nine other people approved of something else, he would still have had his own preferences carried out, in spite of their wishes, and even if he were not personally affected by the change. He could not bear even to think of us as eating any other meal than that which he preferred. If he had known, for instance, that a leg of lamb had been substituted for roast beef at the Sunday dinner, even if he himself had been dining in his own house, he would have eaten a plate of roast beef in solitude, and thought in disgust and dudgeon that those in Hall were eating something different, even though it was their preference to do so. He had no sense of the rights of others in the matter. I have heard him say a dozen times, when some change of detail was being discussed, and it was represented to him that every one else preferred it, "Then every one else are fools."

It is the custom to have a guest-night on Sundays in Magdalene, and the Fellows are bound by an unwritten law to dine in Hall. The professor always had a couple of guests. He ate an extraordinarily good meal, a full plateful of everything that appeared, washed down with abundance of claret. He strenuously preserved the old custom of "taking wine," and it was a pleasure to see him fill his glass, insist on his

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partner filling his, and then bow gravely over the uplifted goblet. He always sprinkled his plum pudding with salt. I used to wonder how he kept his health, because the dinner he ate would have been a large one for a man living an active life; but he took neither luncheon nor tea, and breakfasted late. He did suffer terribly from gouty eczema, and I have little doubt that had he duly regulated his diet, which was quite inappropriate to his age, his life might have been prolonged.

We adjourned to the Combination-room afterwards, the professor working his way very slowly up the steep stairs. We had dessert sitting at small tables in a semicircle round the fire. This ritual again was dear to the professor's heart. I remember on a later occasion that the Master innocently suggested that for a change we should sit round the big oval table. The professor was speechless with indignation, and sate sullenly through the proceeding, scarcely opening his mouth except to say that he would hardly have known the place. Nothing vexed him more than the least variation from the convivial routine. It is the duty of the junior Fellow to look after the comfort of the guests and to see that the wine and dessert are duly circulated. The Sunday-evening parties became larger at this time, as there were more Fellows in residence, and the only way to secure the comfort of the guests was to take the wine round and fill the glasses; otherwise the bottles used to get stuck, and one was always jumping up to pass it on. The professor disliked extremely being ministered to. "You're very good," he would say if one filled his glass, adding, testily: "Can't you let the things be *passed* round? That is the custom here—*passed,* not handed. Do put that decanter down, and let us help ourselves!" A Fellow who was present ventured on one occasion meekly to suggest that if that wine was not handed round it did not always circulate. "Do put it down!" said the professor; "I hate to see people fussing about. It's not our custom here." But with the little tables duly spread, and a good dinner inside him, he was generally in high good-humor. He was always full of talk. He remembered everything, and remembered it exactly. I have heard him retell a story I once told him, and I think he preserved my exact phrases. I once gave him an anecdote about a common friend of ours, A——. "An excellent story," said the professor, "but not in the least char-

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acteristic of A——! Now, if it had been told of B——, I should not have been surprised." I discovered afterwards that it really was an anecdote of B——, and the professor's delight, when I told him this, was great. He had travelled a good deal, he knew almost every one of a past generation that was worth knowing, he was full to the brim of picturesque personal details, and he seemed to be acquainted with almost every book one could mention of a certain date. He had the strongest prejudices. Some one quoted a saying of Charles Lamb's to him in my presence. "Very apposite and amusing!" said the professor; "but I have a very poor opinion of Charles Lamb. He was a monkey, and a snivelling monkey." He disliked all argument; he seldom spoke of politics; and if ethical or religious matters were alluded to, he changed the conversation as quickly as possible. He liked to talk of definite facts and definite people, and his acquaintance with family histories and genealogies was very wide. He was a perfect mine of information about the history and traditions of the College.

He was always very jealous of outside interference. On one occasion he was dining in Hall with one other Fellow, when a considerable uproar arose at one of the undergraduates' tables. The professor sent down a message requesting that order might be restored; and the monition had its effect. A Trinity undergraduate, who had been dining with the noisy party, was much vexed at the occurrence, waited till the Hall was empty, and then came up to the high table in order to apologize for his part in the disturbance. He had hardly uttered a word, when the professor said, in indignant tones: "How dare you come and speak to me in that gown! A Trinity gown in Hall—most improper! I must ask you to be so good as to go away at once."

When I began to reside in College, in 1905, I found that Newton appeared little in public. He was really very infirm, though his alertness and cheerfulness, and the remarkable healthiness of his face and demeanor, gave the opposite impression. He had long given up lecturing, and paid a deputy, Mr. W. Bateson, of St. John's, the distinguished biologist, to discharge this duty for him. I learnt a curious thing: that he was always very nervous when lecturing, and disliked it greatly, putting his lecture at one o'clock to discourage would-be attenders. He wrote out his discourses, and delivered them exactly as they were written. A friend of mine

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who was on one occasion the solitary auditor of a lecture tells me that the professor addressed him throughout in the phrase—"some of you may possibly object that there are obvious exceptions to this"—not having sufficient confidence even to substitute the singular for the plural. It is said, too, that at due intervals, at each rhetorical climax or natural division of the discourse, a pointing hand was drawn in the margin, with a note appended, DRINK WATER HERE; but for the truth of this I cannot vouch. It was a curious trait, for any man less shy or nervous in a party I never saw. One would have thought him wholly indifferent to and unconscious of an audience. But I have seen the same tendency come out once or twice. There was a sudden call on him one evening to say grace in Hall, and a more stuttering and stumbling performance I never heard. As to his discharging the ostensible duties of his post by deputy, no doubt he considered that he was mainly paid for research work; and in this respect his energy was prodigious and unflagging. He certainly did far more for his subject by his untiring industry than if he had contented himself with delivering the stipulated lectures, and no more. Besides, he thought it his duty to encourage in every way the students of his subject. He invited them to his house, he answered any question referred to him with endless courtesy and patience, and held up a high ideal of strict investigation and laborious accumulation of facts. Neither did he amass money. He always lived like a poor man. The clothes he wore were the oldest I have ever seen: there was a suit he wore in summer which was like sacking, and a funny little round hat, green with age, adorned his head out-of-doors. He used to drive down to the Museum every day in a cab, and sometimes went a little farther into the country. As far as appearance went, he had the faculty of always looking like a gentleman: one would have supposed him to be a prosperous professional man, perhaps a lawyer. The routine of his day was absolutely fixed: he rose late and breakfasted about ten o'clock. I once had to see him on business, and went in, finding him at breakfast. I never saw such a meal for a sedentary man suffering from gout. He had a cold beefsteak pie, a captain's biscuit and two cups of tea poured out, so that they might be of the same heat and strength when required. After breakfast he wrote his letters; and it may be added that he never destroyed a let-

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ter—even an invitation to dinner. His house was full of stored papers. At noon he went down to the Museum. He could not bear to be called upon except at stated times. He dined by himself early, and did most of his work late at night. He was a slow worker, and verified everything; and the act of getting up from his chair, finding the necessary book, looking out the passage and putting the book back consumed much time. He went to bed about two or three in the morning. He imbued his pupils with the sense of the necessity of verifying references—so much so that, though he left at his death an immense mass of verified references, the pupil to whom the task of editing them fell said that he would not be true to the professor's principles unless he verified them all again. He was always at home on Sunday evenings. In old days his pupils used to come in considerable numbers, and he set great store by this social function. I remember his once deploring to me rather pathetically the fact that of late so few people came to see him. But it was not a very exhilarating performance. The room was lighted with a blaze of gas, to which of recent years he added electric light. His eyes must have been marvellously strong, for he used to read quite small print without glasses. A number of hard chairs were set out in a circle round the fire, which was always lighted, even on comparatively warm evenings. He himself sate in an easy-chair by the door, and the appearance of the room was as though it were arranged for some species of class instruction. He used to sit smoking and making paper spills out of half-sheets. The conversation was general, as a rule, and not always entertaining, though one became aware what a marvellous memory the professor had, and how wide a knowledge he possessed both of books and people. His judgments on the latter were trenchant and a little superficial. He was fond of humorous stories, and I can recall very clearly his look when he was amused or telling some amusing story. His hand was upraised, his mouth elongated and drawn down at the corners into a very genial smile. I never saw him out of spirits. He was occasionally vexed, but never melancholy or tired or suffering. I used to meet him also at the meetings of an old dining club called the Family, which met once a fortnight, at which he was always in the best of spirits, and ate and drank everything that was handed to him.

His house was very characteristic. It was hideous be-

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yond the nightmares of æsthetes. It was not even homely or comfortable. The hall was hung with a paper made to look like blocks of granite; the rooms were papered in a faded buff color; the new bedroom was painted a strong purple. The furniture was either old and shabby or new and pretentious. There were a few dusty pictures hung rather high; books everywhere, crammed into deal shelves; heaps of papers, pamphlets, packets of letters lumbering up the tables. The carpets worn, the curtains dim and drab. There was hardly an object on which the eye could rest with a sense of pleasure or even of comfort. In his bedroom was a huge four-post bedstead, many books, bottles of medicine, ointment in saucers; nothing seemly or stately. The professor was entirely unconscious of it all; he disliked ornament, and had just the things he wanted. The large parlor, with its flaring gas and piercing electric lights in milky globes, was the most uncomfortable room I ever saw.

In College matters he was generally in opposition. I can hardly ever remember an occasion when he consented willingly to a change of any kind. I never could quite understand his attitude to the College: he was fond of it and proud of it in a way; he desired that it should flourish and prosper, but only on the lines which he preferred. There is a rule at Magdalene that all resident Fellows are members of the governing body, and he never missed a meeting. He was always very genial and full of talk on these occasions, and indeed used to delay the progress of business. He was always very much opposed to anything being made a precedent, and used to hamper any concession that was suggested with all sorts of precautionary conditions.

I remember a few salient instances of his method. At one time it was suggested that the Hall should be repainted. It was formerly a light buff color, and the paint was so scorched and blistered by the sun that it had the appearance of being smeared with stale mustard. We adjourned to the Hall to see the effect of certain strips of color hung upon the walls. The professor pleaded shrilly and fiercely for the same color to be restored. It was useless to point out that there was not a single member of the College who approved of the buff tint, and that visitors invariably commented upon its dinginess. "They are all fools," said the professor. A subcommittee was eventually appointed to act with full powers, and the panelling was stained a rich brown,

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enormously improving the appearance of the place. The first time we dined there after the painting, the Master said, cheerfully, to the professor, "Well, what do you think of it?" The professor looked round in disgust and said, "I don't like to say what I think: it is like what I may politely call *Gehenna*."

On another occasion it was proposed that ladies should be admitted, in restricted numbers, to the Chapel service. The discussion was amicable, and a system was suggested. To my surprise, the professor took very little part, except to interject an occasional sneer; but when the motion was to be put to the vote, the old man grew suddenly white, and in a voice strangled with passion made a most vindictive speech. He said that he disapproved of all the alterations in the Chapel service; that it was no longer the least pleasure to him to attend. Everything done or suggested was utterly out of keeping with the ideal of a plain collegiate service. He disliked it all from the bottom of his heart; and he wound up by saying that we might pass what votes we liked, but that if one lady was admitted to the Chapel service he should never set foot in the building again.

We sate appalled at the tempest. One of the Fellows said that, though he approved of the motion, he thought that the professor's feeling overbalanced the advantages. The Master concurred, expressed his concern at the professor's view of the alterations that had been made hitherto, and withdrew his motion. The old man sate grimly silent, and it evidently never entered his head to make, or to wish to make, the least concession; he did not care what any one else thought or wished, and he would prevent any change if he could.

The only thing I have ever heard him express a wish to see changed in the Chapel was a certain window, which had been painted in the professor's undergraduate days by some members of the College, himself included—I suppose about 1850—under the direction of an artistic Don. It was a very poor affair, the colors thin and staring, the figure panels small, muzzy and mean, the ornament clumsy and feeble. But it had an historical value, having been made in the early days of the Gothic revival, and the personal associations made it more interesting still.

An embarrassing scene occurred when one of the Fellows asked leave that his daughter's marriage might be celebrated

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in Chapel. The professor exploded in wrath. He had never heard such a preposterous suggestion. A College Chapel was not intended for such things as weddings; the young lady could have no association with the place; he regarded it as a most improper and entirely unaccountable proposal. On that occasion the rest of the governing body were rather indignant at the attitude of the professor to what seemed a very reasonable request; the matter was put to the vote, and the Chapel placed at the disposal of the Fellow in question. At the following College meeting the Fellow said that he withdrew his request. His daughter had been so unfortunate as to break her leg while playing lawn-tennis, and was lying ill in the house where the accident had occurred. She was to be married quietly in the neighboring village church as soon as she could get about. The professor smiled and said, with really incomparable humor, "*Solvitur non ambulando.*"

One great scene took place when an organ was offered by one of the Fellows to the College Chapel. It was thought that the professor would object so strongly that the proposal was deferred. Eventually, however, it was brought forward. The Master began by saying, "I have a proposal to make about the Chapel, which I fear you will not like, Professor." The professor flared up and said, "No, indeed; I never come here now without hearing something that I dislike very much." The offer was then stated, and every one welcomed it with cordiality and enthusiasm. The professor waited till they had done, and then, with a little bow to the donor, said: "Words entirely fail me to express my sense of the generosity and public spirit which prompts this offer. But I am bound to say that I object *in toto* to music in a College Chapel. It is entirely out of character, and I am therefore bound to oppose what I believe to be against the best interests of the place." The usual scene took place, the professor voting in a minority of one. But when the organ was erected, he contrived to say something pleasant to the giver about its improving the appearance of the Chapel.

For one thing must be recorded. I never saw a man who took a defeat better. He fought to the last moment, and when he was outvoted, he accepted the situation gracefully and good-humoredly. I never heard him make any sort of criticism or recrimination afterwards; and, indeed, when a thing was once done and had become part of the place, the

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professor's Toryism invested it with a sort of sanctity, and he would have opposed its removal with the same zeal that he had opposed its erection.

In November, 1905, he had a bad fall while coming out of Hall. I never saw a man collapse so completely; but this was evidently deliberate, as an attempt to save himself would have no doubt produced a worse strain. He was badly shaken, but I saw him later in the evening, and he did not appear to be much the worse. But he was never quite the same again. The last time he dined in Hall we were a very small party, and he was troubled by a violent cough. The death of a sister distressed him greatly, and he began to say that he had outlived all his friends. Then dropsical symptoms intervened. I believe that if he had made any effort to live he could have thrown his illness off—there was nothing organically wrong—but he determined to consider himself doomed. He used to reply to inquiries about his health with a grim shake of the head. He still came to Chapel and Hall, and looked much the same; only I used to notice in Chapel how his hands trembled.

The last time I ever saw him alive was in his own house. I went in one Sunday evening, and found him alone. He did what he seldom did: shook hands with me, retaining my hand in his own for a minute. I think he regarded it as a farewell. A great crowd came in that evening; he seemed a little oppressed, and presently left the room. When I went out I found him in the passage. "Must you be going?" he said and added, "Yes, there is rather a crowd to-night —too much of a good thing." He dropped his stick, and I picked it up. "You're very good," he said, with the familiar formula—and so I saw him no more. He suffered a good deal at the last, and could only sleep in his chair; lying in bed brought on palpitations. But he never complained; he made all his arrangements for death, and faced it as a gallant old English admiral might.

The evening before he died the Master was sent for. The professor's articulation was very faint. The Master said a prayer. The professor thanked him, and then wished him good-by. Then, with long pauses, he said, "God bless all my friends—God bless the College," adding, with a smile, "And may the study of Zoology continue to flourish in this University!" He was in bed for the last few days, and very weak; but just before the end he said, "Lift me up—I must

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die in my chair, like dear Bradshaw." Bradshaw was one of his old friends, the University librarian, who died in his rooms in 1886, after returning from a dinner-party, and was found dead in the morning sitting in his chair. So on June 7th, 1907, the end came.

His funeral was a very striking sight from the number of old pupils and friends who followed him to the grave. The coffin was brought into the Chapel in the morning, and there was a short service for the College. In the afternoon it was wheeled through the Court, out of the gate and up the street to St. Giles's. A long procession followed bareheaded, the Visitor, Lord Braybrooke, following the bier, with the Fellows behind him. The old man had left the severest injunction that there was to be no music at the service, and it was consequently one of the most dismal ceremonies I have ever attended.

Newton's was a very happy life, full of enjoyment, fame, work, honor and friendship. I do not think he suffered much from his restrictions, or even from his physical disabilities. He had been more or less lame from infancy, and his face testified to his contentment and happiness. It was hardly at all lined, and he had the complexion of a very young man. He was a man of great courage, and without imagination. He did not anticipate evil, and lived joyfully in the day and for the day. One could see that he hated sentiment; what he loved was the interest of life, social intercourse, conviviality, stir, science, work. His courtesy was innate and instinctive; one always felt him to be well born and well bred. He loved to have his own way, and for a long time I believe he entirely dominated the College. He undoubtedly had mellowed much in later years, but I should think he had no pity to spare for weakness or sensibility. He valued success and liked distinguished people, not in a deferential way, but out of genuine interest in a successful performer. He had nothing mean or petty about him, and in controversy, however strongly he felt, he would have scorned to use any subterfuges or to have outstepped his strong code of honor. He had a truly kind heart. I began by fearing him, I went on to admire him and I ended by loving him. He was not at all a typical Don, though he had certain donnish characteristics; but his touch with the world was wide and his outlook was liberal. Though restricted in aim, he was not a narrow-minded man. He had no pro-

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gramme about doing good, because he instinctively realized that the best way to help the world is to do one's appointed work with all one's might and main. Of course there were qualities he did not possess, but he never pretended to possess them; and he was a vigorous Briton—a man cast in a big mould.

The significance of Newton's life is twofold. It has no touch of weakness about it; yet this very characteristic, which seems at first sight to be its strength, is in reality, if we appraise it justly, a limitation, and a serious limitation. It was not that he despised sentiment at all. No one ever had a stronger sense of manly comradeship, a deeper passion for study, a greater consciousness of his responsibility to kindle the torches of those who came after him; and he had, too, a proud patriotism, an almost fierce sense of honor, and a fanatical reverence for tradition. The weakness lay in his intense personal dominance, in the doctrinaire certainty of the exact proportions in which common sense and feeling should be mingled—the feeling that not only was his instinct a law to himself, but that it ought also to be a pattern to others. What he lacked was imaginative sympathy. He did not recognize the rights of other people to their own visions and aspirations. His view, for instance, of art was that certain sorts of sculptures and pictures and music were approved by connoisseurs, and therefore might be temperately enjoyed and applauded. But he could tolerate no development in art, and any new tendency was humbug and moonshine. He would have indignantly denied that he was swayed by the verdict of the world, because he was quite capable, for instance, of declaring that any one could see at a glance that the writings of Browning were metaphysical twaddle; but he had formed his taste before the year 1860, and all subsequent developments were decadent innovations. If it had been argued in his presence that the world changed from generation to generation, he would have replied with absolute conviction that change was not always progress, but might be degradation; and thus he was really a pessimist in his despair of the future and in the eager way in which he welcomed all the signs of increasing deterioration which seemed to result from principles, social or political, opposed to his own.

But in looking round upon the world, however much one may regret the miserable waste of time, the halting and

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uncertain progress of truth and justice, the ugly tyrannies and prejudices of humanity, one must face the fact that it is only through the resistance of such sturdy temperaments as Newton's that progress is solid and secure. One does not want life to be overwhelmed in a rush of fluid and hasty experiments. Toryism is not only the drag upon the wheel, it is the caution and the prudence that annihilate hasty and sentimental theories. Justice is not done by trampling on prejudices and flouting traditions, but by recognizing the needs and the aims which they express. Little happy and solid work can be done under a sense of general insecurity, and in guarding against anarchy much genuine and fruitful eagerness must be sacrificed. The professor represented, in a militant form, the stable element of society; and though the structure of the world rises above and beyond the reluctances of the prudent, it is upon their doggedness that the soaring arch is based and founded.

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

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THE VITAL DECADE OF OUR COMMERCIAL HISTORY

BY JAMES EDMUND DUNNING

In the first seven months of 1902 we exported wheat to the value of sixty million dollars and imported pure luxuries to an almost equal amount. In the similar period, seven months of 1910, on the contrary, we exported only ten millions worth of wheat, but imported pure luxuries to the value of one hundred and forty-five millions. Thus, in eight years our wheat *exports fell* from sixty millions to ten millions, while luxury *imports grew* from sixty to one hundred and forty-five millions.

For the eight years, in other words, wheat exports *decreased* eighty-five per cent. and luxury imports *increased* sixty per cent. We never before have bought so many luxuries abroad, so many diamonds, laces, pictures, wines, tobacco, furs and feathers—and we have never sold to other nations so small a quantity of the foodstuffs which only three-quarters of a century ago made up seventy-five per cent. of all our exports. And that means simply this: That the amount of gold which we as a nation pay for pure luxuries, without which we could live in all well-being, is *fourteen and a half times the amount* of gold which we receive from other nations for our sales of foodstuffs—the fundamental necessity of our existence. The other nations have not only ceased buying our necessities; they have immensely increased their sales to us of their product of luxuries. We have entered into a new era in our trade relations—the era in which we must face these facts and deal with them; the critical period when we must manage to supply an unfavorable balance of trade with some substitute for the foodstuffs which formerly were illimitable foundations of our foreign commerce, but which are vanishing rapidly as our

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home consumption broadens and as arable areas in other countries enter into the world's great harvest with wheat crops of their own. The only substitute is our output of manufactured goods, and how to market them in sufficient and increasing quantities is the problem of this new period—The Vital Decade in the Commercial History of the United States.

Perhaps as much as a billion and a half of dollars in gold goes out of America every year in one way and another—a billion one hundred million to pay for our importations from other countries, one hundred million more in cash shipped back to their homes by emigrants, a hundred million in interest payments on American securities held abroad, another hundred million in profits from American enterprises paid out in dividends to foreign stockholders and others, and finally at least another hundred million left in Europe and other parts by our travellers, the most restless and the most liberal in the world. Only a few financiers take note of the seven or eight millions of dollars additional which must be sent abroad by us annually in interest on one year's bond sales made in Paris and London; but in the mass the figures are impressive, and they point the way to truth. The balance of trade tends to swing against us and we must find a larger foreign market for our manufactured goods. As the "Wall Street Journal," August 23d, 1910, puts it: "The great commercial question which confronts us relates to our foreign trade—to the problem of how to make and maintain markets for our surplus manufactures." This was the basis for the orders issued to the writer in June, 1910, by the Secretary of State to come to the United States for the purpose of bringing the attention of the country to the situation toward which it has been moving. Secretary Knox's policy in this regard has been more advanced than that of any previous head of his department; in that it has comprehended not only the "open door" for American goods in every foreign market, but the creation of a greater volume of manufactured exports and the development of more scientific methods for their exploitation.

It would seem easy to believe that our industries, with their fifteen billions of capital invested, their annual consumption of ten billions in material and their annual output of fifteen billions in product, would find even for such vast figures a satisfying market among our own people.

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It is only when we study the statistics of the world's trade that it becomes apparent that if we continue manufacturing as we have been in the last quarter of a century, and if in the next twenty-five years the industry of agriculture and the volume of its product continue that tendency to a steady and progressive decrease which has already reduced us far below the level of many smaller nations in the exportation of foodstuffs, we shall want a broader outlet for our goods.

In 1909 we exported shipments to the value of $1,660,000,000, apparently an impressive sum, although a decrease of two hundred millions over that of the previous year and a smaller amount than we shipped in any year since 1905. But when we consider that in the same year of 1909 the commercial district of Chicago alone produced goods to the value of $1,200,000,000, when it thus appears that one of our great producing centres alone turned out manufactured articles which nearly equalled the entire value of our exportation to every one of our foreign customers, there is apparent an amazingly narrow margin. The commercial district of the city of New York, for instance, produces goods to a value of more than two billions and a half each year, as much as the entire value of all the importations into the United Kingdom, and more by nearly a billion of dollars than the total exportations of the United Kingdom, France or Germany. Let us continue these comparisons briefly. The following table shows how the output of manufactured articles in only ten American cities equals the total purchases made by four of the great buying nations of Europe—the United Kingdom, Germany, France and the Netherlands:

Annual Production of:		*Imports into:*	
New York	$2,500,000,000	United Kingdom	$2,900,000,000
Chicago	1,200,000,000	Germany	2,000,000,000
Philadelphia	1,000,000,000	France	1,100,000,000
Boston	500,000,000	Netherlands	1,100,000,000
Pittsburg	500,000,000		
St. Louis	400,000,000		
Baltimore	300,000,000		
Detroit	250,000,000		
San Francisco	250,000,000		
Rochester	200,000,000		
Total	$7,100,000,000	Total	$7,100,000,000

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This output of but ten American commercial centres includes manufactured articles only and contains practically no raw material. As will be seen by the table, the total equals that of the foreign purchases of four great nations. It is almost exactly twice as much in value as the foreign purchases made by Italy, Austria, Belgium, Russia, Argentina and the British colonies put together. And when it is remembered that to that vast sum must be added the value of the products of all the other States and all the other industrial communities in America, together with $660,000,000 a year in coal, $500,000,000 in farm products, $75,000,000 in tobacco, 14,000,000 bales of cotton, 700,000,000 bushels of wheat and 1,250,000 tons of sugar, a different idea may be gained of the true headway to which our national industries have risen.

Indeed, when account is taken of the fact that of our total exportations only about a billion of dollars' worth is in manufactured articles, it will be seen that our real hold upon the world's markets is comparatively slight.

Nor is there likely to be a change in these conditions without a decided effort on the part of industrial America as a whole to check the influence of certain natural forces which are operating to change and reverse the balance of trade which we have long enjoyed. The first of these forces is the progressive decrease in our exportations of foodstuffs already mentioned; and the second is the rapid advance and the superior competition manifested in the nations of the continent of Europe and in South America and the Far East, where many of those who were once our most active customers have become our rivals.

In 1860 agricultural products amounted to about eighty per cent. of our total exports, while in 1909 they had dropped to a little over fifty per cent., taking all the shipments under this heading. Meantime exports of foodstuffs, which formerly constituted at least fifty per cent., and sometimes as much as seventy-five per cent., of our annual exports, fell off to about twenty-five per cent. The truth is that the United States since the Civil War has been undergoing a gradual transformation. There has been more and more tendency to supply ourselves with what we eat and sell to others what they use. More and more in the last half-century the American food-supply has tended to narrow down to a point where it is used merely as fuel for driving the motive power

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while lies beneath our industries—that is to say, to keep alive the forces of our labor-supply. As this tendency progresses during the next quarter-century, the balance of trade will shift heavily against us unless we supply the lack and make good the decrease by enlarging our shipments of manufactured articles. This is the question which is engaging the attention of the foremost minds of America as we enter upon the second and vital decade of the century.

The total value of the manufactured articles and raw material purchased by the nations of the world from the other nations, which is to say the sum total of import trade of the entire world, is about thirteen billions of dollars annually, in which tremendous total the part of the United States is about one-seventh. In sales of manufactured articles to other countries our part of international trade is about one-tenth, the balance of our share being, of course, our exportations of foodstuffs, coal, cotton, tobacco and other of the great staples with which we supply so large a portion of mankind.

Large as our share is, however, the fact remains that we have but scratched the surface of the vastly larger volume of business which might be ours as a reward of more highly organized effort. It is difficult to explain to those who have not made a direct study of the foreign field to what extent we could dominate that field by trying. It is difficult for many of us to understand how the rapid social transformation in Europe and South America, and how even the slower process of development in the Orient in the last quarter of a century, have served to open up territory formerly regarded as presenting no demand for high-grade manufactured goods. This process of extension and of development, carrying with it every inevitable desire for better conditions of living and the inevitable demand for the conveniences followed by the luxuries of life, has proceeded so silently from year to year that we realize imperfectly in many instances how nearly like ourselves our cousins abroad have grown; how their wants have followed in the train of our wants; how the character of their existence has become more complicated; how from the plain requirements of heretofore backward and somewhat simple people they have learned the lesson of labor-saving and time-conserving devices in exact proportion as the money cost of their labor has risen under the impetus of the higher price of food.

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Italy, formerly one of England's best customers in certain lines of cotton textiles and, by many of us, once considered to be a decidedly old-fashioned country, has in the last twenty-five years become one of the great exporters of textiles, manufactured in her own mills largely from American raw cotton. In 1909 Italy imported from Great Britain only about two million dollars' worth of cotton textiles, being cloth which, on account of the dry Italian climate, she could not weave herself, while Italian exports of cotton in 1909 amounted to about thirty millions of dollars in value, an increase of about seven millions over the previous year. Thirty years ago there was not a cotton-mill in Italy, which since 1870 has so developed internally that where she sold America only a few millions of dollars' worth of goods, in 1909-10 she shipped us over fifty millions, a like amount to Switzerland, thirty-five millions to Great Britain, sixty millions to Germany, forty millions to France and thirty millions to Austria-Hungary. This bespeaks a high degree of national character and a very marked advance in development of every kind. In other words, a small country, formerly regarded by us and still regarded perhaps by some of us, as hardly more than the source of a very convenient immigration by means of which we have been able to construct our transcontinental railroad systems, a country with a population of only thirty-three millions and with a national history dating only from 1862, has advanced almost imperceptibly to a high rank as a manufacturing nation and as a complex buying community. Eighty million dollars represented our sales to those wonderful people in 1909, about half of that amount being raw cotton in the bale.

In Germany less than twenty years ago British manufacturers of agricultural implements and machinery enjoyed one of their most attractive markets. To-day the Germans have so developed their internal resources and have so applied their remarkable genius and economy that they are not only supplying themselves with these articles, but are engaging on an extensive scale in exporting them. It is only within the last few years that we in America have begun to realize that the vigorous way in which Germany is contesting for export trade in every market of the earth is the result of a systematic effort, a carefully planned intention, and a steady development in the individual and in the society of the Empire, which has been going on since 1870.

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Nor is it easier for us to comprehend how Argentina, which not many years ago we regarded almost as an outpost of our civilization and as a protégé of the larger countries of the north, has so expanded in the direction of food production alone that where in 1880 she imported 575,000 bushels of wheat, in 1908 she exported one hundred and thirty-three millions of bushels and had a total production of nearly two hundred million bushels. Here again is a case of that imperceptible development which goes on in the less prominent nations from one year to another until we suddenly awake to the fact that where we formerly had a customer we have now both customer and rival. We awake to the fact that every dollar which other nations pay to Argentina for that great export of breadstuffs is used to develop the consuming power, to stimulate the buying appetite and to broaden the social and mental outlook of a people who are taking their place beside us in the unending struggle for domination.

Nearly everything manufactured in America can be sold at a profit abroad. Now, the first objection which we usually encounter when stating that proposition to manufacturers is that on account of the higher cost of our labor we cannot compete successfully with the manufacturers of other countries where labor can still be had at a low price. It cannot be denied that in Japan and China, where fairly able labor can be had for fifteen cents a day, we have a condition which we cannot meet on anything but special terms. But the equalizing process of a like development, regardless of national boundaries and of different forms of government, has done its work so well that to-day the difference between actual cost of production in the older countries and in America is becoming very small. It is a disappearing quantity and there are many instances in which the slight remaining difference in the cost of labor on a manufactured article in America is nearly, if not quite, eliminated by our greater rapidity of production and of handling our goods to market. In fact, I would almost be willing to believe that when we have begun to feel the full effect of this new spirit of economy and conservation which has so taken hold upon industrial America, when, in other words, we have become better masters of those economies in operation of which so much account is being taken to-day among us, we shall be able to market many of our products on equal terms with most of our competitors while still maintaining that higher

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quality and finish for which we are renowned at present. I doubt if many appreciate the reputation which our goods enjoy abroad for quality. And it is upon our superior quality rather than upon the price that high-grade goods will sell the better. One does not need to emphasize to salesmen of experience the fact that price is better made the secondary element.

It is a fact that in the markets which we have won we have taken them and held them on superior quality and on efficiency in results, in spite of the fact that we have generally refused to meet a foreign buyer even half-way and have held so aloof from him that he has been obliged to come to us from across the sea to find out what we have to sell. Six or seven years ago, for instance, the manufacturing of motor-cars in Italy began to enjoy a sudden expansion under the influence of the spectacular victories gained by the marvellous Italian drivers and by the good reports of Italian cars in service. At that time a feeble competition for the equipment for automobile factories in Italy was put forward by some of our manufacturers of machine tools, but the Italian buyers, attracted by the low prices, the long terms of credit and the persistent salesmanship of the other representatives, bought their first outfits from our rivals and put them into operation. It is significant of the true situation, and I do not know a better illustration of the meaning of American quality, at whatever price, that to-day when the Italian motor trade has developed into the front rank among the great producers, it is equipped almost throughout with American machine tools bought at prices running from twenty to forty per cent. higher than the European and on terms so rigid and so thoroughly American that they had been before that time regarded as prohibitive. The American machine, higher in cost and delivered to the buyer at a much greater sacrifice of capital and of credit than he had before experienced, did work in operation and at such a low percentage of charge for depreciation and repair that we secured the business almost in spite of ourselves.

In office appliances of every character, office furniture, sewing-machines, wood-working machinery, farm machinery and innumerable other lines the report would be the same. In typewriters alone the American product at $140 is outselling everywhere the inferior European competing machine at $100 or even less. I was told the other day by a

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French engineer of long experience that an average motor-engine, such as is produced in a French factory for a cost of $170, can be produced in America for about $100, so that here is an example where in cost alone, as well as in efficiency, we can successfully meet the foreign competition. We cannot take it for granted that the articles which we manufacture so successfully for the home market cannot be sold under similarly favorable circumstances abroad. We cannot take it for granted that what we suppose to be an insuperable difference in cost will work out as an impassable barrier to sales. No people in the world are so careful and thrifty and so open to the appeal of genuine economy as the buyers of the continent of Europe, and they have communicated these qualities with remarkable precision to the people of South America and the Far East. No people in the world can be better approached with the argument of that truer economy which takes account of quality and of service rather than of original price. It is very largely a matter of education by direct representation.

In approaching a foreign market, no unusual or extravagant methods are required. In dealing with the foreign market as with the home market, we must have three elements to successful business: first, the goods; second, the salesman; and third, a knowledge of the field. It is a common error among American manufacturers to eliminate one or two of these essentials when attempting to enter export trade.

Of all the world's rewards to which there may be said, with truth, to be no royal road the rewards of foreign trade constitute, perhaps, an unusual example. There is but one way to secure them, and it is a fact that the methods employed in securing them by any one of our great competitors are the methods employed by all. There is practically nothing new about it. Forty years ago, when our exports were not much more than a fifth of what they are to-day, the few American experts on duty in foreign countries were sending back home advices which but for the differences in date and a revision in statistics might be used to-day with equal force.

As to the goods, we may properly assume that we have them and the facilities for producing them, at least for producing them as well as our competitors can produce them, and at a cost which, in spite of the better conditions under which the American working-men and factory hands and

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office employees are enabled to live, is not too high to exclude us from a fair competition in every market.

But the element of salesmanship is quite another matter. Here, at the start, we are at an important disadvantage in that we have no schools of practical training into which we can put young men to ultimately fit them for service in foreign countries. Here there enters the condition of language, for, generally speaking, a salesman cannot operate successfully unless he speaks and writes with fluency the language of the people among whom he attempts to make his sales. The few conspicuous examples of salesmen who have been able to do a continuous business in territory where they have not been able to speak the language and to read and write it serve only to prove the rule. School and college instruction give a groundwork only. They teach nothing of the actual spoken language of another country.

Language to be taught with the best success must be given and acquired in youth and, if possible, before the age of twenty. Methods of teaching must be revised and in most cases absolutely reversed. No one can learn to speak a language by the study of a grammar. If we are to train young men for service in the foreign field of trade, we ought to teach them in their youth to speak the essential foreign languages, which is to say, both French and German and, if possible, Spanish. I look to see the more enterprising of our American colleges institute courses in French and German, by which young men having in mind the export trade as a career can study not the grammar and the rule of language, but the languages as they are actually spoken in their countries. Before we can engage in export trade upon a basis so thorough and scientific as that now made use of by our great competitors we must begin training American young men for this field of effort.

In the mean time, however, we can take advantage of the number of intelligent and ambitious men in foreign commercial centres who can be secured as representatives. This is a perfectly practical method and a large part of our present very extensive foreign trade is in such hands. Hundreds of these men are familiar with American conditions either by residence or by visits here, and it can always be remembered of them that they descend in a direct line from those wonderful tradesmen of medieval Europe who were merchants and manufacturers and exporters before America

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was discovered. Scores of them are always in touch with our Consular Service in every country and correspondence can be opened with them without difficulty, and in English. At all events, whether our salesman is an American man reared and trained in his own country for service in Europe or South America or the Far East, or whether he is a foreigner selected after careful study of his references and endorsements, the fact remains that our trade must be secured and must be held by direct representation.

Now, as referring both to the element of salesmanship and to the element of study of the field, let us consider what our rivals do and upon what they are basing that competition which is closing the doors of foreign markets to our output.

The Germans begin the training of their foreign representatives and foreign salesmen in extreme youth. They send them to technical schools and as soon as they are old enough they are withdrawn and put into foreign countries, where they secure subordinate positions as office-boys, correspondents or sometimes even as janitors. There they study the commercial system of the country, perfect themselves in the language, master the method of banking and of credit and keep their eyes open to secure all general information regarding that particular territory. Very frequently these young men are paid a certain sum for expenses by the firms which send them out, in order that they may not be required to let pass an advantageous position simply on the score of insufficient pay. After several years of this service they are brought home, ordered into the factory and encouraged to apply their knowledge and to study the processes of manufacture through which the goods are put, and we can imagine that when these men go out as salesmen into the field where formerly they were engaged as office-boys and clerks they have little difficulty in approaching the trade and in making sales.

Italian silk and cotton manufacturers, when opening up new territory, select experienced men and send them out with samples which are shown generally throughout the territory. Criticisms are invited, suggestions asked for and copious notes are taken of the peculiarities of the market and the special wants of the people. No effort whatever is made to sell goods in this preliminary part of the campaign, and all that is required is that these advance agents shall come home with detailed reports upon the taste of the

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territory in color, texture, width and other items in the make-up of the textiles.

One European country has practically lost a very large and profitable trade which it had in Turkey and which it held through agencies established at the Turkish ports, through the competition of another country, whose salesmen ignored the ports, and, after mastering the dialect of the up-country districts, went into the great fairs held every year at the end of the harvest season and sold their goods directly to the people. The main reason why Chile, which last year bought one hundred million dollars' worth of goods in other countries, bought only about ten millions of that total in the United States, was because the English and the Germans, who secured nearly sixty per cent. of that market, did so through direct connections and direct steamship lines and the personal services of well-trained men. Practically everything which Chile buys abroad is made by us and could be sold to her by us. Direct personal methods such as I have described gave Germany, small as she is by comparison, sales in Italy in 1909 of over fifty-five millions of dollars in manufactured articles, which was nearly double our own sales of manufactured articles in the same market. Yet practically everything sold to Italy by Germany can be made and sold to her by us. In that one instance alone is a market of about fifty millions of dollars a year which, in so far as the goods themselves go, could be supplied from the American workshop as well as from the German.

It is to this work that the American Consular Corps, numbering a thousand well-trained men, is being manœuvred as a solid, quick-moving body of trade outposts, under the command of Mr. Wilbur J. Carr, whom Secretary Knox has made Director of the Consular Service. This is a new office of which no nation has anything exactly similar, and it is well known abroad that Mr. Carr's achievements with the American service in the last few years have caused something of a stir in several other Governments.

And in summing up what I have said on the subject of the extension of our foreign trade, I want to call attention again to a certain condition in our exports. Seventy-five years ago wheat, corn and other foodstuffs constituted the greater part of our foreign shipments. We raised more foodstuffs than we could consume and sold the rest abroad. Even as late as about 1898 foodstuffs constituted the larger

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part of our exports. But then there began that period of intense internal expansion in the midst of which we still find our industries to-day; and in the rapid development of manufacturing of every kind, and in the great absorption of capital and labor which our increasing manufactures have involved. American agriculture has declined by comparison as a national industry, until in the five years ending with 1909 the difference becomes emphatic. Where in 1879 foodstuffs constituted about fifty per cent. of all our exports, in 1909 they constituted only a little more than twenty-five per cent., and a very competent American authority has recently estimated that if our wheat exports continue to fall off at approximately the same rate they will cease entirely in twenty-seven years, while our corn exports, at the same rate, will cease in twenty-eight years. Certain it is that if America is to keep a proper balance in her favor in the world's trade she will have to increase her exports of manufactured articles as the falling off in foodstuffs and other raw material grows more apparent. There is more than one sign that our monopoly of some of the great staples cannot endure. Great as is our present export of raw cotton, for instance, growing as it is from one decade to another through the immense expansion of the cotton-spinning industry in many of the older countries, we must remember that in Russia in 1909 our cotton sales fell off to the extent of several millions of dollars, and that in southern Brazil, in Peru and Argentina, the Italian colonies in Africa and other promising quarters of the earth, steady progress in acreage and length of staple is being made by planters whose intention it is, at least, to some day force us to divide the field.

Nearly six hundred millions of dollars represented in 1908 the volume of our exports of raw materials, fully two-thirds of our total. In manufactured articles I venture to say that we could sell twice as large a quantity in foreign markets every year as we do to-day. Great as the volume of our export is, essential to many foreign buyers as appears to be the noteworthy quality of our output, even when we offer it at higher prices or do not offer it at all, I believe that we have scarcely scratched the surface of that vastly greater volume of trade which may be ours if we care to organize as our competitors are organizing to secure it.

In the last quarter of a century Germany has increased

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her export trade by use of such methods as I have here described by nearly two hundred per cent. Those methods and those results are still going on in every country to a greater or less degree. Argentina, Uruguay and Paraguay constitute a market for more than twenty millions of dollars' worth of cotton goods, of which less than three millions of dollars' worth is secured by the United States. In the boot and shoe trade, though we make the finest footwear in the world at lower relative prices than any other and though foreign tariffs are distinctly favorable to us, our total export amounts to only ten or twelve millions, though we could with a little effort dominate the shoe-market everywhere.

There is a principle of warfare which teaches that a general should occupy and hold positions which he expects to need in a forthcoming battle while yet occupation can be effected without too great a sacrifice. With American industries expanding and increasing their output, as they are expanding and increasing it to-day, and with the crops of the United States producing relatively less from year to year, the day will come when we shall want more foreign trade than we want it now. And the day may come when the manufacturer who now believes himself to be too busily engaged at home to occupy himself with things so far away will find it more than convenient to be able to market his surplus in some well-cultivated foreign field.

Nothing which has ever been written on this subject has been more to the point than these paragraphs which one finds in the message sent by President Taft to Congress on December 6th, 1910, under the heading "Fostering Foreign Trade":

"The Argentine battleship contracts, like the subsequent important one for Argentine railway equipment and those for Cuban Government vessels, were secured for our manufacturers largely through the good offices of the Department of State.

"The efforts of that department to secure for citizens of the United States equal opportunities in the markets of the world and to expand American commerce have been most successful. The volume of business obtained in new fields of competition and upon new lines is already very great and Congress is urged to continue to support the Department of State in its endeavors for further trade expansion.

"Our foreign trade merits the best support of the Government and the most earnest endeavor of our manufacturers and merchants, who, if they do not already in all cases need a foreign market, are certain soon to become dependent on it. Therefore, now is the time to secure a strong position in this field."

JAMES EDMUND DUNNING.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

BIOGRAPHY

LIFE OF VOLTAIRE. By S. G. TALLENTYRE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1910.

THERE are books so full of delight, and delights so throbbing with life and the pageant of life, that one lays them down with a sudden sense of a relapse; a whole mirage world has subsided again into dust and ashes. Such a book as this is Mr. Tallentyre's "Voltaire," though one would not wish to claim any transcendent literary merit for it other than just this one of pulsating vitality. The illusion is perfect. For the time of reading we are in France in the eighteenth century moving with that gay, lithe, slim, buoyant bubble of humanity, Voltaire. If one wishes to detract from the author's achievement by saying that it would be impossible to write anything but a lively book upon so alive a theme, the reply is that Voltaire is in no wise so incontinently blithe in Carlyle's "Frederick the Great" or in his critical essays; nor yet is he so reasonable a thinker or consistent a character in the "Memoirs" of Madame d'Epinay or the reminiscences of Longchamp and Wagnière. Carlyle was egregiously unsuited to deal with Voltaire as a subject. With a mind of Gothic structure and a style of super-Teutonic pomposity, he refused to touch any theme until he had taken his readers "galumphing" through the Infinite and brought them up breathless and exhausted at the threshold of his subject. He devotes much of his space in the critical essay to pointing out that life to Voltaire "was not a mighty drama enacted in the theatre of Infinitude with suns for lamps and Eternity as a background," etc., etc. No, Voltaire was very much of his day and his country; keenly alive to the affairs of the moment. "Vif" he was always called by his friends and servants and "*volontaire*" he was dubbed in babyhood. He was quick and headstrong, with an incisive swiftness and neatness of speech which has no parallel in the history of human thought. Bernard Shaw approaches him but distantly in philosophic humor and tolerant cynicism; Whistler, an infinitely slighter figure, had but a tithe of his swiftness and neatness of mind. Could even a Whistler at nineteen have been ready with Voltaire's reply to the Regent Philip when released from the Bastille to which he had been committed for imprudent wit? The Regent warned the young offender to be prudent. "Be prudent," he said, "and I will provide for you." "I shall be delighted," said the audacious youth, "if you will give me my board, but pray take no further trouble as to my lodgings." Volumes could be made of his *mots*. Grimm tells of an Englishman who had been visiting Haller and then came to visit Voltaire; Voltaire said of the former host: "He is a great man, a great poet, a great naturalist, a great phi-

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losopher," to which the Englishman replied: "What you say, sir, is the more admirable, because Mr. Haller does not admit the same of you." "Ah, well, we may both easily be mistaken," replied Voltaire.

Perhaps his retort to Rousseau's letter accusing him of pessimism and urging upon him the view that this is the best of all possible worlds and that what is, is right, is the only effective reply to an easy optimism. In a very short note M. de Voltaire mentions that the weather is exceedingly bad; that his niece, who is with him, is ill and her life despaired of; that he himself has been suffering continuously for some days. "I am waiting," he concludes, "until all this shall be past, when I shall be happy to agree with you."

Ridicule is destructive lightning to superstition and to sentimentality, and Voltaire was a god flashing forth lightning; no man has wielded it before or since with such adroitness, such killing skill. With a passion for liberty of thought and action, a keen sense of rectitude, a never-failing sympathy for the defeated and exploited, an inexhaustible fund of gayety and buoyancy, Voltaire was by turns imperious and cringing; bold to the point of foolhardiness and a coward; a fury and a ready pardoner; but never once did he turn aside really from the great warfare he led against the shackled mind. He lied readily and constantly. He denied his own works. He was no thunderer; he did not kill by thunderbolts. He was a skilful fencer, and his only weapons were adroitness and cunning.

"What is it they want me to say?" he exclaimed to Madame du Deffand when she and Madame du Châtelet were trying to restore him to ministerial favor. They thought a complete disavowal of his opinions advisable. "Very well!" He was complacent. "I will declare that Pascal was always right . . . that all priests are disinterested . . . that the Jesuits are honest . . . that the Inquisition is the triumph of humanity and tolerance: in fact, I will say anything they like if they will leave me in peace." Well might he promise this, for being left in peace meant the continuation of his warfare. No one would or could believe his disavowal, but they could pretend to do so, and he could be free for that utterance which was to light the torch of revolution.

Taking into account the easy morals of the day, Voltaire's relations to women were singularly exalted and pure. His connection with Madame du Châtelet was in great measure an intellectual friendship, as the comedy of its ending proves. His beneficence and patience with his nieces was proverbial, his kindness and generosity to his servants and to all those needing help was inexhaustible. Having summed up poverty in early life as being that which "most saps the courage," he set himself about winning an independence, and with his usual shrewdness and ability he accomplished the end in short order. Beginning with an income of 800 francs a year, he raised it, in time, to 80,000 francs by soliciting pensions and promotions, speculating in funds, trading with America and with Jew pawnbrokers. Vain all his life, keen for worldly honors and advancements, constantly punished and exiled, he finally returned to his native land to be killed by the glory he had yearned for. As Carlyle says: "He was drowned in a sea of applause."

Mr. Tallentyre has thrown aside all time-honored methods of biography and contented himself with sifting out of the many volumes of material a swift, terse, straightforward narrative. He gives no quotations, nor makes any particular acknowledgment of sources. For sheer readableness the

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book is as enthralling as the liveliest fiction. This may be the reason it has already reached a third printing. It has in it, this "Life of Voltaire," the material of a dozen novels, a score of dramas and a century of poems.

LORD CHATHAM: HIS EARLY LIFE AND CONNECTIONS. By LORD ROSEBERY. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1910.

Quite as much as the poet, the true biographer is born and not made. Above all else, he must have the sense of personality, and given this, a man can make the dullest life of vital moment, while without it the life of the greatest genius may be so sterilized as to be worthless. Happy, then, is the public man who has Lord Rosebery for his biographer. Though the materials for an orthodox biography are all so meagre, nevertheless Lord Rosebery's "Chatham" is much more than a "torso," as the biographer modestly calls it. The biographer is himself so able, is so steeped in a knowledge of the times and of the men who made the times, has so unmistakably this rare sense of personality, that he has evoked a fairly distinct and very "questionable shape." The materials may be slight, yet the author has so skilfully used them as to make a constant appeal to the interest and imagination of the reader; and this "Early Life" has one of the most delightful qualities of either history or fiction—it is *suggestive*. Lord Rosebery has so charged his subject with his own fine sagacity that whatever is lacking of Pitt is made up for by Rosebery. Successfully to be the historian of either a single life or of an epoch a man must be born —in Scott's phrase—"a citizen of the world"; must have at every point the human touch, the human interest. To such an one men may be dull relatively, but never absolutely, and it is this lambent, flame-like interest in life, in men, that makes delightful these pages. Any man who could do justice to George II has accomplished an historical and intellectual feat and Lord Rosebery has achieved even this. Being an heir of the Whig traditions, Lord Rosebery's own political acumen and actual experience are ably seconded by an admirable temper and unusual wit and humor. His descriptive analysis, his vivid portrayal of individuals and groups—as of the Grenville Brothers, for instance—his penetrating comment and fine historic sense, would enliven and illumine any subject. Summing up his account of the Grenvilles, he says: "It is a singular story; there is nothing like it in the history of England; it resembles rather the persistent annals of the hive."

The turbulent Pitts, thriving apparently upon internal dissensions, with their touch of genius allied to insanity, are all memorable. Perhaps they seemed more intractable than they really were, since they did all their quarrelling in public, but even so they were a most irascible and incalculable race. Ann Pitt, with her unsheathed wit and sharp-edged mind, too clever and formidable for "human nature's daily food," born for society as William for public life, is quite as interesting as her famous brother. Their temperamental and intellectual likeness, the deep mutual love which evidently brightened and sweetened their early years, give a sense of tragedy to the estrangement—far greater on her part than on his—which followed. Love of this sister seems to have been the real affection of Chatham's life. For his marriage, whatever may have been the devotion of his wife, was evidently to him much more of an alliance than a union. "My brother, who has always seemed to guess and understand all I felt of every kind,"

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Ann wrote in 1757, a sentence which is a clew to all. For such a feeling bespeaks hearts and minds that are attuned. And Lord Rosebery is right to dwell at some length upon this happier time of their lives. It is, indeed, as he says, "invaluable to a student of Pitt's career. It lights up the only expressed tenderness in his life; it is the one relief to his sombre nature; it is the sole record that we have of the unbending of that grim and stately figure."

Certainly the family temper and want of self-control may account for Chatham's stern self-repression and reserve, on the one hand, but, on the other, it would seem as if his nearest and dearest, they who came most immediately in contact with him, were not people of the "experiencing mind." For whether a man successfully hides himself or eludes observation depends upon his associates. It was a very formal age and one in which the little touches that tell so much were loftily ignored. Think how much of what we know is due to Walpole, born gossip that he was, in addition to all his other gifts. Then the circumstances of Chatham's political life, his enforced political associations and entangling political alliances, all tended to throw him back upon himself rather than to draw him out. Yet his character is everywhere subtly suggested, though not revealed, suppositions are warranted, but not pressed too closely, in this fascinating study. Lord Rosebery has clearly recognized the necessary limitations of his subject and yet has done his materials full justice. For lightness of touch and clearness of vision, for the much in little, the characterization of George II is an admirable piece of historical and political discrimination and judgment; it really restores the balance of historic truth. And how easily does Lord Rosebery take all Carlyle up when he says "hero worship makes bad history." So the swift and accurate delineation of the middle part of the eighteenth century, with its befuddling, stupid and greedy wars, is a positive boon to the general reader. For it is always a delight and a profit to have history taken from the category of duty and have it placed in that of pleasure. To be thus made partaker of Lord Rosebery's knowledge, fine temper and delightful, clarifying humor is a great favor. May he generously increase our obligations by adding a necessary second volume of Pitt's later life to this of his earlier and ascending years.

THE JAPANESE LETTERS OF LAFCADIO HEARN. Edited by ELIZABETH BISLAND. New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1910.

When the first two volumes of Lafcadio Hearn's "Letters" were published some years ago, they took place at once among the great letters of the last century, rich in personal memoirs and delightful correspondence. The "Letters" of Hearn rank with the letters of Robert Louis Stevenson, Edward Fitzgerald, the Carlyles, the Brownings, Keats and Shelley. Indeed, for sheer charm and valuable content they totally outrank the letters of Shelley and Keats, which are chiefly valuable as furnishing data of notable personalities.

It is sufficient to say of these last letters of Lafcadio Hearn that they are equal to the first instalment. The present volume consists chiefly of Hearn's letters to Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain and were sent from Kumamoto when the first fine frenzy of Hearn's delight in Japanese life was cooling. They are of especial worth as being written to a trusted and congenial friend, interested in just the same exotic and rare matters of

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life and literature as Hearn himself. Therefore, they contain his freest utterance on religion, art, nature, literature and philosophy. The volume as it stands deserves to be reviewed in three ways: first and foremost as the revelation of a beautiful, though suffering soul. Secondly, as an invaluable volume of literary criticism; and, thirdly, as a vivid and faithful study of Oriental life, temperament, tendencies.

Lafcadio Hearn was one of those folk of whom the world takes account a little too late. It has a wasteful habit of letting such die before it bestirs itself to investigate their worth, to foster their existence. Yet just such souls are the hope of humanity. They have moved far along from the tiger and the ape; they have no claws and talons, no robust assurance of their right to live and share the world's joy and no great power of resistance, so they cower in the corner and leave life's prizes to be bickered over or fought for by the noisy armed competitors of modern life. None the less, such souls as Hearn's are the world's great treasures. They are those for whom the giant Time has labored through the ages, showing us

> "That life is not as empty ore,
> But iron dug from central gloom
> And heated hot with burning fears,
> And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
> And battered with the shocks of doom
> To shape and use."

As it is, we owe these beautiful letters of Hearn's to his rare incapacity for modern life; to a certain shy loneliness of soul which was the result of wider thinking, higher sensibilities, nobler theories, than are the stock in trade of the common run. It was no defect that divorced him from men in general, but his higher endowment. Yet with all the defeats and difficulties of his life, defenceless against the inimical warfare of existence, he never lost the zeal of those who miss the prize; never ceased his arduous labor. Mrs. Bisland Wetmore, who was his lifelong friend and has done more than any one else could to save Hearn from detractors—missionaries who misunderstood his philosophic breadth of view, and enemies who, in the disguise of friendship, have attempted to undermine his character and his claim to fame—Mrs. Bisland Wetmore says that the distinguishing characteristics of his personality were "artistic rectitude and an unusual sensitiveness." None who know Hearn through his work and his letters but will grant the truth of this.

"He was abnormally responsive to the faintest wind of beauty," writes Mrs. Wetmore, and these letters are compact of exquisite impressions, rare observations, delicate echoes of strange and beautiful harmonies keyed to the high pitch of his own sensitive heart.

No man of whom we have a full record was more aware of the ancestral souls living within him and becoming, through transmission, the very impulse and instinct of his being. Few had wider views of the eternal import of the moment, the majestic growth from tiniest seed, so that crime, in the light of his philosophy, became to him "a crime against not only the totality of all human experience with right and wrong, but a distinct injury to the universal tendency to higher things—a crime against not humanity only, but the entire cosmos—against the laws that move a hundred millions of systems of worlds."

The volume is likewise invaluable as a mass of literary criticism. Whole

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essays on Kipling and Pater might be made of the chance and casual utterances of Hearn in his friendly letters. Loti he viewed with a combined delight in his high-wrought, nervous art and a total disapproval of his moral nature. For the young Kipling, at that time doing his most exuberant work, he had nothing but whole-hearted admiration. Certain of his ballads he could read seven times in succession and find new beauties every time. One letter full of delight in the younger author ends up with spontaneous cheer: "Great is K——!"

Whole essays upon the French romanticists could be made out of the book, as well as a wonderful study of Hearn's theories of art; his sense of the "colors and tints of words, the rustling of the procession of letters, the dream flutes and dream drums which are thinly and weirdly played by words." For him, he writes elsewhere, "words have color, form, character. They have faces, parts, manners, gesticulation;—they have moods, humors, eccentricities;—they have tints, tones, personalities." Noguchi says of Hearn: "He wrote with his life-blood." So do all those whose writings live. The very best of Hearn's product is in these letters, for in these he was free of all shyness; he was unveiling his personality for a friend who loved him, and great and beautiful as was his art his personality was greater, more beautiful.

WILLIAM SHARP. FIONA MACLEOD: A MEMOIR. Compiled by ELIZABETH A. SHARP. New York: Duffield & Co., 1910.

Those who turn to this Life and its Letters for *bona fide* material of a psychic or pathological nature will very likely be disappointed. The total impression in finishing the volume is that the very most has been made of what is, after all, not an unusual phenomenon. Sharp lived in the very centre of the Celtic Renaissance. The old poetry was being unearthed and studied and all the old magic and superstitions, legends and phrases, revived. It was a good mine for literary digging, and the stuff thrown up made the prominence of not a few young men of pretty fancy and swiftly fired imagination. A hard-headed critic, of the classical school, having waded through a mass of Celtic revival poetry, remarked, dejectedly, "The trouble is there is such a thin sprinkling of genius over the whole bunch."

William Sharp, like thousands of other people, seems to have had at least two sides to his nature; he was an industrious, studious, hard-working hack-writer, and alongside of this he had a visionary, sentimental, mystery-loving, feminine endowment. This latter side of his nature was very susceptible to beauty and to the charms of nature. There can be but little doubt that had William Sharp published his Fiona writings under his own name, it would have detracted from his reputation as a sober literary critic. There is just as little doubt in many minds that some of Fiona MacLeod's high reputation was due to the mystery in which she was shrouded. One has a dim feeling that if the Sunday papers had published her photograph, and the ladies' journals given pictures of her walking costumes and her pets, fewer of her books would have sold. Mystery is as good an advertisement as any; indeed, it is better than most, and it served its purpose here.

W. B. Yeats asserts that when Sharp had been talking and acting in what we may call the Fiona mood and then returned to himself as William Sharp he had no recollection of the preceding conversation. But this idea,

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Mrs. Sharp admits, was poetic license. There was no forgetting of Fiona's sentiments, and Sharp passed from the one mood to the other as unconcernedly and with as clear a recollection as the average hack-writer might turn from the practical details of ordering dinner to writing this review. The difference in the two moods or the two personalities seems no greater, for example, than the difference Shelley shows in his love lyrics and his hard-headed political propaganda.

A careful and exhaustive comparison of the vocabulary, sentence structure and idea content of the writings published under the two names might yield fruitful results. There is no space for such a work in an ordinary review, but picking up at random a critical essay by William Sharp and turning the pages swiftly, the eye may be caught by such phrases as the following:

"The animating principle is always of necessity greater than the animated form, as the soul is superior to the body."

"Not a living thing is visible, though far up on a vast expanse of unbroken white a tiny blue-black shadow moves like a sweeping scimitar."

"How much greater is life than its noblest manifestation."

"The sombre shadow of Ben Ledi—"

"The Hill of God—sombre, notwithstanding the white garment of snow in which it is enveloped."

"One sheet of dark ice."

"Soothing solitude.—Majestic silence.—Secret and holy lair—"

"Pipes a solitary tune of life, its love, its devotion, its fervor, its prophetic exaltation, its passion, its despair, its exceeding bitterness."

Do these phrases and words not seem to belong to the stock in trade of Fiona MacLeod? They are taken from an essay on the technical structure of the sonnet by William Sharp.

This is no attempt to belittle Sharp's fame or to detract from the beauty of Fiona's writings. Those who admire Fiona rate her work very high. It is simply a warning that pathological data is here in rather small quantity, and to the plain man there will perhaps seem to be just a suspicion of charlatanry in the double-personality talk. After a very brief and cursory examination of two of Sharp's essays and three of Fiona's books, both writers are found to be addicted to "vastness," "latency of fire," "unbroken white expanses" and "glimmering blue-black shadows," "white faces," together with all sorts of omens, croaking ravens, general vehemence, careering and careening, dreams, visions, etc. Mrs. Sharp testifies that she was often with her husband while he was in trance, and that during such times she felt the "room throb with heightened pulsations." She also says that Sharp often mentioned to her that curious "dazzle of the brain," which preceded the falling away of material things and the awakening of the visionary world. This is very interesting, and it would have been helpful to have had Sharp's trances more minutely described and carefully recorded. "That dazzle of the brain," when material things seem to become for the instant translucent, is too general an experience to question. The great matter as to that is whether the results of the experience are of any value, and only time and the gathering of much-scattered data can answer the question.

There are many interesting letters in the volume; none more so than a long letter of that rare and authentic genius, A. E. (George Russell). Sharp's letters show a lovable and interesting personality, a man of unusual gifts fighting a hard fight to earn a literary living. Some of his

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dreams as recorded in the Conclusion are interesting, although every term but one in the first recorded dream is a quotation. "Dark with excess of light" dates back as far as Plotinus, serves again for Milton's "Paradise Lost" (Book III, l, 380), and the idea undoubtedly creeps out again in Vaughn's

"There is in God
A deep but dazzling darkness."

PLUTARCH'S CIMON AND PERICLES. With the Funeral Oration of Pericles (Thucydides, ii, 35-46). Newly translated with introduction and notes by BERNADOTTE PERRIN, Lampson Professor (Emeritus) of Greek Literature and History in Yale University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910.

Those who gladly welcomed Professor Perrin's admirable first volume of Greek worthies, "Plutarch's Themistocles and Aristides," will probably give an even warmer reception to the second, "Cimon and Pericles." Here is, indeed, a labor of love strengthened by fine scholarship so that to the student and general reader alike these two "Lives" must come with a double grace. Even literary loves, however, are sometimes tinged with jealousy lest the object of affection be deprived of due honor, but these latest "Lives" only reinforce that old, dear, heavy, quarto of our childhood which so royally introduced us to "the glory that was Greece, to the grandeur that was Rome." Here all Plutarch's sources of information are closely followed, scrutinized and arranged, with the result of rather strengthening his worth as a historian while in no wise taking from his power in "artistic ethical portraiture." And a seasonable word in passing may not be amiss concerning this particular view of Plutarch, "Prince of Biographers." That he was a moralist first and a historian afterwards, that it was the ethical content of a life and the way in which it might be used to woo men on to virtue that chiefly interested him, scarce seems a rightly proportioned view of Plutarch. Lover of virtue he surely was, but he was equally a lover of what he so frequently calls "fundamental truth" and which he, like other historians, found so hard to reach. The ethical content, with its possibilities of self-knowledge, self-control and self-improvement, are never separable in his thought and work from the hard actual fact. Indeed, what *may be* is based upon what *is*, and he earnestly tries to show the essential connection between the two. Plutarch did not conceive of history as does Lord Acton, also a great historical genius; but the personal equation must be allowed for quite as much in Acton as in Plutarch; must be allowed for in all historians. For the only real historian is the Recording Angel and to his records we have no access. No man was ever so set in the heart of things that he could give more than a tithe to what was going on about him, and that tithe is inevitably deep-dyed in the Tyrian hue of his own personality. "*De Bello Gallico*" is admirable history, but it is a far more comprehensive study in Roman and Cæsarian egotism. That Plutarch's hand seems sometimes hesitating, that his colors are frequently fluent rather than fixed, that the "artistic ethical portraiture" is by no means self-consistent, is all so much evidence of his love of this "fundamental truth." He nothing extenuates nor sets down aught in malice. He gives the limning of both friend and foe. Whenever and wherever possible, he not only presents the estimate of the trained observer and thinker,

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but also gives the popular feeling of the inconstant yet instinctive rabble as well. The very fact that Plutarch wrote his "Lives" in pairs and with parallels shows the sifting and discriminating side of his mind and should make us chary of over-emphasizing the idealization of the portrait. Love in the sense of admiration he constantly shows, but love in the sense of blind hero worship never, and his love in the sense of service to truth is greatest of all. The "Life of Pericles" seems almost the keystone of the arch of these biographies. Pericles, the Olympian, so wonderful a bloom of Greek genius—Pericles, the man, with his dignity and gentleness and calm, must have peculiarly appealed to Plutarch. And yet how careful he is, how finely restrained is his enthusiasm, how unfaltering is the withholding of the hand. To Greek art, history, literature and speculative thinking the world owes an incalculable debt. Greece is an inexhaustible quarry for the human mind and her beauty and power are radioactive still. Plutarch feels this and is instinctively conscious that Greek life is best expressed in the lives of her great men. And something more. There is a wistfulness in Plutarch, an unasked, haunting question after whose answer he dimly gropes. Why, with such beauty and power, did Greek civilization fail? For a civilization that does not furnish both for the individual and the race a permanent ideal and a permanent hope is foredoomed to failure. Greek civilization, wonderful and fructifying as it is, affords neither this ideal nor this hope. Plutarch seems dimly to have felt this. It is the implicit meaning of his "Lives." In them he sifts men's lives in an instinctive effort to discover whether it is really in man that walketh to direct his steps. He asked, yet got no answer. Nevertheless, there is a patient hope in his pages and a fine prescience of some dawn. May Professor Perrin be permitted to give us those other "Lives" which he has so generously planned.

GEORGE SAND. By RENÉ DOUMIC. Translated by ALYS HALLARD. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1910.

A combination of René Doumic's popular but unpleasing literary opinions, with the awkward English of Alys Hallard, cannot be said to make a very valuable biography. A literary critic, however illustrious, who prefers George Sand to Flaubert and believes that the chief function of literature is to console and to divert cannot, in the present day, be accorded a very serious reception. M. Doumic's opinions coincide perfectly with those of a large majority of newspaper hack-writers and contributors to the cheaper periodicals. The opinions may be summed up as the apotheosis of the cheap and the mediocre; proves, above all else, that it is easy writing which makes sleepy reading. In a final paragraph M. Doumic sums up his theory of the novel. "Its function may," he says, "be summed up in a few words—to charm, to touch, to console." A list of the novelists who must be erased from the tablets of fame, if this criterion were allowed, might be an effective reply. As a mere beginning we should be obliged to throw out Balzac, Flaubert, de Maupassant, Zola, the de Goncourts, Loti, Bourget, Stendhal, all the great Russian novelists in one heap, Sterne, Fielding, Smollet, Thackeray, George Eliot, the Brontës, Hardy, Meredith, Conrad, Henry James, Arnold Bennett, Galsworthy; but the list is too long to follow out. Novels, like all artistic creations, are written in the hope of bringing men to a fuller consciousness of life, by revelation and ex-

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planation. Who does not understand more of life and humanity by studying that department of literature which depicts them? A sense of truth and reality, craftsmanship, learning, power to set forth the inner conception, are the fundamental endowments of a novelist.

To begin with, then, M. Doumic—with all due apologies to his eminent position—sets all his theories of art and literature on a toppling basis. His views are washed over with a cheap religiosity and thin veneer of conventionality. He is one of those respectable people whom we can always rely upon to think wrong because they are trying so hard to be safe. To think right demands courage and vigor, as well as judgment. But his theories of art and his theories of life are tinged by an unwholesome and unbracing tradition. It is customary to suppose that such views, appealing as they do to the timid, the convention-ridden, the mediocre, are signs of health. But surely health means initiative, free creation, the power to make new laws, new governments, new worlds. All progress depends upon courage. The courage to wound, if necessary, so that fresh ideas may be inoculated.

Nothing can make a life of George Sand decent reading. Despite the extraordinary opulence, the extravagance of her nature, she was a light woman, of light brains and very light morals. Her will-o'-the-wisp love-affairs are as unsavory as any reading one can find. Her genius—such as it was—does not make up for the radical coarseness of her mind. The freedom of speech in her letters is exceedingly distasteful, and in the present volume M. Doumic has unearthed hitherto unpublished letters permissible to print only in a medical treatise and to be read only by students of pathology—not of literature. But if anything could add further vulgarity to an account of her life it is the light veneer of a mind like that of M. Doumic.

The translation is poor. The book abounds in unfinished sentences, bad grammar, poor idiom and awkward constructions.

LES SŒURS BRONTË. Par E. DIMNET. Paris: Bloud et Cie, Éditeurs, 1910.

An account of just how far the sombre and powerful genius of the Brontë Sisters makes appeal to the French people would be data of psychological interest. The French have a *flaire* for vitality. They were readier than Americans to appreciate Poe. They have shown astounding comprehension of Whitman and have published in the last few years an excellent and voluminous translation of his poetic work.

M. Dimnet points out that, considering the wide-spread interest in English literature which has obtained in France in the past decade or so, it is surprising that no book has been published about the geniuses of the Yorkshire moors. Madame Darmesteter (Agnes Mary Robinson, an Englishwoman and author of a life of Emily Brontë) contributed in 1899 and 1900 some able articles on the Brontë Sisters to the "*Revue de Paris.*" A translation of "Wuthering Heights," published in Paris some years ago, and the eloquent and beautiful tribute of M. Maeterlinck to Emily in "*La Sagesse et la Destinée,*" must have done much toward stimulating interest in the three sisters.

M. Dimnet has written a very charming account of the lives of the three writers in this volume. He seems to have had access to all the best bio-

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graphical material extant and rightly places Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" first; he recognizes Clement Shorter as a collector rather than a critic and realizes how inappropriate is Mr. Birrel's light cynicism —*ce demi sourire*—in coping with characters as real and as impassioned as were these Brontës. To speak of Mrs. Humphry Ward (who is much overrated by M. Dimnet) as a woman who sets living far above any profession or vocation is the error surely of one who does not know Mrs. Ward's career.

The story of the Brontës is charmingly told with that grace and fluency, that ease and elegance of narrative, which seems to be the birthright of French and the despair of English artists. M. Dimnet's suggestion that Charlotte's unhappiness in Brussels was due to a love-affair with the husband of her employer is French—very French—but shows a total lack of knowledge of the ingrained principles of such a nature as he is dealing with. Charlotte Brontë was the true daughter of a Yorkshire vicar even if she was a genius.

We should have been grateful to the author for more literary criticisms and for fuller comparisons of the Brontë girls with the women writers of France, but this perhaps would have broken the narrative and have been less suitable for the French audience to whom the book is addressed.

The last few pages the author devotes to decrying what he seems to think is a present-day tendency to overrate the work of the brain and underrate the value of character. Perhaps, however, character and brain power are more closely allied than any of us realize and all such divisions are more or less futile and artificial.

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"UNDER WESTERN EYES"*

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

CHAPTER IV

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS.—*Razumov, a student of philosophy at the University of St. Petersburg, is supposed to be the son of humble parents, but is under the protection of a powerful nobleman. At the moment when he has decided to compete for a scholarship medal a despotic Minister of State is assassinated. Razumov returning to his rooms finds Haldin, a fellow student, awaiting him. Haldin reveals the fact that he threw the bomb which killed the minister. Believing Razumov sympathetic, he asks him to assist him in his escape. Razumov, inwardly protesting against being involved in the affair, starts out to do as Haldin wishes. The plan, however, miscarries, and Razumov in desperation decides to lay the whole matter before Prince K——, his mysterious protector. The Prince approves Razumov's conduct and takes him at once to the house of General T——, by whom he is closely questioned. The General learning the time and place at which Haldin expects to meet the man who is to convey him from the city, sends Razumov back to his rooms. He finds Haldin still there and tells him that all is arranged. In a thoughtless outburst he permits Haldin to discover that he is not in sympathy with his deed and Haldin departs, leaving Razumov uncertain whether the police are on hand to make the arrest. Exhausted by his emotion, he sets down briefly his own political creed, and, pinning the paper to the wall, falls into a troubled sleep. Still uncertain as to Haldin's fate, Razumov goes about his university work. He finds that his radical fellow students believe him sympathetic. He is told of Haldin's arrest and is offered assistance. His rooms are searched by the police and he is summoned before Councillor Mikulin, who has in his possession Razumov's political creed written on the night of Haldin's visit. He is told of Haldin's trial and execution and is closely questioned by the Councillor, to whom he resents bitterly the suspicion which has been attached to him. The narrative here leaves Razumov for the moment and the current instalment opens in Geneva, where Haldin's mother and sister are living.*

IN the conduct of an invented story there are, no doubt, certain proprieties to be observed for the sake of clearness and effect. A man of imagination, however inexperienced in the art of narrative, has his instinct to guide him in the choice of his words and in the development of the action. A grain of talent excuses many mistakes. But this is not a work of imagination; I have no talent; my excuse for this undertaking lies not in its art, but in its artlessness. Aware of my limitations and strong in the sincerity of my purpose, I would not try (were I able) to invent anything. I push my scruples so far that I would not even invent a transition.

Dropping then Mr. Razumov's record at the point where Councillor

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Mikulin's question, "Where to?" comes, with its air of an insoluble problem, I shall simply say that I made the acquaintance of these ladies about six months before that time. By "these ladies," I mean, of course, the mother and the sister of the unfortunate Haldin.

By what arguments he had induced his mother to sell their little property and go abroad for an indefinite time, I cannot tell precisely. I have an idea that Mrs. Haldin, at her son's wish, would have set fire to her house and emigrated to the moon without any sign of surprise or apprehension; and that Miss Haldin—Natalia, caressingly Natalka—would have given her assent to the scheme.

Their proud devotion to that young man became clear to me in a very short time. Following his directions, they went straight to Switzerland—to Zurich—where they remained the best part of a year. From Zurich, which they did not like, they came to Geneva. A friend of mine in Lausanne, a lecturer in history at the university (he had married a Russian lady, a distant connection of Mrs. Haldin's), wrote to me suggesting I should call on these ladies. It was a very kindly meant business suggestion. Miss Haldin wishes to go through a course of reading the best English authors with a competent teacher.

Mrs. Haldin received me very kindly. Her bad French, of which she was smilingly conscious, did away with the formality of the first interview. She was a tall woman in a black silk dress. A wide brow, regular features and delicately cut lips testified to her past beauty. She sat upright in an easy-chair and in a rather weak, gentle voice told me that her Natalka simply thirsted after knowledge. Her thin hands were lying on her lap, her facial immobility had in it something monachal. "In Russia," she went on, "all knowledge was tainted with falsehood. Not chemistry and all that," she explained. The government corrupted the teaching of its own purposes. Both her children felt that. Her Natalka had obtained a diploma of a Superior School for Women and her son was a student at the St. Petersburg University. He had a brilliant intellect, a most noble, unselfish nature, and he was the oracle of his comrades. Early next year, she hoped, he would join them and they would then go to Italy together. In any other country but their own she would have been certain of a great future for a man with the extraordinary abilities and the lofty character of her son—but in Russia. . . .

The young lady, sitting by the window, turned her head and said:

"Come, mother. Even with us things change with years."

Her voice was deep, almost harsh, and yet caressing in its harshness. She had a dark complexion, with red lips, and a full figure. She gave the impression of strong vitality. The old lady sighed.

"You are both young—you two. It is easy for you to hope. But I too am not hopeless. Indeed, how could I be with a son like this."

I addressed Miss Haldin, asking her what authors she wished to read. She directed upon me her gray eyes shaded by black eyelashes, and I became aware, notwithstanding my years, how attractive physically her personality could be to a man capable of appreciating in a woman something else than the mere grace of femininity. Her glance was as direct and trustful as that of a young man yet unspoiled by the world's wise lessons. And it was intrepid, but in this intrepidity there was nothing aggressive. A naïve yet thoughtful assurance is a better definition. She had reflected already (in Russia the young begin to think early), but she

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had never known deception as yet, because obviously she had never yet fallen under the sway of passion. She was—to look at her was enough—very capable of being roused by the idea or simply by a person. At least, so I judged, with I being an unbiassed mind; for clearly my person could not be the person—and as to my ideas! . . .

But we became excellent friends in the course of our reading. It was very pleasant. Without fear of provoking a smile, I shall confess that I became very much attached to that young girl. At the end of four months I told her that now she could very well go on reading English by herself. It was time for the teacher to depart. My pupil looked unpleasantly surprised.

Mrs. Haldin, with her immobility of feature and kindly expression of the eyes, uttered from her armchair in her uncertain French, "*Mais l'ami reviendra.*" And so it was settled. I returned—not four times a week as before, but pretty frequently. In the autumn we made some short excursions together in company with other Russians. My friendship with these ladies had given me a standing in the Russian colony which otherwise I could not have had.

The day I saw in the papers the news of Mr. de P——'s assassination—it was a Sunday—I met the ladies in the street and walked with them for some distance. Mrs. Haldin wore a heavy gray cloak, I remember, over her black silk dress, and her fine eyes met mine with a very quiet expression.

"We have been to the late service," she said. "Natalka came with me. Her girl friends, the students here, of course don't. . . . With us in Russia the Church is so identified with oppression that it seems almost necessary when one wishes to be free in this life to give up all hope of a future existence. But I cannot give up praying for my son."

She added, with a sort of stony grimness, coloring slightly, and in French, "*Ce n'est peut être qu'une habitude*" ("It may be only habit").

Miss Haldin was carrying the prayer-books. She did not glance at her mother.

"You and Victor are both profound believers," she said.

I communicated to them the news from their country which I had just read in a café. For a whole minute we walked together fairly briskly in silence. Then Mrs. Haldin murmured:

"There will be more trouble, more persecutions for this. They may be even closing the university. There is neither peace nor rest in Russia for one but in the grave."

"Yes. The way is hard," came from the daughter, looking straight before her at the Chain of Jura covered with snow, like a white wall closing the end of the street. "But concord is not so very far off."

"That is what my children think," observed Mrs. Haldin to me.

I did not conceal my feeling that these were strange times to talk of concord. Natalia Haldin surprised me by saying, as if she had thought very much on the subject, that the Occidentals did not understand the situation. She was very calm and youthfully superior.

"You think it is a class conflict, or a conflict of interests, as social contests are with you in Europe. But it is not that at all. It is something quite different."

"It is quite possible that I don't understand," I admitted.

That propensity of lifting every problem from the plane of the understandable by means of some sort of mystic expression is very Russian.

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I knew her well enough to have discovered her scorn for all the practical forms of political liberty known to the Western world. I suppose one must be a Russian to understand Russian simplicity, a terrible corroding simplicity in which mystic phrases clothe a naïve and hopeless cynicism. I think sometimes that the psychological secret of the profound difference is that that people detest life, the irremediable life of the earth as it is, whereas we Westerners cherish it with perhaps an equal exaggeration of its sentimental value. But this is a digression indeed. . . .

I helped these ladies into the tram-car and they asked me to call in the afternoon. At least, Mrs. Haldin asked me as she climbed up, and her Natalka smiled down at the dense Westerner indulgently from the rear platform of the moving car. The light of the clear wintry forenoon was softened in her gray eyes.

Mr. Razumov's record, like the open book of fate, revives for me the memory of that day as something startlingly pitiless in its freedom from all forebodings. Victor Haldin was still with the living, but with the living whose only contact with life is the expectation of death. He must have been already referring to the last of his earthly affections, the hours of that obstinate silence, which for him was to be prolonged into eternity. That afternoon the ladies entertained a good many of their compatriots —more than was usual for them to receive at one time; and the drawing-room on the ground floor of a large house on the Boulevard des Philosophes was very much crowded.

I outstayed everybody; and when I rose Miss Haldin stood up, too. I took her hand and was moved to revert to that morning's conversation in the street.

"Admitting that we Occidentals do not understand the character of your people . . ." I began.

It was as if she had been prepared for me by some mysterious foreknowledge. She checked me gently.

"Their impulses—their . . ." she sought the proper expression and found it, but in French . . . "their *mouvements d'ame*."

Her voice was not much above a whisper.

"Very well," I said. "But still we are looking at a conflict. You say it is not a conflict of classes and not a conflict of purposes. Suppose I admitted that. Are antagonistic ideas then to be reconciled more easily—can they be cemented with blood and violence into that concord which you proclaim to be so near?"

She looked at me searchingly with her clear blue eyes without answering my reasonable question—my obvious, my unanswerable question.

"It is inconceivable," I added, with something like annoyance.

"Everything is inconceivable," she said. "You and I—and mother, here, are inconceivable to each other's cold reason. There are too many contradictory irreconcilable ideas implied in our existence. The whole world is inconceivable to the strict logic of ideas. And yet the world exists to our senses and we exist in it. There must be a necessity superior to our conceptions. You are thinking of parliamentarism, no doubt—which is not concord at all. It is a very miserable and a very false thing to belong to the majority. We Russians shall find some better form of national freedom than an artificial conflict of parties—which is wrong because it is a conflict and contemptible because it is artificial. It is left for us Russians to discover a better way."

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Mrs. Haldin had been looking out of the window. She turned upon me the almost lifeless beauty of her face and the living benign glance of her big dark eyes.

"That's what my children think," she declared.

"I suppose," I addressed Miss Haldin, "that you will be shocked if I tell you that I haven't understood—I won't say a single word; I've understood all the words. . . . But what can be this era of disembodied concord you are looking forward to? Life is a thing of form. It has its plastic shape and a definite intellectual aspect. The most idealistic conceptions of love and forbearance must be clothed in flesh, as it were, before they can be made understandable."

I took my leave of Mrs. Haldin, whose beautiful lips never stirred. She smiled with her eyes only. Natalia Haldin went with me as far as the door very amiable.

"Mother imagines that I am the slavish echo of my brother Victor. It is not so. He understands me better than I can understand him. When he joins us and you come to know him you will see what an exceptional soul it is." She paused. "He is not a strong man in the conventional sense, you know," she added. "But his character is without a flaw."

"I believe that it will not be difficult for me to make friends with your brother Victor."

"Don't expect to understand him quite," she said, a little maliciously. "He is not at all—at all—Western at bottom."

And on this unnecessary warning I left the room with another bow in the doorway to Mrs. Haldin in her armchair by the window. The shadow of autocracy, all unperceived by me, had already fallen upon the Boulevard des Philosophes in the free, independent and democratic city of Geneva, where there is a quarter called "*La Petite Russie.*" Whenever two Russians come together, the shadow of autocracy is with them, tinging their thoughts, their views, their most intimate feelings, their private life, the public utterances—haunting the secret of their silences.

What struck me next in the course of a week or so was the silence of these ladies. I used to meet them walking in the public garden near the university. They greeted me with their usual friendliness, but I could not help noticing their taciturnity. By that time it was generally known that the assassin of Mr. de P—— had been caught, judged and executed. So much had been declared officially to the news agencies. But for the world at large he remained anonymous. The official secrecy had withheld his name from the public. I really cannot explain from what cause.

One day I saw Miss Haldin walking alone in the main alley of the Bastions under the naked trees.

"Mother is not very well," she explained.

As Mrs. Haldin had, it seemed, never had a day's illness in her life this indisposition was disquieting. It was nothing definite, too.

"I think she is fretting because we have not heard from my brother for rather a long time."

"No news—good news," I said, cheerfully, and we began to walk slowly side by side.

"Not in Russia," she breathed out, so low that I only just caught the words. I looked at her with more attention.

"You too are anxious?"

She admitted, after a moment of hesitation, that she was.

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"It is really such a long time since we heard. . . ."

And before I could offer the usual banal suggestions she confided in me.

"Oh, but it is much worse than that. I wrote to a family we know in Petersburg. They had not seen him for more than a month. They thought he was already with us. They were even offended a little that he should have left Petersburg without calling on them. The husband of the lady went at once to his lodgings. Victor had left there and they did not know his address."

I remember her catching her breath rather pitifully. Her brother had not been seen at lectures for a very long time, either. He only turned up now and then at the university gate to ask the porter for his letters. And the gentleman friend was told that the student Haldin did not come to claim the last two letters for him. But the police came to inquire if the student Haldin ever received any correspondence at the university and took them away.

"My two last letters," she said.

We faced each other. A few snowflakes fluttered under the naked boughs. The sky was dark.

"What do you think could have happened?" I asked.

Her shoulders moved slightly.

"One can never tell—in Russia."

I saw then the shadow of autocracy lying upon Russian lives in their submission or their revolt. I saw it touch her handsome open face nestled in a fur collar and darken her clear eyes that shone upon me brilliantly gray in the murky light of a beclouded inclement afternoon.

"Let us move on," she said. "It is cold standing—to-day."

She shuddered a little and stamped her little feet. We moved briskly to the end of the alley and back to the great gates of the garden.

"Have you told your mother?" I ventured to ask.

"No. Not yet. I came out to walk off the impression of this letter."

I heard a rustle of paper somewhere. It came from her muff. She had the letter with her in there.

"What is it that you are afraid of?" I asked.

To us Europeans of the West all ideas of political plots and conspiracies seem childish, crude inventions for the theatre or a novel. I did not like to be more definite in my inquiry.

"For us—for my mother specially, what I am afraid of is incertitude. People do disappear. Yes, they do disappear. I leave you to imagine what it is—the cruelty of the dumb weeks—months—years! This friend of ours abandoned his inquiries when he heard of the police getting hold of the letters. I suppose he was afraid of compromising himself. He has a wife and children—and why should he, after all. . . . Moreover, he is without influential connections and not rich. What could he do? . . . Yes, I am afraid of silence—for my poor mother. She won't be able to bear it. For my brother, I am afraid of"—she became almost indistinct—"of anything."

We were now near the gate opposite the theatre. She raised her voice.

"But lost people do turn up even in Russia. Do you know what my last hope is? Perhaps the next thing we know we shall see him walking into our rooms."

I raised my hat and she passed out of the gardens, graceful and strong, after a slight movement of the head to me, her hands in the muff crumpling the cruel Petersburg letter.

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On returning home, I opened the newspaper I received from London, and, glancing down the correspondence from Russia—not the telegrams, but the correspondence—the first thing that caught my eye was the name of Haldin. Mr. de P——'s death was no longer an actuality, but the enterprising correspondent was proud of having ferreted out some unofficial information about that fact of modern history. He had got hold of Haldin's name and had picked up the story of the midnight arrest in the street. But the sensation from a journalistic point of view was already well in the past. He did not allot to it more than half a dozen lines out of a full column. It was quite enough to give me a sleepless night. I perceived that it would have been a sort of treason to let Miss Haldin come without preparation upon that journalistic discovery which would infallibly be reproduced on the morrow by French and Swiss newspapers. I had a very bad time of it till the morning, wakeful with nervous worry and nightmarish with the feeling of being mixed up with something theatrical and morbidly affected. The incongruity of such a complication in those two women's lives was sensible to me all night in the form of absolute anguish. It seemed due to their refined simplicity that it should remain concealed from them forever. At an unconsciously early hour, at the door of their apartment, I felt as if I were about to commit an act of vandalism. . . .

The middle-aged servant-woman led me into the drawing-room, where there was a duster on a chair and a broom leaning against the centre-table. The motes danced in the sunshine; I regretted I had not written a letter instead of coming myself, and was thankful for the brightness of the day. Miss Haldin, in a plain black dress, came lightly out of her mother's room with a fixed uncertain smile on her lips.

I pulled the paper out of my pocket. I did not imagine that a number of the "Standard" could have the effect of Medusa's head. Her face went stony in a moment—her eyes—her limbs. The most terrible thing was that, being stony, she remained alive. One was conscious of her palpitating heart. I hope she forgave me the delay of my clumsy circumlocution. It was not very prolonged; she could not have kept so still from head to foot for more than a second or two; and then I heard her draw a breath. As if the shock had paralyzed her moral resistance and affected the firmness of her muscles, the contours of her face seemed to have given way. She was frightfully altered. She looked old—ruined. But only for a moment. She said, with decision:

"I am going to tell my mother at once."

"Would that be safe in her state?" I objected.

"What can be worse than the state she has been in for the last month? We understand this in another way. The crime is not at his door. Don't imagine I am defending him before you."

She went to the bedroom door, then came back where I sat to ask me in a low murmur not to go yet. For twenty interminable minutes not a sound reached me. At last Miss Haldin came out and walked across the room with her quick, light step. When she reached the armchair she dropped into it heavily as if completely exhausted.

Mrs. Haldin, she told me, had not shed a tear. She was sitting up in bed, and her immobility, her silence, were very alarming. At last she lay down gently and had motioned her daughter away.

"She will call me in presently," added Miss Haldin. "I left a bell near the bed."

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I confess that my very real sympathy had no standpoint. The Western readers for whom this story is written will understand what I mean. It was, if I may say so, the want of experience. Death is a remorseless spoliator. The anguish of irreparable loss is familiar to us all. There is no life so lonely as to be safe against that experience. But the grief I had brought to these two ladies had grewsome associations. It had the associations of bombs and gallows—a lurid, Russian coloring which made the complexion of my sympathy uncertain.

I was grateful to Miss Haldin for not embarrassing me by an outward display of deep feeling. I admired her for that wonderful command over herself even while I was a little frightened at it. It was the stillness of a great tension. What if it should suddenly snap? Even the door of Mrs. Haldin's room, with the old mother alone in there, had a rather awful aspect.

Natalia Haldin murmured, sadly:

"I suppose you are wondering what my feelings are?"

Essentially that was true. It was that very wonder which unsettled my sympathy of a dense Occidental. I could get hold of nothing but of some commonplace phrases, those futile phrases that give the measure of our impotence before each other's trials. I mumbled something to the effect that for the young life held its hopes and compensations. It held duties, too; but of that, I was certain, it was not necessary to remind her.

She had a handkerchief in her hands and pulled at it nervously.

"I am not likely to forget my mother," she said. "We used to be three. Now we are two—two women. She's not so very old. She may live quite a long time yet. What have we to look for in the future? For what hope and what consolation?"

"You must take a wider view," I said, resolutely, thinking that with this exceptional creature this was the right note to strike. She looked at me steadily for a moment, and then the tears she had been keeping down flowed unrestrained. She jumped up and stood in the window with her back to me.

I slipped away without attempting even to approach her. Next day I was told at the door that Mrs. Haldin was better. The middle-aged servant remarked that a lot of people—Russians—had called that day, but Miss Haldin had not seen anybody. A fortnight later, when making my daily call, I was asked in and found Mrs. Haldin sitting in her usual place by the window.

At first one would have thought that nothing was changed. I saw across the room the familiar profile, a little sharper in outline and overspread by a uniform pallor, as might have been expected in an invalid. But no disease could have accounted for the change in her black eyes, smiling no longer with gentle irony. She raised them as she gave me her hand. I observed the three weeks' old number of the "Standard" folded, with the correspondence from Russia uppermost, lying on a little table by the side of the armchair. Mrs. Haldin's voice was startlingly weak and colorless. Her first words to me framed a question:

"Has there been anything more in your newspapers?"

I released her long emaciated hand, shook my head negatively, and sat down.

"The English press is wonderful. Nothing can be kept secret from it and all the world must hear. Only our Russian news is not always easy

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to understand. Not always easy. . . . But English mothers do not look for news like that. . . ."

She laid her hand on the newspaper and took it away again. I said:

"We too have had tragic times in our history."

"A long time ago. A very long time ago."

"Yes."

"There are nations that have made their bargain with fate," said Miss Haldin, who had approached us. "We need not envy them."

"Why this scorn?" I asked, gently. "It may be that our bargain was not a very lofty one. But the terms men and nations obtain from Fate are hallowed by the price."

Mrs. Haldin turned her head away and looked out of the window for a time with that new, sombre, extinct gaze of her sunken eyes which so completely made another woman of her.

"That Englishman, this correspondent," she addressed me, suddenly, "do you think it is possible that he knew my son?"

To this strange question I could only say that it was possible, of course. She saw my surprise.

"If one knew what sort of man he was one could perhaps write to him," she murmured.

"Mother thinks," explained Miss Haldin, standing between us, with one hand resting on the back of my chair, "that my poor brother perhaps did not try to save himself."

I looked up at Miss Haldin in sympathetic consternation, but Miss Haldin was looking down calmly at her mother. That last said:

"We do not know the address of any of his friends. Indeed, we know nothing of his Petersburg comrades. He had a multitude of young friends, only he never spoke much of them. One could guess that they were his disciples and that they idolized him. But he was so modest. One would think that with so many devoted. . . ."

She averted her head again and looked down the Boulevard des Philosophes, a singularly arid and dusty thoroughfare, where nothing could be seen at the moment but two dogs, a little girl in a pinafore hopping on one leg, and in the distance a workman wheeling a bicycle.

"Even amongst the Apostles of Christ there was found a Judas," she whispered as if to herself, but with the evident intention to be heard by me.

The Russian visitors, assembled in little knots, conversed amongst themselves meantime in low murmurs and with brief glances in our direction. It was a great contrast to the usual loud volubility of these gatherings. Miss Haldin followed me into the anteroom.

"People will come," she said. "We cannot shut the door in their faces."

While I was putting on my overcoat she began to talk to me of her mother. Poor Mrs. Haldin was fretting after more news. She wanted to go on hearing about her unfortunate son. She could not make up her mind to abandon him quietly to the dumb unknown. She would persist in pursuing him in there through the long days of motionless silence face to face with the empty Boulevard des Philosophes. She could not understand why he had not escaped—as so many other revolutionists and conspirators had managed to escape in other instances of that kind. It was really inconceivable that the means of secret revolutionary organizations should have failed so inexcusably to preserve her son. But in reality the

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inconceivable that staggered her mind was nothing but the cruel audacity of Death passing over her head to strike at that young and precious heart.

Miss Haldin mechanically, with an absorbed look, handed me my hat. I understood from her that the poor woman was possessed by the sombre and simple idea that her son must have perished because he did not want to be saved. It could not have been that he despaired of his country's future. That was impossible. Was it possible that his mother and sister had not known how to merit his confidence; and that, after having done what he was compelled to do, his spirit became crushed by an intolerable doubt, his mind distracted by a sudden mistrust?

I was very much shocked by this piece of ingenuity.

"Our three lives were like that!" Miss Haldin twined the fingers of both her hands together in demonstration, then separated them slowly, looking straight into my face. "That's what poor mother found to torment herself and me with for all the years to come," added this strange girl. At that moment her indefinable charm was revealed to me in the conjunction of passion and stoicism. I imagined what her life was likely to be by the side of Mrs. Haldin's terrible immobility inhabited by that fixed idea. But my concern was reduced to silence by my ignorance of her modes of feeling. Difference of nationality is a terrible obstacle for our complex Western natures. But Miss Haldin probably was too simple to suspect embarrassment. She did not wait for me to say anything, but as if reading my thoughts on my face, she went on, courageously:

"At first poor mother went numb, as our peasants say; then she began to think, and she will go on now thinking and thinking in that unfortunate strain. You see yourself how cruel that is. . . ."

I never spoke with greater sincerity than when I agreed with her that it would be deplorable in the highest degree. She took an anxious breath.

"But all these strange details in the English paper," she exclaimed, suddenly. "What is the meaning of them? I suppose they are true? But is it not terrible that he should be caught wandering alone, as if in despair, about the streets at night? . . ."

We stood so close to each other in the dark anteroom that I could see her biting her lower lip to suppress a dry sob. After a short pause she said:

"I suggested to mother that he may have been betrayed by some false friend or simply by some cowardly creature. It may be easier for her to believe that."

I understood now the poor woman's whispered allusion to Judas.

"It may be easier," I admitted, admiring inwardly the directness and the subtlety of the girl's outlook. She was dealing with life as it was made for her by the political conditions of her country. She faced cruel realities, not morbid imaginings of her own making. I could not defend myself from a certain feeling of respect when she added, simply:

"Time, they say, can soften every sort of bitterness. But I cannot believe that it has any power over remorse. It is better that mother should think some person guilty of Victor's death than that she should connect it with a weakness of her son or a shortcoming of her own."

"But you yourself don't suppose that . . ." I began.

She compressed her lips and shook her head. She harbored no evil thoughts against any one, she declared—and perhaps nothing that happened

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was unnecessary. On these words, pronounced low and sounding mysterious in the half obscurity of the anteroom, we parted with an expressive and warm handshake. The grip of her strong, shapely hand had a seductive frankness, a sort of exquisite virility. I do not know why she should have felt so friendly to me. It may be that she thought I understood her much better than I was able to do. The most precise of her sayings seemed always to me to have enigmatical prolongations, vanishing somewhere beyond my reach. I am reduced to suppose that she appreciated my attention and my silence. The attention she could see was quite sincere, so that the silence could not be suspected of coldness. It seemed to satisfy her. And it is to be noted that if she confided in me, it was clearly not with the expectation of receiving advice for which indeed she never asked.

CHAPTER V

Our daily relations were interrupted at this period for something like a fortnight. I had to absent myself unexpectedly from Geneva. On my return, I lost no time in directing my steps up the Boulevard des Philosophes.

Through the open door of the drawing-room I was annoyed to hear a visitor holding forth steadily in an unctuous deep voice.

Mrs. Haldin's armchair by the window stood empty. On the sofa Natalia Haldin raised her charming gray eyes in a glance of greeting accompanied by the merest hint of a welcoming smile. But she made no movement. With her strong white hands lying inverted in the lap of her mourning dress she faced a man who presented to me a robust back covered with black broadcloth and well in keeping with the deep voice. He turned his head sharply over his shoulder, but only for a moment.

"Ah, your English friend. I know. I know. That's nothing."

He wore spectacles with smoked glasses, a tall silk hat stood on the floor by the side of his chair. Flourishing slightly a big soft hand, he went on with his discourse, precipitating his delivery a little more.

"I have never changed the faith I held while wandering in the forests and bogs of Siberia. It sustained me then—it sustains me now. All the great Powers of Europe are bound to disappear—and the cause of their collapse will be very simple. They will exhaust themselves struggling against their proletariat. In Russia it is different. In Russia we have no classes to combat each other, one holding the power of wealth and the other mighty with the strength of numbers. We have only an unclean bureaucracy in the face of a people as great and as incorruptible as the ocean. No, we have no classes. But we have the Russian woman. The admirable Russian woman! I receive most remarkable letters signed by women. So elevated in tone, so courageous, breathing such a noble ardor of service! The greatest part of our hope rests on women. I behold their thirst for knowledge. It is admirable. Look how they absorb, how they are making it their own. It is miraculous. But what is knowledge? . . . I understand that you have not been studying anything especially—medicine, for instance. No? That's right. Had I been honored by being asked to advise you on the use of your time when you arrived here, I would have been strongly opposed to such a course. Knowledge in itself is mere dross."

He had one of those vast bearded Russian faces without shape, a mere appearance of flesh and hair with not a single feature having any sort

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of character. His eyes being hidden by the dark glasses, there was an utter absence of all expression. I knew him by sight. He was a Russian refugee of mark. All Geneva knew his burly black-coated figure. At one time all Europe was aware of the story of his life written by himself and translated into seven or more languages. He had led an idle, dissolute life. Then a society girl he was about to marry died suddenly, and thereupon he abandoned the world of fashion and began to conspire in a spirit of repentance; and after that his native autocracy took good care that the usual things should happen to him. He was imprisoned in fortresses, beaten within an inch of his life, and condemned to work in mines with common criminals. The great success of his book, however, was the chain.

I do not remember now the details of the weight and length of the fetters rivetted on his limbs by an "administrative" order, but it was in the number of pounds and the thickness of links an appalling assertion of the divine rights of autocracy. Appalling and futile, too, because this big man managed to carry off that simple engine of government with him into the woods. The sensational clink of irons is heard all through the chapters describing his escape—a subject of wonder to two continents. He had begun by concealing himself successfully from his guards in a hole on a river bank. It was the end of day. With infinite labor he managed to free one of his legs. Meantime night fell. He was going to begin on his other leg when he was overtaken by a terrible misfortune. He dropped his file.

All this is precise, yet symbolic; and the file had its pathetic history. It was given to him unexpectedly one evening by a quiet, pale-faced girl. The poor creature had come out to the mines to join one of his fellow convicts, a delicate young man, a mechanic and a social democrat with broad cheek-bones and large staring eyes. She had worked her way across half Russia and nearly the whole of Siberia to be near him and, as it seems, with the hope of helping him to escape. But she arrived too late. Her lover had died only a week before.

Through that obscure episode, as he says in the history of "Ideas in Russia," the file came into his hands, and its possession inspired him with an ardent resolution to regain his liberty. When it slipped through his fingers it was as if it had gone straight into the earth. He could by no manner of means put his hand on it again in the dark. He groped systematically in the loose earth, in the mud, in the water; the night was passing, meantime, the precious night on which he counted to get away into the forests, his only chance of success. For a moment he was tempted by despair to give up, but recalling the quiet, sad face of the heroic girl, he felt profoundly ashamed of his weakness. She had selected him for the gift of liberty, and he must show himself worthy of the favor conferred by her feminine indomitable soul. It appeared to be a sacred trust. To fail would have been a sort of treason against the sacredness of self-sacrifice and womanly love.

There are in his book whole pages of self-analysis whence emerges like a white figure from a dark confused sea the conviction of woman's spiritual superiority—his new faith confessed since in several volumes. His first tribute to it, the great act of his conversion, was his extraordinary existence in the endless forests of the Okhotsk Province, with the loose end of the chain wound about his waist. A strip torn off his convict shirt secured the end firmly. Other strips fastened it at intervals up his left leg to

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deaden the clanking and to prevent the slack links from getting hooked in the bushes. He became very fierce. He developed an unsuspected genius for the arts of a wild and haunted existence. He learned to creep into villages without betraying his presence by anything more than an occasional faint jingle. He broke into outhouses with an axe he managed to purloin in a wood-cutters' camp very early in the story. In the deserted tracts of country he lived on wild berries and hunted for honey. His clothing dropped off him gradually. His naked, tawny figure glimpsed vaguely through the bushes with a cloud of mosquitoes and flies hovering about the shaggy head spread tales of terror through whole districts. His temper grew savage as the days went by, and he was glad to discover that there was so much of a brute in him. He had nothing else to put his trust in. For it was as though there had been two human beings indissolubly joined in that enterprise. The civilized man, the enthusiast of advanced humanitarian ideals thirsting for the triumph of spiritual love and political liberty; and the stealthy primeval savage, pitilessly cunning in the preservation of his freedom from day to day like a tracked wild beast.

The wild beast was making its way instinctively eastward to the Pacific coast, and the civilized humanitarian followed in fearful anxious dependence, watching the proceedings with awe. Through all these weeks he could never make up his mind to appeal to human compassion. In the wary primeval savage this shyness might have been natural, but the other, too, the civilized creature, the thinker, the escaping "political," had developed an absurd form of morbid pessimism, a form of temporary insanity, originating perhaps in the physical worry and discomfort of the chain. These links, he fancied, made him odious to the rest of mankind. It was a repugnant and suggestive load. Nobody could feel any pity at the disgusting sight of a man escaping with a broken chain. His imagination became affected by his fetters in a precise, matter-of-fact manner. It seemed to him impossible that people could resist the temptation of fastening the loose end to a staple in the wall while they went for the nearest police official. Crouching in holes or hidden in thickets, he had tried to read the faces of unsuspecting peasants working in the clearings or passing along the paths within a foot or two of his eyes. His feeling was that no man on earth could be trusted with the temptation of the chain.

One day, however, he chanced to come upon a solitary woman. It was on an open slope of rough grass outside the forest. She sat on the bank of a narrow stream; she had a red handkerchief on her head and a small basket was lying on the ground near her hand. At a little distance could be seen a cluster of log cabins, with a water-mill over a dammed pool shaded by birch-trees and looking bright as glass in the twilight. He approached her silently, his hatchet sticking in his iron belt, a thick cudgel in his hand; there were leaves and bits of twig in his tangled hair, in his matted beard; bunches of rags he had wound round the links fluttered from his waist. A faint clink of his fetters made the woman turn her head. Too terrified by this savage apparition to jump up or even to scream, she was yet too stout-hearted to faint. . . . Expecting nothing less than to be murdered on the spot, she covered her eyes to avoid the sight of the descending axe. When at last she found courage to look again she saw him sitting on the bank six feet away from her. His thin sinewy arms hugged his naked legs; the long beard covered the knees on which

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he rested his chin; all these clasped, folded limbs, the bare shoulders, the wild head with red staring eyes, shook and trembled violently while the bestial creature was making efforts to speak. It was six weeks since he had heard the sound of his own voice. It seemed as though he had lost the faculty of speech. He had become a dumb and despairing brute till the woman's sudden, unexpected cry of profound pity, the insight of her feminine compassion discovering the complex misery of the man under the terrifying aspect of the monster, restored him to the ranks of humanity. This point of view is presented in his book with a very effective eloquence. She ended, he says, by shedding tears over him, sacred, redeeming tears, while he also wept with joy in the manner of a converted sinner. Directing him to hide in the bushes and wait patiently (a police patrol was expected in the settlement), she went away toward the houses, promising to return at night.

As if providentially appointed to be the newly wedded wife of the village blacksmith, the woman persuaded her husband to come out with her, bringing some tools of his trade—a hammer, a chisel, a small anvil. . . . "My fetters," the book says, "were struck off on the banks of the stream in the starlight of a calm night by an athletic, taciturn young man of the people kneeling at my feet, while the woman, like a liberating genius, stood by with clasped hands." Obviously a symbolic couple. At the same time they furnished his regained humanity with some decent clothing and put heart into the new man by the information that the seacoast of the Pacific was only a very few miles away. It could be seen, in fact, from the top of the next ridge. . . .

The rest of his escape does not lend itself to mystic treatment and symbolic interpretation. He ended by finding his way to the West by the Suez Canal route in the usual manner. Reaching the shores of south Europe, he sat down to write his autobiography—the great literary success of its year. This book was followed by other books written with the declared purpose of elevating humanity. In these works he preached generally the cult of the woman. For his own part, he practised it under the rites of special devotion to the transcendental merits of a certain Madame de S——, a lady of advanced views, no longer very young, once upon a time the intriguing wife of a now dead and forgotten diplomat. Her loud pretensions to be one of the leaders of modern thought and of modern sentiment she sheltered (like Voltaire and Madame de Staël) on the republican territory of Geneva. Driving through the streets in her big landau, she exhibited to the indifference of the natives and the stares of the tourists a long-waisted, youthful figure of hieratic stiffness, with a pair of big gleaming eyes rolling restlessly behind a short veil of black lace, which, coming down no farther than her vividly red lips, resembled a mask. Usually the "heroic fugitive" (this description is applied to him in a review of the English edition of his book) accompanied her, sitting, portentously bearded and darkly bespectacled, not by her side, but opposite her, with his back to the horses. Thus facing each other, with no one else in the roomy carriage, their airings suggested a conscious public manifestation. Or it may have been unconscious. Russian simplicity often marches innocently on the edge of cynicism for some lofty purpose. But it is a vain enterprise for the sophisticated Europe to try to understand these doings. Considering the air of gravity extending even to the physiognomy of the coachman and the action of the showy

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horses, this quaint display might have possessed a mystic significance, but to the corrupt frivolity of a Western mind like my own it seemed hardly decent.

However, it is not becoming for an obscure teacher of languages to criticise a "heroic fugitive" of world-wide celebrity. I was aware from hearsay that he was an industrious busybody, hunting up his compatriots in hotels, in private lodgings, and—I was told—conferring upon them the honor of his notice in public gardens when a suitable opening presented itself. I was under the impression that after a visit or two several months before he had given up the ladies Haldin—no doubt reluctantly, for there could be no question of his being a determined person. It was, perhaps, to be expected that he should reappear again on this terrible occasion as a Russian and a revolutionist to say the right thing, to strike the true, perhaps a comforting note. But I did not like to see him sitting there. I trust that an unbecoming jealousy of my privileged position had nothing to do with it. I made no claim to a special standing for my silent friendship. Removed by the difference of age and nationality, as if into the sphere of another existence, I produced even upon myself the effect of a dumb, helpless ghost, of an anxious immaterial thing that could only hover about without the power to protect or guide by as much as a whisper. Since Miss Haldin, with her sure instinct, had refrained from introducing me to the burly celebrity, I would have retired quietly and returned later on had I not met a peculiar expression in her eyes which I interpreted as a request to stay, with the view, perhaps, of shortening an unwelcome visit.

He picked up his hat, but only to deposit it on his knees.

"We shall meet again, Natalia Victorovna. To-day I have called only to make those feelings towards your honored mother and yourself, the nature of which you cannot doubt. I needed no urging, but Eleanor—Madame de S—— herself had in a way sent me. She extends to you the hand of feminine fellowship. There is positively in all the range of human sentiments no joy and no sorrow that woman cannot understand, elevate and spiritualize by her interpretation. That young man newly arrived from St. Petersburg I have mentioned to you is already under the charm."

At this point Miss Haldin got up abruptly. I was glad. He did not evidently expect anything so decisive, and at first, throwing his head back, he tilted up his dark glasses with an air of bland curiosity. At last, recollecting himself, he stood up hastily, seizing his hat as he did so off his knees with great adroitness.

"How is it, Natalia Victorovna, that you have kept aloof so long, from what, after all, is—let disparaging tongues say what they like—a unique centre of intellectual freedom and of effort toward giving body to a high conception of our future? In the case of your honored mother I understand in a measure. At her age new ideas—new faces are not, perhaps. . . . But you! Was it mistrust—or indifference? You must come out of your reserve. We Russians have no right to be reserved with each other. In our circumstances, it is almost a crime against humanity. The luxury of private grief is not for us. Nowadays the devil is not combated by prayers and fasting. And what is fasting, after all, but starvation? You must not starve yourself, Natalia Victorovna. Strength is what we want. Spiritual strength, I mean to say. As to the other kind, what could withstand us Russians if we only put it forth? Sin is different in our day,

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and the way of salvation for pure souls is different, too. It is no longer to be found in monasteries, but in the world, in the. . . ."

The deep sound seemed to come from under the floor, and one felt steeped in it to the lips. Miss Haldin's interruption resembled the effort of a drowning person to keep above water. She struck in with an accent of impatience:

"But, Peter Ivanovitch, I don't mean to retire into a monastery. Who would look for salvation there?"

"I spoke figuratively," he boomed.

"Well, then, I am speaking figuratively, too. But sorrow is sorrow and pain is pain in the old way. They make their demands upon people. One has got to face them the best way one can. I know that the blow which has fallen upon us so unexpectedly is only an episode in the fate of a people. You may rest assured that I don't forget that. But just now I have to think of my mother. How can you expect me to leave her to herself? . . ."

"That is putting it in a very crude way," he protested in his great, effortless voice.

Miss Haldin did not wait for the vibration to die out.

"And run about visiting amongst a lot of strange people. The idea is distasteful for me; and I do not know what else you may mean?"

He towered before her, enormous, deferential, cropped as close as a convict; and this big pinkish poll evoked for me the vision of a wild head with matted locks peering through parted bushes, glimpses of tawny limbs slinking behind the masses of sodden foliage under a cloud of flies and mosquitoes. It was an involuntary tribute to the vigor of his writing. Nobody could doubt that he had wandered in Siberian forests naked and girt with a chain. The black broadcloth coat invested his person with a character of common and austere decency—something recalling a missionary.

"Do you know what I want, Natalia Victorovna?' he uttered, solemnly. "I want you to be a fanatic."

"A fanatic!"

"Yes. Faith alone won't do."

His voice dropped to a still lower tone. He raised for a moment one thick arm; the other remained hanging down against his thigh, with the fragile silk hat at the end.

"I shall tell you now something which I entreat you to ponder over carefully. Listen: we need a force that would move heaven and earth—nothing less."

The profound, subterranean note of this "nothing less" made one shudder, almost, like the deep muttering of wind in the pipes of an organ.

"And are we to find that force in the salon of Madame de S——? Excuse me, Peter Ivanovitch, if I permit myself to doubt it. Is not that lady a woman of the great world, an aristocrat?"

"Prejudice!" he cried. "You astonish me. And suppose she was all that. She is also a woman of flesh and blood. There is always something to weigh down the spiritual side. In all of us. But to make of it a reproach is what I did not expect from you. No; I did not expect that. One would think you have listened to some malevolent scandal."

"I have heard no gossip, I assure you. In our province how could we? But the world speaks of her. What can there be in common in a lady of that sort and an obscure country girl like me?"

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"She is a perpetual manifestation of a noble and peerless spirit," he broke in. Her charm—no, I shall not speak of her charm. But, of course, everybody who approaches her falls under the spell. . . . Contradictions vanish, trouble falls away from one. . . . Unless I am mistaken—but I never make a mistake in spiritual matters—you are troubled in your soul, Natalia Victorovna."

Miss Haldin's clear eyes looked straight at his soft, enormous face. I received the impression that behind those dark spectacles of his he could be as impudent as he chose.

"Only the other evening, walking back to town from Château Borel with our latest interesting arrival from Petersburg, I could notice the powerful, soothing influence—I may say reconciling influence. . . . There he was all these kilometres along the shores of the lake, silent, like a man who has been shown the way of peace. I could feel the leaven working in his soul, you understand. For one thing he listened to me patiently. I myself was inspired that evening by the firm and exquisite genius of Eleanor—Madame de S——, you know. It was a full moon and I could observe his face. I cannot be deceived. . . ."

Miss Haldin, looking down, seemed to hesitate.

"Well, I will think of what you said, Peter Ivanovitch. I shall try to call as soon as I can leave mother for an hour or two safely."

Coldly as these words were said, I was amazed at such a concession. He snatched her right hand with such fervor that I thought he was going to press it to his lips or his breast. But he only held it by the finger tips in his great paw and shook it a little up and down while he delivered his last volley of words.

"That's right. That's right. I haven't obtained your full confidence as yet, Natalia Victorovna, but that will come. All in good time. The sister of Victor Haldin cannot be without importance. . . . It's simply impossible. And no woman can remain sitting on the steps. Flowers, tears, applause—that has had its time; it's a mediæval conception. The arena, the arena itself is the place for women!"

He relinquished her hand with a short flourish, as if giving it to her for a gift, and remained still, his head bowed in dignified submission before her femininity.

"The arena! . . . You must descend into the arena, Natalia."

He stepped back a pace, bowed his enormous body, and was gone swiftly. The door fell behind him. But immediately the powerful resonance of his voice was heard addressing in the anteroom the middle-aged servant-woman who was letting him out. Whether he exhorted her to descend into the arena I cannot tell. The thing sounded like a lecture, and the slight crash of the outer door cut it short suddenly.

(To be Continued)

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THE EDITOR.

The article by the Editor is the substance of an address to the Sons of St. Patrick in Savannah, Georgia, on March 17th, 1911.

REAR-ADMIRAL S. B. LUCE, U.S.N.,

was appointed midshipman from New York in 1841; did duty on many stations and circumnavigated the globe. During the Mexican War he served on the Pacific coast. He was promoted to lieutenant in 1855, to lieutenant-commander in 1862, to commander in 1866, to captain in 1872, to commodore in 1881, and to rear-admiral in 1885. During the Civil War he was lieutenant on the frigate "Wabash," and commander of the monitor "Nantucket," of the double-ender "Sonoma," of the "Canandaigua" and of the "Pontiac." He served in the North Atlantic blockading squadron. He was associate-editor of "Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia," naval editor of "The Standard Dictionary" and author of "Naval Songs" and of "Seamanship," which is used as a text-book at the United States Naval Academy. He is the founder of the Naval War College and the Naval Apprentice System, and has the unique record of having been retained in active service for twenty years past the age of retirement, making a continuous service of sixty-nine years.

RUTH EGERTON,

who contributes an appreciation of the last romance of Fogazzaro's "Leila," is an Englishwoman residing in Florence. Her knowledge of Italian life and conditions is evidenced in her estimate of the great Italian novelist's writings.

EDWARD PORRITT

is a native of Bury, in Lancashire, England. For several years he was connected with a number of English

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papers. In 1884 he came to the United States and joined the staff of the "St. Louis Globe-Democrat." Returning to England, he was employed for some time as a parliamentary reporter. He now resides in the United States as correspondent for important British newspapers and has held a lectureship at Harvard. He is the author of "The Englishman at Home" and "The History of the Unreformed House of Commons," and the Cobden Club publishes his last work, "The Revolt in Canada against the New Feudalism."

NORMAN DOUGLAS

is an English writer whose essays are better known on the other side of the Atlantic than on this. He is a frequent contributor to "The English Review" and other British periodicals.

CHARLES A. CONANT

has long been a student of monetary and economic problems. In 1901 he was appointed by Secretary Root Special Commissioner to the Philippines to investigate coinage and banking conditions there. At the invitation of the Mexican Government, Mr. Conant visited Mexico in March, 1903, with Professor Jenks of Cornell and Mr. Edward Brush of New York to confer with a committee on the reform of the currency and the best means of securing the co-operation of other Powers in giving stability to the currency of the silver-using countries. He is the author of "Wall Street and the Country" and "The Principles of Money and Banking."

GEORGE HOLLY GILBERT

is a student of Biblical history and the author of many books on religious subjects. He is a graduate of the Union Theological Seminary, and in 1885 received the degree of Ph.D. from the University of Leipzig.

FRANCES A. KELLOR,

a well-known sociologist, is now the Chief Investigator in the Bureau of Industries and Immigration of the Department of Labor. She has served as member of the New York State Immigration Commission and member of the New York Research Council. She is the author of a number of volumes relating to social economics which include "Experimental Sociology," "Out of Work," "Education of Women by Athletics."

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PERCY MACKAYE
graduated from Harvard University in 1897 and studied at the University of Leipzig from 1899 to 1900. For two years he travelled in Europe, residing in some of the more important cities. Since 1904 he has been engaged in writing plays. Among his best-known works are "The Canterbury Pilgrims," a comedy; "Fenris the Wolf," a tragedy; "Jeanne d'Arc"; and "Sappho and Phaon," a tragedy.

JAMES CREELMAN,
the well-known editor and war correspondent, is a native of Montreal, Canada, but is now a resident of New York. His published works include "On the Great Highway," "Eagle Blood," "Why We Love Lincoln," and his most recent volume is the able appreciation of the Mexican President entitled "Diaz; Master of Mexico."

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON
is the son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury and a Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge University. This university has recently made him Professor of English Literature. A prolific writer, he has endeared himself to his large reading public in America as well as in England. His verse appeared in collected form in 1909, but his most recently published work is a volume of essays, "The Silent Isle." The essay in the current REVIEW is one of a series which will appear from time to time through the coming year.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY,
the author-poet, is a native of New York State, now living at San Diego, California. Among his volumes of verse and essays are "The Golden Guess," "Out of the Silence," "The Time of Roses," "That Dome in Air."

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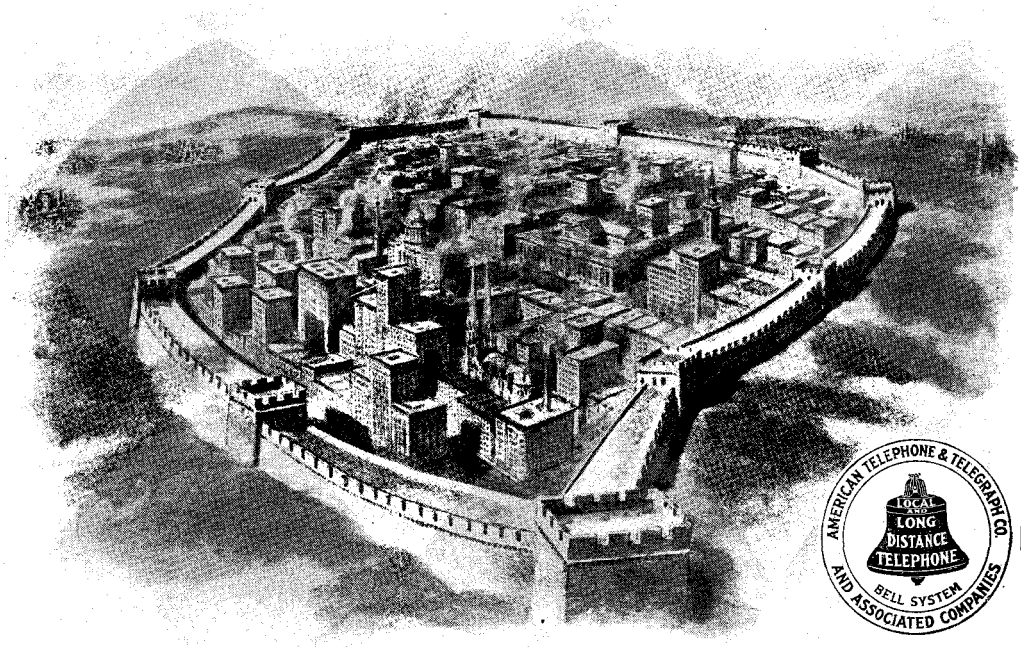

A MEDIAEVAL CONDITION

Telephone Service—Universal or Limited?

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